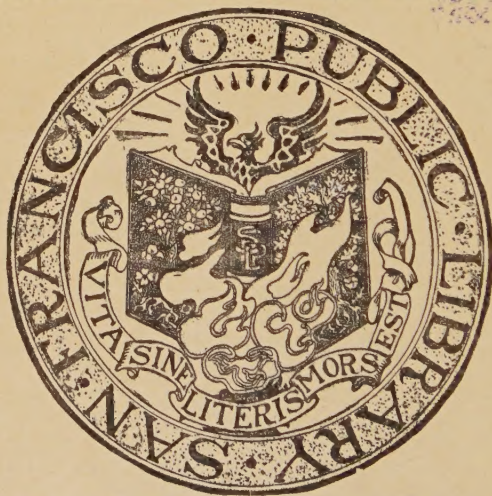


BOOK NO.

ACCESSION

811.09 C771 C1924

421297



SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1223 03748 4327

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC.

First edition printed 1918
Second revised edition printed 1919
Third revised edition printed 1922
Fourth revised edition printed 1924

811.09 C771c 1924

Cook, Howard W. (Howard
Willard), 1890-
Our poets of today /

1924, c192

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

For Walt Whitman—who will never be forgotten. For all mothers,—who are even as my Mother. For all friends—who have made me know the beauty of poetry in friendship—and especially for my friends:

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD


JOHN HENRY APELER

KAHLIL GIBRAN

JOSEPH WILLIAM POOLE

WITTER BYNNER

PERCY MACKAYE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AMY LOWELL	1
II. EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON	18
III. SARA TEASDALE	31
IV. WITTER BYNNER	41
V. ROBERT FROST	50
VI. PERCY MACKAYE	54
VII. EDGAR LEE MASTERS	61
VIII. VACHEL LINDSAY	67
IX. HENRY VAN DYKE	75
EDWIN MARKHAM	78
CALE YOUNG RICE	82
CONRAD AIKEN	88
X. ROBERT W. SERVICE	90
JOHN MCCRAE	94
JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON	95
XI. JOYCE KILMER	99
ALAN SEEGER	103
CHARLES DIVINE	107
JOHN MCCLURE	112
XII. CHARLES WHARTON STORK	117
GEORGE STERLING	120
LOUIS UNTERMAYER	121
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER	123
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK	126
XIII. CARL SANDBURG	129
FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP	136
EZRA POUND	137

CHAPTER	PAGE
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES	140
ROY HELTON	141
XIV. KATHARINE LEE BATES	143
HARRIET MONROE	145
JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE	146
SARAH CLEGHORN	149
ALICE BROWN	152
ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH	154
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY	155
OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN	156
XV. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY	158
EDGAR GUEST	161
BERTON BRALEY	165
THOMAS A. DALY	166
ANTHONY EUWER	169
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE	170
JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD	171
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	172
ARTHUR GUITERMAN	174
XVI. MARGARET WIDDEMER	176
CLEMENT WOOD	180
HERMANN HAGEDORN	180
FRANCIS CARLIN	181
RIDGELY TORRENCE	183
HARRY KEMP	184
XVII. WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE	186
THOMAS WALSH	187
WILLARD WATTLES	188
BLISS CARMAN	190
SHERWOOD ANDERSON	191
XVIII. FLORENCE EARLE COATES	193
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR	195
HAZEL HALL	196
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	200

CHAPTER	PAGE
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW	201
HAROLD COOK	203
XIX. LOUIS V. LEDOUX	204
JOHN G. NEIHARDT	205
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY	205
JAMES BRANCH CABELL	207
XX. EDITH MATILDA THOMAS	211
CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON	213
AGNES LEE	215
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES	217
THEODOSIA GARRISON	219
HELEN GRAY CONE	220
BABETTE DEUTSCH	221
XXI. CLINTON SCOLLARD	224
SCUDDER MIDDLETON	227
DANA BURNET	228
HANIEL LONG	230
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY	231
ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON	232
JAMES OPPENHEIM	235
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT	239
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT	242
XXII. EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY	245
ELINOR WYLIE	249
WINIFRED WELLES	252
XXIII. H. D.	255
LOLA RIDGE	258
SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA	259
MAXWELL BODENHEIM	263
ALFRED KREYMBORG	264
ARTHUR FICKE	265
ORRICK JOHNS	266
HERBERT S. GORMAN	267
MERCEDES DE ACOSTA	270

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIV. BROOKES MORE	274
STEWART MITCHELL	276
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER	278
WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD	281
XXV. JOHN V. A. WEAVER	284
DON MARQUIS	288
DAVID SENTNER	292
KEITH PRESTON	293
JOHN PEALE BISHOP	294
JOHN FARRAR	297
T. S. ELIOT	298
XXVI. ALINE KILMER	302
JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER	304
AMORY HARE	307
LAURA BENÉT	310
XXVII. JEANNETTE MARKS	311
ADELAIDE CRAPSEY	312
LEONORA SPEYER	314
ANGELA MORGAN	316
XXVIII. GRACE HAZARD CONKLING	319
HORTENSE FLEXNER	321
ZONA GALE	322
MURIEL STRODE	322
XXIX. DAVID MORTON	325
ROBERT HILLYER	327
KENDALL BANNING	328
EUNICE TIETJENS	329
XXX. HILDA CONKLING	330

FOREWORD

When OUR POETS OF TODAY was first published in 1918, American poets were largely engaged in what was to be designated later as "war poetry." It may have been this high pitched emotional feeling that was largely responsible for the intense note in our so-called "renaissance of American poetry" that was reached during the war. Miss Amy Lowell declares that we are already in the second chapter of this renaissance; and it is her opinion that poetry productions of the last decade constitute the opening chapter.

The result of the World War upon American poets was naturally shown in the selection of poems for my first edition—there was a preponderance of war themes, and when the time came for the second printing, it was the author's endeavor to furnish as much contrast, as might be consistent, in the poems selected for the appendix and the added sections of the book. The present appendix offers even more contrast and many new names.

With this just completed OUR POETS OF TODAY before me, I look with mingled feelings at the new material that it has seemed necessary to present in a book on American poetry and poets that is by any means adequate. Following the earlier editions of the book, I received many letters in comment. There were those who condemned my choice; there were those

FOREWORD

who praised it. There were others who decried my omissions and some who questioned my taste in offering such a wholesale assortment. What was the difference between a poet and a verse-maker? I was, therefore, in something of a quandary when I approached the present work. Who should sit at the table and who should remain without? My original ambition was to offer a menu rather than a meal.

William Butler Yeats, in discussing the prolific work of some American poets, once said to me, "I often wonder how many of the lines written by these poets of today will live for another generation? I don't mean poems—just lines." Miss Lowell, speaking before the Poetry Society of America, declared that poetry was "a terrible aching thing" and condemned our "scented reign of sentimentality." Truth is, the creation of real poetry is a terrible aching thing, and what is to be of permanent value will be a matter of *single* lines rather than full *poems*. But to me, there is one fact of overwhelming significance—the poets who may be writing for perpetuity and those whose works are of transient pleasure or easy effort, are both creating a cycle or, as Miss Lowell puts it, a chapter in a poetry renaissance. This is a great and vital thing. They are drawing a larger audience to the reading of poetry, they are adding their contribution to a supremely important cause.

The doors are being opened slowly to the poet of today, in spite of sporadic outbursts of enthusiasm from our book-reading public such as "The Spoon River Anthology" vogue. Whether one belongs to the old school of set expressions and ideals or to a

FOREWORD

new one led by an Amy Lowell, an "H. D." or an Ezra Pound, is not of vital import; the question of fundamentals is more than a question of form or taste, and American poets are now receiving a better hearing—both the old poets and the new ones. As a result they are creating more beautiful and more varied poems than ever before.

As an observer in the American poetry movement, I have learned to watch the poetical weather-vane as shown by Miss Lowell, whose work as a poet, a scholar, and exponent of the American poetry movement places her in the first rank. I know of no one person who has done more for American poetry in the ten years past. She has written, she has lectured in all parts of the country, she has given herself untiringly to her own splendid creative work and to that of her contemporaries. "One of our greatest artists," as John V. A. Weaver calls her.

"Legends," published by Miss Lowell in May, 1921, contains some of her best work—*Many Swans* and *Four Sides to a House*—two poems of incomparable beauty and completeness. Miss Lowell published early in 1922, in co-authorship with Mrs. Florence Ayscough, "Fir Flower Tablets," translations from the Chinese, and in thus "tapping the ancient springs" of Chinese poetic wisdom, she accomplished an important service for poets of America and all who would know more concerning the colorful magic of the Western poet. Mr. Telly H. Koo, editor in chief of the *Chinese Students' Monthly*, in writing of Miss Lowell's translations says: "It is hardly imaginable for an American poet who does not claim to read and write Chinese to

FOREWORD

make such a literal and almost exact rendering of some of the greatest Chinese poems. I can still repeat word by word that poem on *The Perils of the Szechwan Road*. It is a thrilling tale portrayed in a masterly manner by one of China's greatest poetic geniuses . . . You are lending immortality to our poets in this part of the world."

Lilacs, written by Miss Lowell and published in *The Broom*, early in 1922 and again in "The American Miscellany," Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1922, is one of the finest poems the American poetry movement can boast. If you would know Miss Lowell, at her best (and I am one of that legion who clings loyally to her *Patterns*), read this poem, *Many Swans* or *Four Sides to a House*. Walt Whitman wrote about lilacs too—and Miss Lowell has succeeded in creating an admirable companion-piece.

In a résumé of poetical progress in America special comment must be made of three other writers who have acquired a place of importance since the first edition of this book—Edna St. Vincent Millay, Winifred Welles and Elinor Wylie. Miss Millay has been a recognized poet for some time but the promise of her earlier books seems to have justified itself in rich and bountiful measure. There are those who claim the earlier written *Renascence* as Miss Millay's greatest achievement. I am not sure that this is true, for her more recent poems show an original growth in form, in choice of expression and a new and equally intensive beauty.

Mrs. Wylie is a new-comer and her *Madman's*

FOREWORD

Song might find a place upon the work table of many an American poet for its two-fold value of purpose and form—

Better to see your cheek grown hollow,
Better to see your temple worn,
Than to forget to follow, follow,
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow
And follow, follow until you die,
Than to sleep with your head on a golden pillow,
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by.

Better to see your cheek grown sallow
And your hair grown gray, so soon, so soon,
Than to forget to hallo, hallo,
After the milk-white hounds of the moon.

From Miss Welles comes such lovely poems—and in a first book too—as the following:

WINDOWS

Today I have been washing windows
Where storms have left their stain,
And marks were made in loneliness
By someone's fingers—mine, I guess—
On the outside smear of rain,
On the inside blur of pain.

I had forgotten that clean windows
Can make such difference.

FOREWORD

That through a glass as clear as air,
Landscapes seem painted on each square,
That colors shapely and intense
Can bring relief and recompense.

I've looked so long through darkened windows
Where my own reflection peers,
I had forgotten there might be
Things outside myself to see—
I wonder if your eyesight clears
For better vision after tears.

The year 1921 was something of a woman's year in poetry. Hilda Conkling, at the age of nine years has tested the talent of many of her older sisters with her "Poems by a Little Girl." Mrs. Aline Kilmer (widow of Joyce Kilmer) offers her second book of poems, thus bidding for more mature consideration, as does Jean Starr Untermeyer and Lola Ridge. Winifred Welles' "The Hesitant Heart" has much promise. Mary Carolyn Davies has come to stay. William Stanley Braithwaite (to whom every American poet owes a great debt for his tireless efforts in the field of anthology) would take the laurels from Miss Sara Teasdale and shower them on Miss Hazel Hall. Miss Margaret Widdemer, in "Cross Currents," establishes the promise of her earlier art as applauded by so many in "The Old Road to Paradise." In "Cross Currents" I find a poet with a leaning toward the philosophic as well as the beautiful. Where, before, one sometimes found cloying sweetness, there is now a fine-cut boldness, the crystal-clear poetry of

FOREWORD

an understanding soul. Miss Zone Gale, not content with "Miss Lula Bett's" success, in novel and play form, issues her first book of poems, "The Secret Way." Miss Beulah Field's "A Silver Pool" is a first book of promising poems. The Benéts, William and Stephen, find reënforcement—were such needed—in Laura Benét's "Fairy Bread," an unusual, delicate, cobwebby thing.

John V. A. Weaver comes out of the West, and has published, for an initial venture "In American." He seems wavering as to metier—critic, poet or novelist—perhaps all three. As critic and poet he has already shown able qualifications. John Farrar, editor of *The Bookman*, does some good work in "Songs for Parents." John Peale Bishop brings to *Vanity Fair* a new book impetus of especial interest to the younger poets. Having read his *Death of the Dandy*, *God* and some shorter poems, I find him a writer of exceptional ability and scholarship and one to be reckoned with in our American poetry movement.

Witter Bynner, back from China, has done practically nothing for two years save to labor upon his translations of poems from the Chinese, in association with Dr. Kiang-Kang-hu. Writing in *Asia*, Mr. Bynner says, "Blithely, three years ago, I undertook with the eminent scholar, poet and publicist, Dr. Kiang Kang-hu, a translation of three hundred poems from the Chinese, thinking that twelve months would see my labors ended. Through twelve of the thirty-six months I have worked from eight to ten hours a day on nothing but these poems and through the other twenty-four have been continually devoted to them,

FOREWORD

even accompanying Dr. Kiang to China for a year of closer coöperation. And they are still unfinished. I might have read a lesson from the history of as short a piece of translation as Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam"; but I was rash and, better than that, *fascinated*. Prior to the present undertaking, I had translated, with the help of a Chinese student, a few poems from the 'Confucian Book of Poetry.' Those few had been enough to stir my wonder at the quiet beauty and deep simplicity that are as much qualities of Chinese poetry as they are of Chinese painting."

Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose chance for immortality as a poet—of all living poets—seems most assured, has published his collected poems. Carl Sandburg has come forward with "rugged greatness." I quote Mr. Weaver, "Carl Sandburg, Alchemist of the Ordinary, Finder in the Dark, dreamer of dreams in Halsted street cars, seer of visions in prairie muck, singer of songs from stock yards bedlam." Mr. Sandburg's new book, "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" (Harcourt, Brace and Company) was an early event in 1922.

In sending out this third edition let me say again for once and all, that OUR POETS OF TODAY is not intended to be a book of criticism on American poetry, nor is it intended to be simply an anthology. Mr. Braithwaite, with his annual "Anthology of Magazine Verse," Miss Harriet Monroe in her "New Poetry," and Mr. Untermeyer in "Modern American Poetry,"

FOREWORD

are discerning critics and able anthologists. But the fact that this edition has become necessary, seems to prove its place and value. I intended this book, when it was first written, to be a part in the poetry movement, a chronicle of American poets of today as individuals, as human beings and as craftsmen. If I have erred in quoting too liberally from the opinions of others, it is because I value their opinions as important ones. I wanted the language to be simple and matter-of-fact. The only thing I care about in this book is that it may continue to be a bell-ringer for the American poet of today as it has been to the thousands who already have followed its earlier fortunes in libraries, reading clubs and upon the book-shelves of schools and colleges. There are American poets who are writing poetry filled with soul satisfaction, whatever one's taste may be; poets who may be less prophetic than the poets of an earlier epoch, but who are withal intensely human, beautiful and often expressive of rare philosophy, and in sending this message out I send again those great lines from our first American poet, the father of all who believe in the present and future of the American poet—Walt Whitman:

“O to make the most jubilant poem!

Even to set off these, and merge with these, the carols
of death.

O full of music! full of manhood, womanhood and
infancy!

Full of common employments! full of grain and trees.

O for the voices of animals! O for the swiftness and
balance of fishes!

FOREWORD

O for the dropping of raindrops in a poem!
O for the sunshine, and motion of waves in a poem."

HOWARD WILLARD COOK.

September 10th, 1922.

INTRODUCTION

ON SOME POTENTIALITIES OF OUR POETRY

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

This book makes its entrance with a new age.

Youth is in the air—youth, the flower and seed and sustenance of poetry.

At this moment, though the world war is expiring on the verges of physical winter, spiritually peace sweeps towards us tidal with colossal spring, thawing with the break-up of old congealed forms, fluid with warm, fresh currents, fecund with plastic life.

The armistice of the nations is glorious and terrible—with spring.

What shall be the bourgeoning—tomorrow?

Outwardly, the works collected in this volume are not of that tomorrow; yet inwardly they may in some measure forecast its substance and spirit.

Here is a reality achieved, culled from that recent past which we call today. So it will be read and assayed. But here also is something latent, unachieved—a potentiality of today which is the new age in embryo.

Happily for embryos, they are not yet clothed in the fashions; and for potentialities there are no pigeonholes. So, leaving to the critic and scholar their

INTRODUCTION

useful tasks of assaying and classifying these poems, I have accepted the invitation of the Editor to make my own comment—not on the poems themselves (for I have been shown of this volume only the list of the poets whose work is here represented), but on certain potential aspects of American poetry which seem to me important to its renascence in the tomorrow already upon us.

I feel the more free to do so because this list of poets is a list largely of old friends, many of them intimate friends; and it is to them, gathered here round the Editor's hospitable board, more than to stranger readers in the visiting gallery, that I should like to submit a few queries and suggestions which may possibly appeal to them as craftsmen and fellow workers.

And first, as workers, I wonder if we are wholly aware what hermits we are, and what too little of fellowship enters into our lives as poets and into these contributions of ours to a time (despite its world war) the most coöperative the earth has ever known—an age that, as never before, cries out for fellowship of imagination to enlarge and reconstruct the basic architecture of society itself.

In so choral an age, shall the poets still be solitary pipers? In this majestic era of socialization, shall we alone continue to represent the anarchic order of an era of individualism?

Or if, like some insects, poets be hopelessly cellular by instinct, must we gather honey only as the hermit-

INTRODUCTION

wasps? May we not, like the bees, decree and build our "stately pleasure-domes"?

Here, as editor-host, Mr. Cook may assemble us in type: but to attain what common end, to build what national or international structure of imagination, do these collected excerpts of our work contribute? How are they related to one another, and to our time?

Once a year, as President of the Poetry Society, Mr. Wheeler may assemble us in person for the pleasure and inspiration of brief reunions; but what definite, creative processes of art tend to unite and focus the work of our Poetry Society members in a common up-building of imaginative life for America?

Let us answer frankly, and seek some solution to our answer.

Unity, harmony, focus: these great essentials of art are lacking to our national poetry. They are, however, no longer wholly lacking to our national life. The war has immensely stimulated their growth, and in that growth of our community life lies, I think, the greatest hope for our poetry.

Focus, above all: for focus leads directly to unity and harmony.

Through what definite, creative processes, then, may the work of our poets be focused?

I venture an answer—based on the growing personal experience of a decade: through the definite, creative processes of community poetry—the focalizing craftsmanship of community drama, a craft potentially vast in its variety.

INTRODUCTION

But I hear the quick retort of a poet friend:—"My dear MacKaye, stick to your subject. You are writing introductory remarks to a book on 'Our *Poets of Today*'—not our *dramatists*, nor our *community architects*. I, for one, am simply a poet, and I prefer to stick to my last. That, I assure you, has its own infinite variety. As to entering the lists of community uplift—please excuse me."

P. M.: Please excuse *me*. I express myself very blunderingly.

Amicus: Frankly, you do. For all that, I gather your meaning. You want to inveigle me from my own clear task and métier—the writing of verse—into a vague maelstrom of fanfaring trumpets, bewildering lights, chaos of costumes, enigmatical actors, untangoing dancers, all helplessly entangled in frescos of civic reform; pageantry, in short.

P. M.: An apt picture of a popular conception of pageantry—and some pageants.

Amicus: Well, you should know. You write pageants yourself, do you not?

P. M.: No; I have designed some works involving pageantry. *Masques*, I call them, for want of a better name. *Community drama* is perhaps a clearer designation for the genus. But, of course, community drama is not written any more than architecture is written. It is designed; and the design may (and, I think, should) involve words—all splendid forms of spoken, sung and chanted poetry—amongst other elements. The *primum mobile* is imagination.

INTRODUCTION

Amicus: All that may be; but let us stick to our p's and q's in right sequence: Poetry before Quiddity! How else shall chaos be classified? Poetry belongs to literature, and literature belongs to libraries—not to theatres.

P. M.: Libraries must have card catalogues; *ergo*, the human soul must be segmented—alphabetically. Or, to illustrate further: In New York City stand two statues of actors: one of Edwin Booth, the other of Shakespeare. Query: Shall Shakespeare be card-catalogued under A (Actors), or under S (Statues)?

Amicus: Under P (Poets), of course.

P. M.: And not under D (Dramatists)?

Amicus: Well, certainly not under C D (Community Dramatists). No; I agree with Yeats, that “to articulate sweet sounds together” is the true task of the poet, difficult and sufficient for all who properly go by that name.

P. M.: I am happy to hear you quote the excellent poet, who is the luckiest of all our poets of today in having a community theatre of his own sort, where he personally has been able to train the actors “to articulate sweet sounds together,” and to coöperate on occasion with the excellent designer of masques, Gordon Craig.

Those words of his were also quoted by me in an address on “The Worker in Poetry,” delivered in 1910, before the National Institute and Academy of Arts and Letters, and it will, I think, bear directly on

INTRODUCTION

our discussion to set down here these excerpts from my address at that time:

“Roughly to define it, I mean by poetry—the perennial stuff of the racial imagination. Poets are moulders of that stuff in useful forms. And by useful forms I mean forms serviceable to the happiness of the race.

“Under such a definition, the great discoverers of the world—in science, art, engineering, medicine, religion, agriculture, what you will—may be called great poets; and such they are, for they are constructive imaginers, or inventors, who serve the race by their work. But a special class of these has usually claimed the name of poet; to wit, writers of verse. Obviously that special class is our subject, but—not to limit this class by any misleading distinction between verse and prose—I shall mean by a poet: an inventor of useful images in the emotional cadences of speech. In brief, a singer of imagination. Among such, of course, singers in verse are dominant.

“By the nature of his work, the poet seeks to stir the elemental in man—the racial imagination. This all artists seek, more or less, to do. But the singer must accomplish this by means of the uttered word. It is not sufficient—it is not even essential—that his poem be written. To fulfil its object it must be spoken or sung. It is as reasonable to expect an architect to be content with a specification of his building, or a painter with a photogravure of his painting, as a poet with the printed page of his poem. The ca-

INTRODUCTION

dences, the harmonies, the seizure by the imagination upon consonants and vowels, sounds which subtly evoke the human associations of centuries—these are addressed to the ears, not to the eyes, of his audience. Originally his audience was not a person, but a people. Homer sang to all Hellas—not from the printed page, but from the mouths of minstrels. Thus the very craftsmanship of the poet is based upon two assumptions, which are seldom granted to him today: the sung, or chanted, word; a plural convened audience.

“It is not surprising, therefore, that his power with the people has waned. The inspiration of the ancient bards has never passed from the earth. It is perennial in the poet’s heart. But it can never pass effectively into the hearts of the people through their eyes—from the pages of printed volumes or of magazines. No; a partial renaissance of those older conditions of poetry is needed for the work of the poet. Is such a renaissance feasible? Is it probable?

“Not to evoke the millennium or the golden age, I think the worker in poetry may find true encouragement in the promise of the present—and the present here in America. Foremost there exists for him one vocation whose object—like his own—is to evoke the racial imagination by the uttered word. There exists the drama. To the drama the noblest poets of the past have turned for livelihood and the fruition of their labor. At the Globe Theatre in London, Shakespeare earned both daily bread and immortality;

INTRODUCTION

For, after all, the community theatre of our new age—if its art is to be commensurate with the age—can be invoked only by our poets, and by the best of our poets. Despite the appeal of motion pictures (an appeal two-thirds economic), and of theatre-art productions purely visual, the drama of expression can never be divorced from speech, nor dramatic speech from rhythmic utterance—which is the realm of the poets' supremacy.

The content of this book, then, though it will generally be classed as literature for libraries and readers, is for me a lyric sign and assurance of a new literature for audiences, for whom these lyrists are even now potential dramatists of a new theatre.

Least of all among these, perhaps, Miss Lowell would admit such an implication for herself, especially in a "community" capacity. Yet I am temerarious enough to detect in the vivid and mordant etchings of her art, in the swift flashing and darkling of dramatic images silhouetted on the mind of the solitary reader, most of all, in the abundance of jettying life-force which irradiates her word-sounds with color-beams—to detect, behind these, a maker of masques, in kind all her own, that might well conjure strange, alluring patterns for audiences, convened from a community—not too numerical to be annoying.

And when may not Masters, with some unprecedented theatre technique, chisel new lives of his entombed—or Frost convene the lonely folk of his back-country regions in strange, touching festivals—that

INTRODUCTION

call for fresh incarnations of the trade-worn actor?

Many, perhaps most, of the poets here represented by lyric works have expressed themselves in forms dramatic. Some of these, while yet unpublished, I have at times been privileged to hear read aloud by their authors to intimate gatherings of friends. In such personal readings aloud, and the exchange of ideas in conversation which naturally follows upon them, the potentiality of the poets and their works is far better revealed than in perusing their published volumes. So—as that potentiality is my subject—though the dramatic works of many others are doubtless as varied and significant, I can only mention here from direct knowledge those whom I have been so lucky as to hear read their plays in manuscript, still fresh from the creative impulses of their minds.

The blithe-deep genius of Witter Bynner has lately sung its soul in a play of today and tomorrow, and soon, where he has betaken him to the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California, it will be strange if we are not to hear of happy collaborations there with the scenic fantasy of Sam Hume.

William Vaughn Moody, the beauty of whose masques, unstaged in his lifetime, still awaits the sympathetic producer; Robinson, whose prose plays of caustic soul-portraiture call for the advent of a repertory theatre of ideas; Torrence, who has dramatized the lyric heart of the negro race and—in conjunction with Robert Edmond Jones and Emilie Hapgood, as producers—has already accomplished a native pioneer-

INTRODUCTION

ing as important for America as Synge's for Ireland; Josephine Peabody, whose "Wolf of Gubbio" deserves as fine recognition as her Stratford prize, "The Piper"; Olive Dargan, author of a noble repertory of plays in verse and prose, all too little known as yet for the deep surging of a social imagination certain ere long to be acclaimed through such works as her prose play, "The Shepherd"; Louis Ledoux, gracious and lyric-serene even in the swift passion of his "Yzdra"; listening, as I have, to the dramas of these poet friends, read aloud by quiet firesides, the fecundity and varied scope of American poetry has held for me more than the rich promise of a drama to be attained; it is already—though unfocused and scant-recognized—an assured achievement.

All these poets have written significant drama of today; yet perhaps only one among them is deliberately, and with life-long conviction, singing his footpath way toward that people's common of art, which shall focus our life and drama of tomorrow. Individual as his peculiar utterance is in song, Vachel Lindsay is a maker of communal poetry. Though I have never heard a poem of his in usual dramatic dialogue, I have never heard one of his that is undramatic; and his most recent experiments with Miss Eleanor Dougherty, in coördinating his chanted poetry with the dance, are, I think, immensely significant in promise for the future collaboration of poets and dancers in the drama. Some related experiments I have tested, for some time past, in my own work,

INTRODUCTION

particularly in "Caliban," as performed at the Harvard Stadium.

Though he may himself only half realize it, Lindsay has set out for the goal of a new theatre, and I would wager with him that if ever, on his footpath way, he falls in step with the spirit of Bobby Jones, the village common where they arrive arm in arm will blossom suddenly with such native bloom of rhythmic sound and color as only the hearts of such lyric spirits of America can conceive.

Here, then, Mr. Editor, I submit to your courtesy these informal queries and forecastings. Perhaps they may serve to suggest that poets and dramatists (outside of the catalogues) are not really different species of Man; that their art has one deep source in common—the well springs of community life.

The Players, New York,
17 November, 1918.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To our American poets, to the publishers and editors of the various periodicals and books from whose pages the quotations in this work are taken, I wish to give my sincere thanks for their interest and co-operation in making this book possible.

To the following publishers I am obliged for the privilege of using selections which appear, under their copyright, and from which I have sometimes quoted in full or in part:

The Macmillan Company: *The Chinese Nightingale*, *The Congo and other Poems* and *General Booth Enters Heaven* by Vachel Lindsay, *Love Songs and Flame and Shadow* by Sara Teasdale, *The Road to Castaly* by Alice Brown, *The New Poetry and Anthology* by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, *Songs and Satires*, *Spoon River Anthology* and *Toward the Gulf* by Edgar Lee Masters, *Poems* by Percy Mackaye, *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* by Amy Lowell, *The Two Mothers* by John G. Neihardt, *The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, *The Secret Way* by Zona Gale.

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company: *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg, *These Times* by Louis Untermeyer, *A Boy's Will*, *North of Boston* and *Mountain Interval* by Robert Frost, *The Old Road to Paradise* by Margaret Widdemer, *My Ireland* by Francis Carlin, *Outcasts in Beulah Land* by Roy Helton, *Wilderness Songs* by Grace Hazard Conkling.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons: *The Shadow of Aetna* by Louis V. Ledoux, *Sea Dogs and Men at Arms* by Jesse E. Middleton, *Helen of Troy* by Sara Teasdale, *In Flanders's Fields* by John MacCrae, *As the Larks Rise* by Theodosia Garrison, *Ships in Harbour* by David Morton, *Fir Trees and Fireflies* by Carolyn Crosby Wilson.

The Stratford Press: *The Poets of the Future* by Henry T. Schnittkind.

Messrs. George H. Doran Company: *Main Street* and *Other*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Poems and Trees and Other Poems by Joyce Kilmer, *The Silver Trumpet* by Josephine Amelia Burr, *A Banjo at Armageddon* by Berton Braley, *Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, *Songs of a Little House* by Christopher Morley, *Vigils* by Aline Kilmer, *Moons of Grandeur* by William Rose Benét.

The Four Seas Company: *The Jig of Forslin* by Conrad Aiken, *Nocturne of Remembered Spring* by Conrad Aiken, *Willow Pollen* by Jeanette Marks.

The Century Company: *Wraiths and Realities* by Cale Young Rice.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company: *The Masque of Poets* by J. O'Brien, *Tossed Coins* and *The Swept Hearth* by Amory Hare, *The Poems of a Little Girl* by Hilda Conkling.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons: *American Poetry* by Percy H. Boynton, *Poems* by Alan Seeger, *Lute and Furrow* by Olive Tilford Dargan.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes: *Grenstone Poems* by Witter Bynner.

Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company: *Anthologies of Magazine Verse* by William Stanley Braithwaite.

Messrs. Barse and Hopkins: *The Spell of the Yukon*, *The Ballads of a Cheechako*, and *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* by Robert W. Service.

Messrs. Moffat, Yard and Company: *City Ways and Company Streets* by Charles Divine, *Wings and Other War Rhymes* by Anthony Euwer, *Archways of Life, Streets and Shadows and Moods* by Mercedes de Acosta, *A Silver Pool* by Beulah Field, *Quiet Waters* by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff and *Poems* by Haniel Long.

Mr. Mitchell Kennerley: *Spectra* by Emmanuel Morgan and Anne Knish.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company: *The Man with the Hoe* by Edwin Markham.

Alfred A. Knopf: *Airs and Ballads* by John McClure, *Ezra Pound, His Metric and Poetry*; *Cobblestones* by David Sentner, *In American* by John V. A. Weaver and *Poems* by T. S. Eliot.

B. W. Huebsch, Inc.: *The Lynching Bee and Other Poems* by William Ellery Leonard, *Dreams Out of Darkness* by Jean Starr Untermeyer, *Sun Up and The Ghetto* by Lola Ridge, *The Hesitant Heart* by Winifred Welles.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Yale University Press: *In April Once* by William Alexander Percy, *Songs of Parents* by John Farrar.

Brentano's: *Alchemy* by Robert Hillyer.

The Bookfellers: *The Phantom Caravan* by Kendall Banning.

Frank Shay: *A Few Figs From Thistles* by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Oxford University Press: *Horizons* by Viola C. White.

Harcourt, Brace and Company: *Cross Currents* by Margaret Widdemer, *Nets to Catch the Wind* by Elinor Wylie.

Cornhill Publishing Company: *The Beggars Vision and the Lovers' Rosary* by Brookes More.

Boni and Liveright: *A Soul's Faring* by Muriel Strode.

John Lane and Company: *Forward, March! and Hail, Man!* by Angela Morgan, *Tropical Town* by Salomon de la Selva.

Mr. John Hall Wheelock: *The Human Fantasy, Love and Liberation*, and *The Beloved Adventure*.

The Little Review: *Dreams in War Times*, and *Patterns*.

The Boston Transcript, The New York Sun, The New York Times, Poetry—A magazine of Verse, Smart Set and Reedy's Mirror.

Marshall Jones Company: *New York and Other Verses* by Frederic K. Mortimer Clapp.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: *Irradiations—Sand and Spray* by John Gould Fletcher, *Fir Flower Tablets and Legends* by Amy Lowell.

William Lyon Phelps, Annie L. Laney and Richard Hunt. Good Housekeeping: *To One in Heaven* by Charles Hanson Towne.

Harper's Magazine: *The Bather* by Amy Lowell.

The Newarker, The Nation and the New York Tribune.

New York Times Book Review, The New York Times, The Bellman, The Bookman and Poetry.

Harpers Brothers: *The Mirthful Lyre* by Arthur Guiterman.

John G. Neihardt: *A Song of Hugh Glass*.

Louis Vernon Ledoux: *Yzdra*.

George Edward Woodberry: *The Flight and Other Poems*.

E. P. Dutton Company: *A Canopic Jar* by Leonora Speyer, *Yellow Clover* by Katharine Lee Bates.

The Measure: *My Street* by Isadore Schneider and *Other Poems*.

Duffield & Company: *Poems* by Stewart Mitchell.

Our Poets of Today

CHAPTER I

All great poetry must smack of the soil, for it must be rooted in it, but it must do so with the aspiring instinct of the pine that climbs upward, and not in the grovelling fashion of the potato.

—James Russell Lowell.

AMY LOWELL

MANY attempts have been made to define poetry for the layman. Some have sought to set it down as figures of speech or metric measures; others, a vague groping among soft sounding words for spiritual expressions reserved for a selected few.

In a contest of Miss Wilkinson's Poetry Club (New York) a prize was awarded for the best definition of poetry to Annie L. Laney, who describes it:

The magic light that springs
From the deep soul of things
When, called by their true names,
Their essence is set free;
The word, illuminate,
Showing the soul's estate,
Baring the hearts of men;
Poetry!

Henry T. Schnittkind says:

"Our human minds are like so many imperfect and distorted mirrors in which The One is reflected in a million ap-

parently irreconcilable variations. Now and then, however, the mist lifts for the fraction of a second before a small part of the mirror of our minds, and a poem is born. Then we realize that the color of the dying leaf is one and the same with the tint of the setting sun, that the rippling laughter of a child is not only akin to, but is the ripple of the fountain. The soft syllable of a mother's lullaby and the notes that fall like blossoms from the flute-player's lips are but different cadences of the self-same voice of God. The reason why an apt figure of speech thrills us so strangely is because the poet, by means of this figure of speech, stretches an invisible thread of gold between our hearts and the heart of God. Every poem that does this, however imperfectly, is to me a true poem and a great poem."

In the author's school days he was taught that poetry was truth, beauty, and music — and facing these various requirements comes Amy Lowell with a brand of poetry that has caused more comment of attack and defense, praising and condemning criticism, than that meted out to any American poet of recent years.

Amy Lowell is regarded as the chief American propagandist of our so called *vers libre* although the publication of her first book, "A Dome of Many Coloured Glass," contained only one *vers libre* poem. Poets and critics awakened to Miss Lowell, the exponent extraordinary of this verse form, upon the publication of her second volume. When these first free verse poems were written "Imagism" was an unheard of word and *vers libre* had yet to become a factor of dispute for the orthodox and the new school of poets.

And one of the most important figures of our poetry making of today is Miss Lowell, with her two-fold vocation of poet and critic. While she has willingly or otherwise obtained for herself a super-radical sort of reputation, her work fulfills the fundamentals or ideals laid down for poetry in its true sense. She has given New England and the remainder of our country a succession of jolts but "it is (to quote Miss Lowell herself) an interesting commentary on the

easy scorn with which non-New Englanders regard New England that two of the six poets (whom she discusses as the most significant of the day) should be of the very bone and sinew of New England." These two are Frost and Robinson. A third, whom Miss Lowell modestly refrains from mentioning, is herself.

Amy Lowell was born in Brookline, Mass., on February 9, 1874, and was educated in various private schools in Boston.

No biographical presentation of her would be complete without including the statement that her genealogical tree presents the names of James Russell Lowell, the poet, who was a cousin of Miss Lowell's grandfather; Professor Percival Lowell, the astronomer; and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

Although, at the age of thirteen years, Miss Lowell displayed some ability at verse making, she spent most of her time in out-of-door sports, caring for the animals upon her father's great flower-covered estates and reading from the large collection of books that filled the family library. Richard Hunt, in a biographical résumé of Miss Lowell, expresses this childhood influence of gardens and flowers upon her as follows:

"There have been many kinds of nature poets, but none exactly like Miss Lowell. She is the poet of that nature which is the product of landscape gardening and architecture. As we go through her pages we find ourselves in old secluded gardens where fountains play into cool basins, paths wind among statues and flowering shrubbery, and marble steps lead to shady garden seats. Her poems are sweet-scented with narcissus."

Even in that most poignant and human poem, *Patterns*, is not the tragedy enhanced by the setting of a quiet, ordered, formal garden? Half the power of the poem lies in this picture of a desolating grief beating against the conventional beauty of a patterned garden.

PATTERNS

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.

Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime-tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.
And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,

And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter.
I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the buckles
on his shoes.

I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover.
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he clasped
me,

Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon—
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.
Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom,
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
“Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se’nnight.”
As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.
“Any answer, Madam,” said my footman.
“No,” I told him.
“See that the messenger takes some refreshment.
No, no answer.”
And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.

The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,
Each one.

I stood upright too,
Held rigid to the pattern
By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.

In a month, here, underneath this lime,

We would have broke the pattern;

He for me, and I for him,

He as Colonel, I as Lady,

On this shady seat.

He had a whim

That sunlight carried blessing.

And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."

Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk

Up and down

The patterned garden paths

In my stiff, brocaded gown.

The squills and daffodils

Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.

I shall go

Up and down,

In my gown.

Gorgeously arrayed,

Boned and stayed.

And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace

By each button, hook, and lace.

For the man who should loose me is dead,

Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,

In a pattern called a war.

Christ! What are patterns for?

—*Men, Women and Ghosts.*

School days over, Miss Lowell settled down to a life of social engagements and activities, the usual one for a girl of her age and position, but the "social whirl" was, in her case,

punctuated by months spent in Europe, a winter on the Nile, another on a fruit ranch in California, etc. It was not until 1902, upon her return to the family homestead in Brookline, that she began seriously to study the technique of poetry. Then followed eight years of preparation, described by Mr. Hunt as "a solitary and faithful apprenticeship, reading the masters, learning the technique of poetry, and developing her genius by constant exercise. It was a discouraging struggle, for she was her only critic, but to this fact is undoubtedly due much of her individuality and excellence."

Miss Lowell's first published poem appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1910, and in 1912 "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass" was issued. "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed" followed in the autumn of 1914. It seemed almost a complete departure from the earlier "Dome," for few readers of that volume had noticed that the opening poem in it was not in metre, but in cadence; it was, in fact, an example of rhymed *vers libre*, not a common form in English. In "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," Miss Lowell went farther. Without abandoning the traditional metrical forms, she included many experiments in the new forms. The book contained *vers libre* poems, together with sonnets, pictorial pieces, and lyrics, long narratives, bits of imagery, and the earliest specimens of "polyphonic prose."

Critical essays came with the publication of "Six French Poets," an authoritative volume and one of the finest pieces of writing that we have on French poetry.

"Men, Women and Ghosts" followed in 1916, developing more strongly, but with the same fineness and sureness of the master poet, polyphonic prose. The fifth book to come from Miss Lowell's pen, "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," is an expression of her ideas in separating the wheat from the chaff in our modern American poetry. This was published in October, 1917. "Can Grande's Castle," impressively beautiful, was published early in the fall of 1918.

Amy Lowell writes with a vigorous hand, simple in style, but with potent meaning. In the following lines from *A*

Bather something may be judged of her ability as a chooser of words, a talent that has few equals for appeal to the senses in poetry:

Thick dappled by circles of sunshine and fluttering shade,
Your bright, naked body advances, blown over by leaves,
Half-quenched in their various green, just a point of you
showing,

A knee or a thigh, sudden glimpsed, then at once blotted into
The filmy and flickering forest, to start out again
Triumphant in smooth, supple roundness, edged sharp as white
ivory,

Cool, perfect, with rose rarely tinting your lips and your
breasts,

Swelling out from the green in the opulent curves of ripe fruit,
And hidden, like fruit, by the swift intermittence of leaves.
So, clinging to branches and moss, you advance on the ledges
Of rock which hang over the stream, with the wood-smells about
you,

The pungence of strawberry plants and of gum-oozing spruces,
While below runs the water impatient, impatient — to take you,
To splash you, to run down your sides, to sing you of deepness,
Of pools brown and golden, with brown-and-gold flags on their
borders,

Of blue, lingering skies floating solemnly over your beauty,
Of undulant waters a-sway in the effort to hold you,
To keep you submerged and quiescent while over you glories
The Summer.

Oread, Dryad, or Naiad, or just
Woman, clad only in youth and in gallant perfection,
Standing up in a great burst of sunshine, you dazzle my eyes
Like a snow-star, a moon, your effulgence burns up in a halo,
For you are the chalice which holds all the races of men.

You slip into the pool and the water folds over your shoulder,
And over the tree-tops the clouds slowly follow your swimming,
And the scent of the woods is sweet on this hot Summer
morning.

Pictures of the Floating World.

There is a line of years between *Patterns* and *Dreams in War Time* published in *The Little Review* and in this latter is shown the war's reaction upon Miss Lowell's writing. I quote the first two dreams:

I

I wandered through a house of many rooms.
It grew darker and darker,
Until, at last, I could only find my way
By passing my fingers along the wall.
Suddenly my hand shot through an open window,
And the thorn of a rose I could not see
Pricked it so sharply
That I cried aloud.

II

I dug a grave under an oak-tree.
With infinite care, I stamped my spade
Into the heavy grass.
The sod sucked it,
And I drew it out with effort,
Watching the steel run liquid in the moonlight
As it came clear.
I stooped, and dug, and never turned,
For behind me,
On the dried leaves,
My own face lay like a white pebble,
Waiting.

— *Pictures of the Floating World.*

"Legends," published by Miss Lowell in 1921, at the high tide of her powers, is, according to many of her critics, the finest medium she has found through which to exercise her splendid talents. It is her best book. Padriac Column writing in *The Freeman* says it is not the book that contains the best of her poems, but the book that makes her work integral.

The stories in "Legends" are neither new nor old. According to Miss Lowell, they are perennial. She is adept as

a story-teller; we have seen this from her famous *Patterns* onward, but her love of things, her devotion to their colour, texture, and face, exquisite and at times precious, often results in a story in which the action may be hampered, but which is as powerful in its colour radiations as a sunset in the tropics.

In "Legends," Miss Lowell has overcome these obstacles, if they may be called such, and has achieved with rare mastery the lavishly descriptive poems for which she is so well known. They are strong with emotion and action, as rich in variety of movement as in subject matter. One finds a development in technique over her earlier works and an art promised in "Can Grande's Castle" fulfilled in "Legends."

John Livingston Lowes of Harvard finds in this book the product of an enormously acquisitive and highly sophisticated mind, tirelessly energetic, individual to the last degree, and endowed with senses almost preter-naturally acute.

In *Many Swans*, one of the "Legends" collection, there is agreeable kinship with Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg. This is a description of Pueblo Indians hunting snakes in preparation for the famous Snake Dance:

* * * * * * *

Twixt this side, twixt that side,
Twixt rock-stones and sage-brush,
Twixt bushes and sand,
Go the snakes a smooth way,
Belly-creeping,
Sliding faster than the flash of water on a bluebird's wing.

Twixt corn and twixt cactus,
Twixt springside and barren,
Along a cold trail
Slip the snake-people.
Black-tip-tongued Garter Snakes,
Olive-blue Racer Snakes,
Whip Snakes and Rat Snakes,
Great orange Bull Snakes,
And the King of the Snakes,

With his high rings of scarlet,
His high rings of yellow,
His double high black rings,
Detesting his fellows,
The Killer of Rattlers.
Rattle — rattle — rattle —
Rattle — rattle — rattle —
The Rattlers,
The Rattlesnakes.
Hiss-s-s-s!
Ah-h-h-!
White Rattlesnakes,
Green Rattlesnakes,
Black-and-yellow Rattlesnakes,
Barred like tigers
Soft as panthers.
Diamond Rattlesnakes
All spotted,
Six feet long
With tails of snow-shine.
And most awful,
Heaving wrongwise,
The fiend-whisking,
Swift Sidewinders.
Rattlesnakes upon the desert
Coiling in a clump of greasewood,
Winding up the Mesa footpath.
Who dares meet them?
Who dares stroke them?
Who dares seize them?
Rattle — rattle — rattle —
Rattle — rattle — hiss-s-s!

* * * * *

This North American Indian legend is a legend of space — for the most part barren of the rhyme of Miss Lowell's polyphonic prose-forms, but, in its very lack of rhyme, it assumes a native, folk-lore style, primitive and crooning.

In *A Legend of Porcelain*, to me the most beautifully told story-poem of the collection, and a fine example of our best

contemporary poems, Miss Lowell fairly catapults beauty upon the reader. This is the story of a daughter who labours at her father's porcelain kilns that she may appease the Gods and save her father and sailor-lover from their wrath. Colour flashes in every line, the story vibrates with feeling and the effect is that of a slowly unfolding tapestry, a long woven brocade, the figures of which become vitalized in a pageant of oriental silver and peach blow of Old China — Old China who "sits and broods behind her ten-thousand-miles great wall, and the rivers of China crawl — crawl — forever towards the distant, ceaselessly waiting seas."

Miss Lowell describes Kuan Yin, the "influence" of this legend as "Goddess of Mercy, of Sailors, of all who know sorrow and grieve in bitterness." Says the poet:

All the flowers bend toward her,
 The grass by the ring-fence lies horizontally to reach her,
 She moves with the movement of wind over water,
 And it is no longer the moon which casts her shadow
 But she who sets shadows curving outward
 From the pebbles at her feet.
 Her dress is Ch'ing-green playing into scarlet,
 Embroidered with the hundred shous;
 The hem is a slow delight of gold, the faded, beautiful gold
 of temple carvings;
 In her hair is a lotus,
 Red as the sun after rain.
 She comes softly — softly —
 And the tinkle of her ornaments
 Jars the smooth falling of the snow
 So that it breaks into jagged lightnings
 Which form about her the characters of her holy name.

"Legends" includes eleven poetical versions of various old tales of peoples. In addition to those already discussed, is offered folk lore from Peru, Yucatan, Europe, England, and New England. The volume concludes with *Four Sides To a House*, a strong, cruel poem, in which there is not one un-

necessary word, nor a single phrase that does not lend strength and power to the poem.

It is quoted in full with the permission of Miss Lowell and her publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

FOUR SIDES TO A HOUSE

Peter, Peter, along the ground,
Is it wind I hear, or your shoes' sound?
Peter, Peter, across the air,
Do dead leaves fall, or is it your hair?
Peter, Peter, North and South,
They have stopped your mouth
With water, Peter.

The long road runs, and the long road runs,
Who comes over the long road, Peter?
Who knocks at the door in the cold twilight,
And begs a heap of straw for the night,
And a bit of a sup, and a bit of a bite —
Do you know the face, Peter?

He lays him down on the floor and sleeps.
Must you wind the clock, Peter?
It will strike and strike the dark night through.
He will sleep past one, he will sleep past two,
But when it strikes three what will he do?
He will rise and kill you, Peter.

He will open the door to one without.
Do you hear that voice, Peter?
Two men prying and poking about,
Is it here, is it there, is it in, is it out?
Cover his staring eyes with a clout.
But you're dead, dead, Peter.

They have ripped up the boards, they have pried up the stones,
They have found your gold, dead Peter.
Ripe, red coins to itch a thief's hand,
But you drip ripe red on the floor's white sand,
You burn their eyes like a firebrand.
They must quench you, Peter.

It is dark in the North, it is dark in the South.
The wind blows your white hair, Peter.
One at your feet and one at your head.
A soft bed, a smooth bed,
Scarcely a splash, you sink like lead.
Sweet water in your well, Peter.

Along the road and along the road,
The next house, Peter.
Four-square to the bright and the shade of the moon.
The North winds shuffle, the South winds croon,
Water with white hair over-strewn.
The door, the door, Peter!
Water seeps under the door.

They have risen up in the morning grey.
What will they give to Peter?
The sorrel horse with the tail of gold,
Fastest pacer ever was foaled.
Shoot him, skin him, blanch his bones,
Nail up his skull with a silver nail
Over the door, it will not fail.
No ghostly thing can ever prevail
Against a horse's skull, Peter.

Over the lilacs, gazing down,
Is a window, Peter.
The North winds call, and the South winds cry.
Silver white hair in a bitter blowing,
Eel-green water washing by,
A red mouth floating and flowing.
Do you come, Peter?

They rose as the last star sank and set.
One more for Peter.
They slew the black mare at the flush of the sun,
And nailed her skull to the window-stone.
In the light of the moon how white it shone —
And your breathing mouth, Peter!

Around the house, and around the house,
With a wind that is North, and a wind that is South,
Peter, Peter.

Mud and ooze and a dead man's wrist
Wrenching the shutters apart, like mist
The mud and the ooze and the dead man twist.
They are praying, Peter.

Three in stable a week ago.

This is the last, Peter.

"My strawberry roan in the morning clear,
Lady heart and attentive ear,
Foot like a kitten, nose like a deer,
But the fear! The fear!"

Three skulls, Peter.

The sun goes down, and the night draws in.

Toward the hills, Peter.

What lies so stiff on the hill-room floor,
When the gusty wind claps to the door?
They have paid three horses and two men more.
Gather your gold, Peter.

Softly, softly, along the ground

Lest your shoes sound.

Gently, gently, across the air

Lest it stream, your hair.

North and South

For your aching mouth.

But the moon is old, Peter,

And death is long, and the well is deep.

Can you sleep, sleep, Peter?

I have been asked by many readers of this book for one of Miss Lowell's newer and shorter poems, and *Frimaire*, printed in *Scribner's Magazine*, is offered:

Dearest, we are like two flowers
Blooming last in a yellowing garden,
A purple aster flower and a red one
Standing alone in a withered desolation.

The garden plants are shattered and seeded,
One brittle leaf scrapes against another,
Fiddling echoes of a rush of petals.
Now only you and I nodding together.

Many were with us; they have all faded.
Only we are purple and crimson,
Only we in the dew-clear mornings
Smartened into color as the sun rises.

When I scarcely see you in the flat moonlight,
And later when my cold roots tighten,
I am anxious for the morning.
I cannot rest in fear of what may happen.

You or I—and I am a coward.
Surely frost should take the crimson.
Purple is a finer color,
Very splendid in isolation.

So we nod above the broken
Stems of flowers almost rotted.
Many mornings there cannot be now
For us both. Ah, Dear, I love you!

Early in 1922, Miss Lowell's leaning toward the beauty, spirit, and colour of the Orient which has manifested itself in so many of her poems, found expression in "Fir Flower Tablets"—poems translated by Florence Ayscough from the Chinese and given an English version by Miss Lowell.

"I hold that it is more important to reproduce the perfume of a poem than its metrical form, and no translation can possibly reproduce both," says Miss Lowell in her preface to "Fir Flower Tablets" (Houghton Mifflin Company). The result is an able and colourful achievement in literature.

The form of these translations is distinctly Miss Lowell's. It is so much so, that the poems might be attributed to her, if the verses were offered as original by anonymous authorship. In them we find the poet's characteristic beauty, her acute sensitiveness to pictorial contrast and vivid pano-

ramic effects. *The Battle to the South of the City*, by Li T'ai-po exemplifies this:

Blood dyes the wild chrysanthemums purple.
Vultures hold the flesh of men in their mouths;
They are heavy with food — they cannot rise to fly.
There were men yesterday on the city wall;
There are ghosts to-day below the city wall.
Colors of flags like a net of stars,
Rolling of horse-carried drums — not yet is the killing ended.
From the house of the Unworthy One — a husband, sons,
All within earshot of the rolling horse-drums.

Yet it is not Miss Lowell's poetry that we are reading, but a literal version of a poem by Li T'ai-po. The truth is that Miss Lowell has studied the Chinese and Japanese masters so long that she has assimilated something of their flavor. But let no one think that these renderings of Chinese classics have been touched up, quite the contrary, they are as literal as translations can be. In a review of "Fir Flower Tablets" in the *Edinburgh Review*, a Chinese gentleman and scholar, Chang Hsin-Hai, has this to say on the subject: "The translation is on the whole excellent, and in many places it is very musical and poetical. . . . It is not only literally correct but it has also living qualities because, as rendered by an eminent poet, it has real poetic flavor."

A Toast for Mêng Yüing-ch'ing from Tu Fu is made by this statesman-poet and recorded by Miss Lowell as follows:

Illimitable happiness,
But grief for our white heads.
We love the long watches of the night, the red candle.
It would be difficult to have too much of meeting;
Let us not be in a hurry to talk of separation.
But because the Heaven River will sink,
We had better empty the wine-cups.
To-morrow, at bright dawn, the world's business will
entangle us.
We brush away our tears;
We go — East and West.

CHAPTER II

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

"WE must never forget that all inherited prejudice and training pulls one way, in these unfortunate cases; the probing, active mind pulls another. The result is a profound melancholy, tinged with cynicism. Self-analysis has sapped joy, and the impossibility of constructing an ethical system in accordance both with desire and with tradition has twisted the mental vision out of all true proportion. It takes the lifetime of more than one individual to throw off a superstition, and the effort to do so is not made without sacrifice.

"Unless one understands this fact, one cannot comprehend the difficult and beautiful poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson."

So writes Amy Lowell in her study of Edwin Arlington Robinson in "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," a most understanding work by a sincere admirer of his talent.

Edwin Arlington Robinson was born on December 22, 1869, at Head Tide, Maine. He was only two or three years old when his parents moved to the town of Gardiner. He entered the Gardiner High School and from there went to Harvard College in 1891, from which he did not graduate, due to the ill health of his father, which caused him to discontinue his college studies in 1893. In 1896 came the fore-runner of his poetic expressions in a privately printed little book. This was followed by "The Children of the Night" in 1897.

Of "The Children of the Night," Miss Lowell writes: "It must be admitted that this is one of the most completely gloomy books in the whole range of poetry. The note is struck in this quatrain:

"We cannot crown ourselves with everything,
Nor can we coax the Fates with us to quarrel:
No matter what we are, or what we sing,
Time finds a withered leaf in every laurel."

Following the publication of this book, Mr. Robinson passed through the lean years of a poet born too soon, and five years went by before his next volume, "Captain Craig," was issued. This bore witness of a psychological growth of most serious import.

It was during this period of Mr. Robinson's career that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, at that time President of the United States, became interested in his work and offered him a position in the New York Custom House, which position he held for five years, leaving it in 1910 upon the publication of his third book, "The Town Down the River." There are three significant studies of famous men in this book — Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Napoleon. The poem on Lincoln he calls "*The Master*":

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait —
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic — and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:

With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

It was with the publication of "The Man Against the Sky" that Edwin Arlington Robinson, six years later, achieved one of the finest things he has yet done. This was in 1916. Here, with all the genius that is his own, he has crammed into a minimum space some colossal verse.

Robinson refused to be prolific, for in the twenty years between the publication of "The Children of the Night" and this book he had produced *in toto* four volumes of verse and two plays.

The poem from which "The Man Against the Sky" takes its name begins:

Between me and the sunset, like a dome
Against the glory of a world on fire,
Now burned a sudden hill,
Bleak, round, and high, by flame-lit height made higher,
With nothing on it for the flame to kill
Save one who moved and was alone up there
To loom before the chaos and the glare
As if he were the last god going home
Unto his last desire.

Certain critics have found "*Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford*" to be one of the most original in this book. "*Flammonde*" also is one of the noteworthy poems in this collection:

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
 With firm address and foreign air,
 With news of nations in his talk
 And something royal in his walk,
 With glint of iron in his eyes,
 But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
 Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
 As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
 About him, and about his clothes,
 He pictured all tradition hears
 Of what we owe to fifty years.
 His cleansing heritage of taste
 Paraded neither want nor waste;
 And what he needed for his fee
 To live, he borrowed graciously.

.

There was a woman in our town
 On whom the fashion was to frown;
 But while our talk renewed the tinge
 Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
 The man Flammonde saw none of that,
 And what he saw we wondered at —
 That none of us, in her distress,
 Could hide or find our littleness.

We cannot know how much we learn
 From those who never will return,
 Until a flash of unforeseen
 Remembrance falls on what has been.
 We've each a darkening hill to climb;
 And this is why, from time to time
 In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
 Horizons for the man Flammonde.

“Merlin” was published in March, 1917. It is Robinson's own version of the time-worn legend and is not nearly so good an example of his work as is found in the earlier volumes. It is oftentimes tedious and long drawn out.

COLLECTED POEMS

With the publication of "Collected Poems" by Edwin Arlington Robinson in 1921, The Macmillan Company achieved one of the most noteworthy events in contemporary American poetry. Here is presented under one cover the work of a poet who has been generally acknowledged as the most finished and settled of the poets alive in America today and one who has won a high and permanent place in American literature. It is a great book — this volume, by a man whose genius grows rather than bursts full force upon the student.

There is complaint that Robinson sees only the sad things in life, that his lines have a hard, metallic quality; finished works of art but cruel, austere, shrewd, bearing witness to a violent and controlled passion. But these must be the comments of those who have perhaps left him in such moods. They are by no means his only characteristics. A study of his collected poems shows a human element that is powerful — powerful as trees bent to earth in the storm of life but not forgetful of the sunlight. He is often ironic but again deft in such pieces as his popular *Miniver Cheevey* and passes on to the exquisite gems of philosophic beauty in *Octaves*.

To those who have read Robinson in his earlier published works, I advise a re-reading of his collected poems. Here, one may study a canvas on which a master has portrayed beauty and wormwood, life as it is without the false glammers of artificial moods or platitudinous sentimentalities. If I were asked to name the chief beauty of Robinson's poems, I should say it was his unerring aim at Truth. I have read few writers who so firmly force this basic principle of poetry upon one. Here is a poet who walks abroad in the full sunlight, who faces actualities of life as they are, not as he might have them. Aware always, however, of the beauty of the human soul and of life, he strides on, stopping to open the heart books of *John Evereldowns*, *Captain Craigs*, the master of the Elizabethans and all poets, and the bright lights of his

day. He touches the heart-strings of the widow who would see light, the widower who bows to the inevitable; The Man of Sorrows, the beauty that was of Greece, the arts and philosophy. All these he looks upon and chronicles with firm and able hand.

Robinson finds inspiration in the age-old legends of Merlin, and has his own interpretation of the much written about magician as well in his *Lancelot*. "Avon's Harvest," published in a single volume in 1921 has been jestingly called "a dime novel in verse." It is, however, a tragedy of Fear, superb in its workmanship.

In reading Robinson one needs not of a necessity approach him as did the Chinese wise men the poets of their race — with days of fasting — but he is not to be read in any superficial way that an age of speed has engendered in many of us. First and foremost, Robinson is a scholar. He has never been concerned greatly about his critics. The public in turn has been a long time in recognizing and appreciating his worth. People, and intelligent ones too, have been too much inclined to look on Robinson as someone very deep, a poet whom people talked about and seldom read. He is, however, nothing of the kind. One may approach Robinson under almost any circumstances and find somewhere in his poems the particular thing one is looking for.

It is something of a wonder to me how Booth Tarkington, past his 50th birthday, can understand so well the *Penrods* and *Florences* of our generation. It is with the same wonderment that I observe Robinson's analysis of women's hearts and their emotions. The spinster's heart of "*The Poor Relation*" and "*Aunt Imogene*" for example. "*The Tree in Pamela's Garden*" offers a very different story of a very different sort of woman. There is a magnificent sweep of emotion in Robinson's *Damaris* of *The Book of Annandale*, where the poet goes down into the soul's hell and returns in triumph.

There is sometimes an inclination on the part of a public to regard a "Collected Poems" of a poet as a tombstone.

But this book is by no means a tombstone. Mr. Robinson is a poet who is not only keenly alive but is far from being written out and is producing a greater volume of poetry each year.

It is evident from the "Collected Poems" that Mr. Robinson is inclined to agree with the majority of his critics and ranks "The Man Against the Sky" as his best book. There are no alterations in the order of the poems and as Miss Lowell writing in *The Dial* says:

"In fact, the only volumes he has felt called upon to edit are *The Children of the Night* and *The Town Down the River*, and it is significant that he has dropped thirteen of the original poems from *The Children of the Night* and only one from *The Town Down the River*. A man who shows himself not averse to excisions on occasion, and yet who finds all he wishes to make (with one exception) in his earliest published work, proves his artistic career to have been singularly of a piece. This fact is evidence that if he and his creative faculty started together, his power of self-criticism has grown, for he has made no mistake in his excisions. The poems he has left out need cause no reader regret, except possibly the title poem of *The Children of the Night*, and that is not so important as poetry as it is a revelation. Without it, the critic must begin with Mr. Robinson in mid-air.

.

"There is no new departure in *The Man Against the Sky* — Mr. Robinson struck his gait in *The Children of the Night* and he has scarcely varied it since — but there is a greater ease and abundance. *Flammonde* is one of the most beautiful poems in stanza form that Mr. Robinson has done, *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford* probably the best of his monologues. *The Man Against the Sky* itself, an advance over *The Children of the Night*. That poem was a cry, this is a question. The excellence of his early vignettes, John Evereldown, Cliff Klingenhagen, Richard Cory, could

hardly be surpassed, but there is a greater delicacy in *Fragment*, a deeper tenderness in *The Poor Relation*, an extraordinary weirdness and horror in *Stafford's Cabin*. Captain Craig contained Isaac and Archibald and Aunt Imogen, and nothing could be better in their kinds than these, but John Gorham far outdoes *The Woman and the Wife* and *The Book of Annandale*."

Additional examples of Mr. Robinson's work follow:

MINIVER CHEEVY

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediaeval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

OCTAVES

IV

While we are drilled in error, we are lost
Alike to truth and usefulness. We think
We are great warriors now, and we can brag
Like Titans; but the world is growing young,
And we, the fools of time, are growing with it: —
We do not fight to-day, we only die;
We are too proud of death, and too ashamed
Of God, to know enough to be alive.

X

Where does a dead man go? — The dead man dies;
But the free life that would no longer feed
On fagots of outburned and shattered flesh
Wakes to a thrilled invisible advance,
Unchained (or fettered else) of memory;
And when the dead man goes it seems to me
'Twere better for us all to do away
With weeping, and be glad that he is gone.

XIII

I grant you friendship is a royal thing,
But none shall ever know that royalty
For what it is till he has realized
His best friend in himself. 'Tis then, perforce,

OUR POETS OF TODAY

That man's unfettered faith indemnifies
 Of its own conscious freedom the old shame,
 And love's revealed infinitude supplants
 Of its own wealth and wisdom the old scorn.

XV

We lack the courage to be where we are: —
 We love too much to travel on old roads,
 To triumph on old fields; we love too much
 To consecrate the magic of dead things,
 And yieldingly to linger by long walls
 Of ruin, where the ruinous moonlight
 That sheds a lying glory on old stones
 Befriends us with a wizard's enmity.

XVII

To you that sit with Sorrow like chained slaves,
 And wonder if the night will ever come,
 I would say this: The night will never come,
 And sorrow is not always. But my words
 Are not enough; your eyes are not enough;
 The soul itself must insulate the Real,
 Or ever you do cherish in this life —
 In this life or in any life — repose.

THE POOR RELATION

No longer torn by what she knows
 And sees within the eyes of others,
 Her doubts are when the daylight goes,
 Her fears are for the few she bothers.
 She tells them it is wholly wrong
 Of her to stay alive so long;
 And when she smiles her forehead shows
 A crinkle that had been her mother's.

Beneath her beauty, blanched with pain,
 And wistful yet for being cheated,
 A child would seem to ask again
 A question many times repeated;

But no rebellion has betrayed
Her wonder at what she has paid
For memories that have no stain,
For triumph born to be defeated.

To those who come for what she was —
The few left who know where to find her —
She clings, for they are all she has;
And she may smile when they remind her,
As heretofore, of what they know
Of roses that are still to blow
By ways where not so much as grass
Remains of what she sees behind her.

They stay a while, and having done
What penance or the past requires,
They go, and leave her there alone
To count her chimneys and her spires.
Her lip shakes when they go away,
And yet she would not have them stay;
She knows as well as anyone
That Pity, having played, soon tires.

But one friend always reappears,
A good ghost, not to be forsaken;
Whereat she laughs and has no fears
Of what a ghost may reawaken,
But welcomes, while she wears and mends
The poor relation's odds and ends,
Her truant from a tomb of years —
Her power of youth so early taken.

Poor laugh, more slender than her song
It seems; and there are none to hear it
With even the stopped ears of the strong
For breaking heart or broken spirit.
The friends who clamored for her place,
And would have scratched her for her face,
Have lost her laughter for so long
That none would care enough to fear it.

None live who need fear anything
From her, whose losses are their pleasure;
The plover with a wounded wing
Stays not the flight that others measure;
So there she waits, and while she lives,
And death forgets, and faith forgives,
Her memories go foraging
For bits of childhood song they treasure.

And like a giant harp that hums
On always, and is always blending
The coming of what never comes
With what has past and had an ending,
The City trembles, throbs, and pounds
Outside, and through a thousand sounds
The small intolerable drums
Of time are like slow drops descending.

Bereft enough to shame a sage
And given little to long sighing,
With no illusion to assuage
The lonely changelessness of dying, —
Unsought, unthought-of, and unheard,
She sings and watches like a bird,
Safe in a comfortable cage
From which there will be no more flying.

CHAPTER III

SARA TEASDALE

For the first time in its history, Columbia University, in the spring of 1918, awarded a prize of \$500 for a book of poetry, to Sara Teasdale, for her volume of "Love Songs" published in the fall of 1917—poems of true lyric quality that have won for their creator a high place among American poets.

Although one of the younger American writers, and almost the direct antithesis in poetry style to Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale is a favorite throughout the United States, and a number of her poems have been translated into French, Spanish, Danish, and other languages.

The beauty that charms, at the very start, the lover of exquisite verse is found in the opening stanzas of "*Barter*" which begins Miss Teasdale's "Love Songs":

Life has loveliness to sell
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

Sara Teasdale was born in St. Louis, August 8, 1884, and was educated in private schools in her home city. In 1903 she was graduated from Hosmer Hall, and soon after left her St. Louis home for Southern Europe and Egypt. Greece and Italy furnished inspiration for many of her earlier poems. In 1907 her first book, "Sonnets to Duse," was published. On its appearance a copy fell into the hands of Arthur Symons, the famous English critic and poet, who praised the unconscious technique of her writing. Her first poem to achieve wide recognition was a monologue, done in blank verse, "*Guinevere*," which appeared in *Reedy's Mirror*. Other monologues in the same style followed, each offering a fresh aspect of some famous woman in history or art, including "*Beatrice*" and "*Helen of Troy*." The latter, after being published in *Scribner's Magazine*, became the title of her second volume of poems, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1911.

To Miss Teasdale's second journey abroad we are indebted for such songs as "*Off Capri*" and "*Night Song at Amalfi*":

I asked the heaven of stars
What I should give my love —
It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishers go —
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song —
But how can I give silence,
My whole life long!

There is something akin in the work of Sara Teasdale and the "Grenstone Poems" of Witter Bynner, and it is of interest to read Mr. Bynner's own picture of this poet whom he makes the subject of a poem:

O there were lights and laughter
And the motions to and fro
Of people as they enter
And people as they go. . . .

O there were many voices
Vying at the feast,
But mostly I remember
Yours — who spoke the least.

Sara Teasdale's belief in our own American poetry is expressed in the following lines:

"A fairly wide acquaintance with the contemporary poetry of England makes me sure that we are nearer than they are to producing great work. Aside from Masfield, we have men with stronger vision and more original method than they.

"As to my own work, I feel that the best of it is done in brief, exceedingly simple poems. I try to say what moves me — I never care to surprise my reader; and I avoid, not from malice aforethought, but simply because I dislike them, all words that are not met with in common speech, and all inversions of words or phrases. My poems aren't written, in the literal sense of that word. They sometimes never meet pen and paper until they have been complete for days in my mind. Perhaps this habit of composition is partly responsible for the fact that I never use intricate stanzas —

it would be too hard to compose them in my usual way. For me one of the greatest joys of poetry is to know it by heart — perhaps that is why the simple song-like poems appeal to me most — they are the easiest to learn. And so I should place Christina Rossetti above her brother, as a poet, and perhaps also above the more opulent Mrs. Browning."

Sara Teasdale is a resident of New York City. She was married in December, 1914, in St. Louis to Mr. E. B. Filsinger, an authority on international trade, on which subject he has written a number of books.

Aside from the love lyrics contained in Miss Teasdale's prize-winning volume, it also includes a group of poems, "*Songs Out of Sorrow*," which were voted the best of those read at meetings of the Poetry Society of America during the year 1916-17. As a proof of a poet's ability to write a popular book witness "Love Songs." This was a volume that met with instant popularity as well as artistic success. It was printed in several editions, the second edition becoming necessary before the book was three weeks off the press.

"Rivers to the Sea," "Helen of Troy" and "Love Songs" come nearest to meeting our best standards for poetry. Here are the cadences of pure lyricism and the simple language that this poet chooses so ably to express herself.

Here is a poet who expresses the extremes of human emotion in poems that are simple and short. Many of them have only eight lines, but the quality of personality is strong and rich in music with a combination of tenderness and spontaneity.

William Marion Reedy found "Rivers to the Sea" the best book of pure lyrics that has appeared in English since A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad."

The Boston Transcript declares that Sara Teasdale sings about love better than any other contemporary American poet, and William Stanley Braithwaite in the *Year Book of American Poetry* for 1915 avows that there is in Miss Teasdale's art the purest song quality in American poetry.

In "Love Songs," says *The New York Times*, "Sara Teas-

dale's best and most characteristic work is presented. Her lyrics will far outlast this period and become part of that legacy of pure song which one age leaves to another."

Perhaps no living American has had so many poems set to music as has Sara Teasdale, whose singing words and singing lines abound in these poems:

THE LOOK

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me,
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

SPRING NIGHT

The park is filled with night and fog,
The veils are drawn about the world,
The drowsy lights along the paths
Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets,
Gold and gleaming the misty lake,
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
Glimmer and shake.

Oh, is it not enough to be
Here with this beauty over me?
My throat should ache with praise, and I
Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.
O, beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love,
With youth, a singing voice, and eyes
To take earth's wonder with surprise?

Why have I put off my pride,
 Why am I unsatisfied, —
 I, for whom the pensive night
 Binds her cloudy hair with light, —

I, for whom all beauty burns
 Like incense in a million urns?
 O beauty, are you not enough?
 Why am I crying after love?

MOODS

I am the still rain falling,
 Too tired for singing mirth —
 Oh, be the green fields calling,
 Oh, be for me the earth!

I am the brown bird pining
 To leave the nest and fly —
 Oh, be the fresh cloud shining,
 Oh, be for me the sky!

Here again is music — and philosophy:

DRIFTING SAND

I thought I would not walk these dunes again
 Nor feel the sting of this wind-driven sand,
 Where the coarse grasses always blow one way,
 Bent, as my thoughts are, by an unseen hand.

I have returned; where the last wave rushed up
 The wet sand is a mirror for the sky
 A bright blue instant, and the same old way
 The little sand-pipers run twinkling by.

Nothing has changed; with the old, hollow thunder
 The waves die in their everlasting snow ——
 Only the place we sat is drifted over,
 Lost in the blowing sand, long, long, ago.

"In the days when Sara Teasdale was writing of Colin and Pierrot and Helen of Troy I thought that her work was praised too much. The critics, it seemed to me, were giving gold for silver. That it was excellent silver I knew. Only ignorance could fail to perceive the felicity of her images and the fluency of her music. Only the moribund intellect could fail to acknowledge the charm of her moods. But was her gift unique? Was there much of universal importance in what she had to offer? I thought not. Today, after reading 'Flame and Shadow' I ask myself these questions again, and I have another answer. Sara Teasdale has found a philosophy of life and death. In this latest book we may watch the conflict between the light that comes from the everlasting flame and the darkness that is the ever-present shadow. Here is another steel-strong, defiant intellect, answering the riddle of the universe with song!"

Thus does Marguerite Wilkinson writing in *The New York Times* approach the 1921 volume of Miss Teasdale's poems. As Mrs. Wilkinson finds this new Sara Teasdale a philosopher dealing with life and death, in terms of great lyric beauty, one opens this latest volume expectant for these characteristics and finds her first poem, "*Blue Squills*":

How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills, how blue!

And many a dancing April
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty, then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour!

O shaken flowers, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I, through endless sleep.
May bear the scar of you.

Hers indeed is a beautiful faith beautifully expressed. To me Miss Teasdale has always typified the almost perfect lyric writer. There have been many contestants for this honour — Edna Millay, Hazel Hall, Winifred Welles, Margaret Widdemer, and Amory Hare among a score of others, but I go back to the first poems of Miss Teasdale or stop in joyful meditation upon pages in “Flame and Shadow” — “*Let It Be Forgotten*,” “*The Long Hill*” or “*Water Lilies*” and find them master lyrics.

It is good to note Miss Teasdale's philosophical trend, to observe what critics call the growth in her technique; she is a gifted singer and I am inclined to agree with Mrs. Wilkinson when she writes of “Flame and Shadow”; “This is a book to read with reverence of joy. Although I seldom prophesy, I venture to say that it will have a long life.”

At Easthampton in July of 1922, I was lying on the beach reading “The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson,” I had before me the many-time-read and always absorbing *The Poor Relation*. Glancing up I saw a short distance away, Sara Teasdale looking out towards the horizon. I studied her face unobserved and saw in it the face of an understanding woman, the poet-philosopher of Mrs. Wilkinson, but withal a face of vision, of quiet seeing eyes — eyes that saw beauty in its intrinsic worth, shorn of sentimentality but cognizant of life's realities. But the poems of a poet tell his story. It is hard to select from such a priceless store house as “Flame and Shadow” but those who already admire this lyric genius will find in these selections fresh beauty. To those who are meeting her for the first time, a rare experience awaits them.

THE LONG HILL

I must have passed the crest a while ago
And now I am going down.
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know —
But the brambles were always catching the hem of my gown.

All the morning I thought how proud I should be
To stand there straight as a queen —
Wrapped in the wind and the sun, with the world under me.
But the air was dull, there was little I could have seen.

It was nearly level along the beaten track
And the brambles caught in my gown —
But it's no use now to think of turning back,
The rest of the way will be only going down.

OLD TUNES

As the waves of perfume, heliotrope, rose,
Float in the garden when no wind blows,
Come to us, go from us, whence no one knows;

So the old tunes float in my mind,
And go from me leaving no trace behind,
Like fragrance borne on the hush of the wind.

But in the instant the airs remain
I know the laughter and the pain
Of times that will not come again.

I try to catch at many a tune
Like petals of light fallen from the moon,
Broken and bright on a dark lagoon,

But they float away — for who can hold
Youth, or perfume or the moon's gold?

NOT BY THE SEA

Not by the sea, but somewhere in the hills,
Not by the sea, but in the uplands surely
There must be rest, where a dim pool demurely
Watches all night the far, slow-moving skies.

Not by the sea, that never was appeased,
Not by the sea, whose immemorial longing
Shames the tired earth, where even longing dies;
Not by the sea, that bore Iseult and Helen —
But in a dark green hollow of the hills,
There must be sleep, even for sleepless eyes.

— *Harpers Magazine*

CHAPTER IV

WITTER BYNNER

WHEN "The New World" was published some years ago, people who followed the poetry mart found in its author, Witter Bynner, a new voice of remarkable strength and astonishing clearness in contemporary American poetry. And this poem of progressive thought was but the forerunner of meritorious things to come.

There has been nothing static about Witter Bynner's work. His poetry has grown with the years and is not yet in fullest fruit.

Witter Bynner stands to the fore of our American contemporary poets by reason of the work he has done, the good things he will accomplish, and the impetus he has given to American poetry with his lectures throughout the country and his encouragement to beginners in poetry.

Witter Bynner was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1881. He received his early education in Massachusetts at the schools in Brookline. He was editor of the school paper, *The Sagamore*, and in 1902 took his degree at Harvard, where he had been one of the editors of *The Advocate*.

The editor's desk of *McClure's Magazine* next claimed his attention, where he stayed until 1906, when he became literary advisor to Small, Maynard & Company, retiring to the artists' colony at Cornish, N. H., to devote his entire time to his writing.

In 1907 "An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems" was published, followed by "Kit," a one-act play, two years afterward.

"An Immigrant," the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1911, was his work—a piece of writing that startled his

academic audience by his ardent plea for equal suffrage. This was the beginning of his public stand for suffrage, for which he has spoken and campaigned ever since.

With "Tiger," Witter Bynner was classed as a radical, something of an outlaw, in fact, until Amy Lowell's polyphonic prose descended in our midst, and form rather than theme became the object of poetical dispute. "Tiger" was acted in Philadelphia, but barred in other cities, and is one of the most striking one-act plays to be written by an American playwright. It has been translated into French, and was much commented upon in London, where the *London Bookman* said of it: "We doubt if so much of actual life and of appalling significance were ever packed into such small compass before."

While it will thus be seen that the writings of Witter Bynner have often found voice in play form, it is to his long and unusual love poem, "The New World," upon which he spent six years, and his "Grenstone Poems" that we must look for the genius of a poet who so strongly lives up to the best traditions handed down by Whitman.

It is largely by virtue of his "Grenstone Poems" that Witter Bynner has marked himself upon the best that so far we may hand down to the next generation. Here is a lyrical quality that is superb, democracy's spirit and love of free things that embodies our highest ideals and establishes new values of their own. And here is a poet who can write with equal beauty in the customary and accepted forms, and who also is able to break into new ways and new forms in a fashion that the following selections from "Grenstone Poems" show:

POPLARS

Poplars against a mountain
Seem frequently to me
To be little-windowed cities
And the sun-waves on the sea.

Pernaps dead men remember
Those beckonings of fire,
Waves that have often crumbled
And windows of desire. . . .

Another year and some one,
Standing where I now stand,
Shall watch my tree rekindle,
From ancient sea and land—

The beckoning of an ocean,
The beckoning of a town,
Till the sun's behind the mountain
And the wind dies down.

THE CIRCUS

. . . . Whose vast and rusted deeps were unmoving but for the
slow, blue, diagonal line of twilight, as clear as the blue,
diagonal shirt across the flesh of the fellow in the hanging
rings. . . .

And from the edge of the canyon a blue-jay darted and poised and
chirped, as undaunted as the Mexican boy darting and uttering
his small, hoarse phrases over the edge of death. . . .

That rim

Where the sky at night is tipped upside down and silence is brought
to your feet,

The silence containing China and Syria and Egypt and all their
architecture and swift motions and their pyramids and
unremembered speech—

And a river that pours unheard.

“Grenstone Poems” was judged by the Columbia University Committee one of the two best books of poetry published during 1917. A significant poem of the collection is the one from which the volume takes its name, “Grenstone”:

Is there such a place as Grenstone? "
Celia, hear them ask! —
Tell me, shall we share it with them?
Shall we let them breathe and bask

On the windy, sunny pasture,
Where the hill-top turns its face
Toward the valley of the mountain,
Our belovèd place?

Shall we show them through our churchyard,
With its crumbling wall
Set between the dead and living?
Shall our willowed waterfall,

Huckleberries, pines and bluebirds,
Be a secret we shall share? . . .
If they make but little of it,
Celia, shall we care?

"Grenstone Poems" form by their sequence a more or less definite narrative. A young poet, dejected, goes to the country town of Grenstone, where after a time he meets Celia — through whom not only life becomes rich for him, but death also. Taken as a whole, the book is a lyric transcript of the finding and unfolding of that happiness to which the poet has given a different kind of expression in the philosophic narrative of "The New World."

Bynner's "*Lincoln*" burns high with the spirit of democracy, and it is of interest to study this in comparison with a more recent tribute to young France, which found its inspiration in Pierre de Lanux's book, "Young France and America."

REPUBLIC TO REPUBLIC

1776-1917

France!

It is I answering.

America!

And it shall be remembered not only in our lips but in our
hearts

And shall awaken forever familiar and new as the morning

That we were the first of all lands

To be lovers,

To run to each other with the incredible cry

Of recognition.

Bound by no ties of nearness or of knowledge

But of the nearness of the heart,

You chose me then —

And so I choose you now

By the same nearness —

And the name you called me then

I call you now —

O Liberty, my Love!

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

“Lincoln? —

Well, I was in the old Second Maine,

The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.

Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;

We was there for guardin' Washington —

We was all green.”

.

“Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.

He was a spare man,

An old farmer.

Everything was all right, you know,

But he wa'n't a smooth-appearin' man at all —

Not in no ways;

Thin-faced, long-necked,

And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow — always cheerful;
He wa'n't so high but the boys could talk to him their
own ways.

While I was servin' at the Hospital
He's come in and say, 'You look nice in here' —
Praise us up, you know.

And he'd bend over and talk to the boys —
And he'd talk so good to 'em — so close —
That's why I call him a farmer.

I don't mean that everything about him wa'n't all right, you
understand,

It's just — well, I was a farmer —
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

"I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him."

Witter Bynner is a firm believer in the importance of American poets and gives high place to the writings of Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters and Edwin Arlington Robinson.

With the explosion of Spectricism Bynner was discovered in the capacity of a *vers libre* baiter. The school found inspiration, according to Mr. Bynner, as follows:

"Imagists and Vorticists long had aroused my ire, and one day in Chicago I determined to form an ultra-modern school of poetry myself just to show how easily it might be done. I was attending a performance of the Russian Ballet in Chicago at the moment when the idea struck me. What should I call my new school? I looked down at my program and found it opened at 'Le Spectre de la Rose.' The word spectre struck me. Spectrists — that was a good, suggestive name. I adopted it forthwith."

In the preface of "Spectra," a collection of the verse by Emanuel Morgan (Witter Bynner) and Anne Knish (Arthur Davison Ficke), the following definition is given:

"An explanation of the term 'Spectric' will indicate something of the nature of the technique which it describes. 'Spectric' has, in this connection, three separate but closely related meanings. In the first place, it speaks, to the mind,

of that process of diffraction by which are disarticulated the several colored and other rays of which light is composed. It indicates our feeling that the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of infinite existence falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues. In its second sense, the term Spectric relates to the reflex vibrations of physical light, and, by analogy, the after-colors of the poet's initial vision. In its third sense, Spectric connotes the overtones, adumbrations, or spectres which for the poet haunt all objects both of the seen and unseen world, those shadowy projections, sometimes grotesque, which, hovering around the real, give to the real its full ideal significance and its poetic worth. These spectres are the manifold spell and true essence of objects, — like the magic that would inevitably encircle a mirror from the hand of Helen of Troy."

But if Mr. Bynner's little fling into the "Spectric" is responsible for the style and values of "The Beloved Stranger," it has served a worthy purpose.

The following poems are able examples of Mr. Bynner's talents as shown in "The Beloved Stranger" —

AUTUMN

Last year, and other years,
When autumn was a vision of old friendships,
Of friends gone many ways
Yet never gone,
I stood alone upon this bank of coppered fern,
I breathed my height of isolation,
Encircled by a remembering countryside.
I touched dead fingers in a larch;
I sailed on long blue waves of land
Transfixed the whole horizon round;
I wore the old imperial shades
Of aster, sumac, goldenrod;
I flaunted my banners of maple;
And, when the sun went down,
I lay full length
Upon a scarlet death-bed.

So happy a thing was autumn,
 Other years.
 But here you stand beside me on this hill,
 And shake your head and smile your smile
 And twist these things lightly between your fingers
 As a pinch of dust
 And bare your throat
 And show me only spring,
 Spring, spring,
 Fluttering like your slender side,
 Cascading like your hair.

COINS

I am a miser of my memories of you
 And will not spend them.
 When they were anticipations
 I spent them.
 And bought you with them.
 But now I have exchanged you for memories,
 And I will only pour them from one hand into the other
 And back again,
 Listening to their
 Clink,
 Till some one comes
 Worth using them
 To buy. . . .
 Then I will change them again into anticipations.

Both poets and critics have found in Witter Bynner a sincere artist and have written of him as follows:

"Witter Bynner has come into his own . . . a great poet." — *Los Angeles Graphic* (Margaret B. Wilkinson).

"Underlying his honest line there is a firm-founded human note that reaches out through the dress of present-day phrase and fixes upon one's mind with the eternal grip of truth." — *New York Evening Sun*.

"A powerful, eloquent, vehement language — and thought that rushes on impetuously toward the sentient end." — William Butler Yeats.

Mr. Bynner's headquarters is New York, but he is a continual wanderer in the world, especially in the Orient. His published works include "Young Harvard and Other Poems," "Tiger," "The Little King," "The New World," "Iphigenia in Tauris," "Grenstone Poems," "The Beloved Stranger" "Pins for Wings" (by Emanuel Morgan).

There is Oriental blood flowing in the veins of Witter Bynner, and perhaps it is owing to ancestral heritage that the prophetic utterances found in our greatest poets are so strongly developed in this man. They are evidenced time and again in his writings.

And as for Bynner's religion, there is no small trace of a deference to Buddha in some of his poems, no doubt again an inheritance. For example:

Behold the man alive in me,
Behold the man in you!
If there is God — am I not he? —
Shall I myself undo?

I have been waiting long enough . . .
Impossible gods, good-by;
I wait no more. . . . The way is rough —
But the god who climbs is I.

"A Canticle of Pan and Other Poems" was published by Mr. Bynner in 1921 (Knopf) and "A Book of Plays" in 1922 (Knopf). There are forthcoming translations from the French of Vildrac in 1923, (Dutton), and from the Chinese of the T'ang poets in 1923 (Knopf).

CHAPTER V

ROBERT FROST

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, writing in *The Bookman*, declares that the difference between Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost is the difference between a drum-major and a botanist, for the former marches gaily at the head of his big band, looking up and around at the crowd; the latter finds it sweet

with uplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none.

New England contemporaries of Frost have praised him and found his work good. But to the author of this book, his poems are cold, often gaunt and bare in their stern realism.

England first welcomed Frost. He is the sort of poet that many English critics obviously would declare to be "type pure American." He has chosen the poetic field of an earlier style of popular narrative verse rather than lyric in the majority of his poems, and it is when producing such lines as these from "The Wood-Pile" that he is at his best:

Out walking in the frozen swamp one gray day
I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.
No, I will go on farther — and we shall see."
The hard snow held me, save where now and then
One foot went down. The view was all in lines
Straight up and down of tall, slim trees
Too much alike to mark or name a place by
So as to say for certain I was here
Or somewhere else; I was just far from home.
A small bird flew before me. He was careful
To put a tree between us when he lighted,

And say no word to tell me who he was
Who was so foolish as to think what *he* thought.
He thought that I was after him for a feather—
The white one in his tail; like one who takes
Everything said as personal to himself.

. Clematis
Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.
What held it though on one side was a tree
Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,
These latter about to fall. I thought that only
Some one who lived in turning to fresh tasks
Could so forget his handiwork on which
He spent himself, the labour of his axe,
And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

Robert Frost was born in San Francisco, California, March 26, 1875, and for over nine years he lived in a community that was almost at the other extreme, geographically as well as temperamentally, from that part of the country which later was to claim him as its own poet.

As a boy Robert Frost tried his hand at various things. Like Louis Untermeyer and Cale Young Rice, he accepted school as one of the necessary evils of life. He attended Dartmouth and later Harvard, spending but a few months at the former and two years at the latter. Between these educational experiences, he married Eleanor Miriam White in 1895. In 1900 he became a farmer in New Hampshire. In 1911 he taught school and a year later went to England.

It was in London in 1913 that his first book of poems, "A Boy's Will," was published, just nineteen years after his first published poem appeared in *The Independent*. His second volume was also published in London in 1914, "North of Boston." In March, 1915, he returned to America, with England's stamp of approval upon his work, and bought a farm in New Hampshire. "Mountain Interval" appeared in 1916.

Robert Frost is an outdoor poet who glories in such poem titles as "*Birches*," "*Pea Brush*," "*Putting in the Seed*," "*The Cow in Apple Time*," "*A Late Walk*," "*Wind and Window Flower*," and "*Blueberries*."

Again to quote Mr. Phelps, who has so well expressed the style of Robert Frost in these lines, "In spite of his preoccupation with the exact value of oral words, he is not a singing lyrist. There is not much *bel canto* in his volumes. Nor do any of his poems seem spontaneous. He is a thoughtful man, given to meditation; the meanest flower or a storm-bedraggled bird will lend him material for poetry. But the expression of his poems does not seem naturally fluid. I suspect he has blotted many a line. He is as deliberate as Thomas Hardy, and cultivates the lapidary style. Even in the conversations frequently introduced into his pieces, he is as economical with words as his characters are with cash. This gives to his work a hardness of outline in keeping with the New England temperament and the New Hampshire climate. There is no doubt that much of his peculiarly effective dramatic power is gained by his extremely careful expenditure of language."

There is a noticeable contrast between Mr. Frost's book, "*A Boy's Will*," introspective poems of youth's impressions, "*North of Boston*," with its hardy New England pictures, and "*Mountain Interval*," with its strongly atmospheric poems of New England seasons and life.

Such lines as these are within the poet's love of his New England and its natural beauties that best exemplify his knowledge and ability to interpret them:

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter, darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning

After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-coloured
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.

Mr. Frost lives the year round on his farm in Franconia, New Hampshire. He is not, however, a gentleman farmer. On his farm, backed up against a forest of fir trees and facing one of the most beautiful mountains in New England, he writes slowly, surrounded by the nature he loves and the companionship of his wife and four children, Lesley, Carol, Irma and Majorie.

(See appendix for other poems by Mr. Frost.)

CHAPTER VI

PERCY MACKAYE

POET, dramatist, and pageant-maker is Percy MacKaye, whose work is well worthy of the place it holds in our contemporary American poetry. Here is a man whose work as a dramatist has not imperiled such tuneful lyrics as

Frail Sleep, that blowest by fresh banks
Of quiet, crystal pools, beside whose brink
The varicolored dreams, like cattle, come to drink,

Cool Sleep, thy reeds, in solemn ranks,
That murmur peace to me by midnight's streams,
At dawn I pluck, and dayward pipe my flock of dreams.

And Mr. MacKaye turns with equal ability to the "Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis," presented in Forest Park of that city on five successive nights with a total attendance of half a million spectators.

The paternal great-grandfather of Mr. MacKaye came to this country from Scotland about 1800, and his grandfather, Colonel James Morrison MacKaye, a staunch adherent of anti-slavery doctrines, was an intimate friend of Clay, Webster, Garrison, and Lincoln. (James) Steele MacKaye, his father, was dramatist, theatre director and inventor, writing many successful plays of his day, conspicuous among which were "Hazel Kirke" and "Paul Kauvar." On his mother's side, Percy MacKaye is of New England Puritan descent. His maternal grandmother was president of one of the earliest women's colleges, and his mother is the author of a published

dramatization of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," acted at many schools and colleges. Mr. MacKaye is also directly descended from Governor William Bradford and Roger Williams.

From this ancestry came the man who has given us such multi-themed poetry but in whose work no better proof of the poetic genius is found than in these moving lines:

THE CHILD-DANCERS¹

*A bomb has fallen over Notre Dame:
Germans have burned another Belgium town:
Russians quelled in the East: England in qualm:*

I closed my eyes and laid the paper down.

Gray ledge and moor-grass and pale bloom of light
By pale blue seas!

What laughter of a child world-sprite,
Sweet as the horns of lone October bees,
Shrills the faint shore with mellow, old delight?

What elves are these

In smocks gray-blue as sea and ledge,

Dancing upon the silvered edge

Of darkness — each ecstatic one

Making a happy orison,

With shining limbs, to the low-sunken sun? —

See: now they cease

Like nesting birds from flight:

Demure and debonair

They troop beside their hostess' chair

To make their bedtime courtesies:

"Spokoinoi notchi! — Gute Nachtel!

Bon soir! Bon soir! — Good night!"

¹ *The Child-Dancers*: The little children of the Isadora Duncan School of Dancing, to whom these verses refer, came to America in September, 1914, owing to conditions of war in France. Russian, German, French, and English, they formed a happy and harmonious family of the belligerent races.

What far-gleaned lives are these
 Linked in one holy family of art? —
 Dreams: dreams once Christ and Plato dreamed:
 How fair their happy shades depart!

Dear God! how simple it all seemed,
 Till once again
 Before my eyes the red type quivered: *Slain:*
Ten thousand of the enemy. —
 Then laughter! laughter from the ancient sea
 Sang in the gloaming: *Athens! Galilee!*
 And elfin voices called from the extinguished light: —
"Spokoinoi notchi! — Gute Nachte!
Bon soir! Bon soir! — Good night!"

Percy MacKaye was born in New York City, March 16, 1875, and in this city he gained from the constant companionship of his father much knowledge of the theatre.

In 1892-93 he began his first efforts in poetical lines by writing a series of choral songs for his father's huge musical drama, "Columbus."

The poet was graduated from Harvard College in 1897 and a year afterwards was married to Miss Marion Homer Morse, of Cambridge, Mass., and went abroad to live. In Frascati, near Rome, he wrote "A Garland to Sylvia," and in Switzerland a play on the theme of Beowulf. Returning to New York in 1900, Mr. MacKaye taught in a private school for boys for three years, and during this time E. H. Sothorn became interested in his dramatic work and commissioned him to write "The Canterbury Pilgrims," first published in 1903. A year later Mr. MacKaye joined the colony of writers and artists at Cornish, New Hampshire, where he makes his permanent home. Perhaps it was here that came the pastoral inspiration for "The Three Dance Motives" which concluded with "The Chase":

Through what vast wood,
By what wild paths of beautiful surprise,
Hast thou returned to us,
Diana, Diana of Desire?
Coming to thy call
What huntresses are these?
What hallowed chase, what long, long cherished goal?
Through man's wan mind
By radiant paths of rhythmic liberty
I am returned to you,
Diviner, diviner of dreams!
Those huntresses, they are my hallowed desires —
My unquenched selves with overflowing quivers.
Joy is our chase and goal:
Our bodies the tense crossbows, and our wild souls the
shafts!

At some stage in the life of nearly every poet he seeks to express his own theories on poetry, usually in verse form. Mr. MacKaye's "*Rain Reverie*" bears testimony to this:

In the lone of night by the pattering tree
I sat alone with Poetry —
With Poetry, my old shy friend,
And his tenuous shadow seemed to blend —
Beyond the lampshine on the sill —
With the mammoth shadow of the hill,
And his breath fell soft in the pool-dark pane
With the murmurous, murmuring muffled hoof
Of the rain, the rain,
The rain on the roof.
"Ah, what of the rapture and melody
We might have wrought, dear Poetry!
Imagined tower and dream-built shrine,
Must they crumble in dark like this pale lampshine?
Our dawn-flecked meadows lyric-shrill,
Shall they lie as dumb as the gloom-drenched hill?
Our song-voiced lovers! — Shall none remain?" —
Under the galloping, gusty hoof
Answered the rain, rain,
Rain on the roof. . . .

The first of Mr. MacKaye's plays to be produced professionally was "Jeanne d'Arc," produced by E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, in 1906.

Since that time ten other plays of his have been acted by such actors as Mr. Walter Hampden, Madame Bertha Kalisch, Mr. Henry Miller, Mr. Frank Reicher, Henrietta Crosman and Henry E. Dixey. His play, "The Scarecrow," has been acted in America, England and Germany.

In civic pageantry Mr. MacKaye is a pioneer in America, his "Gloucester Pageant," produced for President Taft in August, 1906, being the first large-scale pageant produced in this country. Since then his "Sanctuary," a Bird Masque in which Miss Eleanor Wilson acted the chief part, his "Saint Louis," a Civic Masque in which 7000 citizens of Saint Louis acted, and his "Caliban" at the Harvard Stadium have attracted national attention.

It is by virtue of Mr. MacKaye's "Lincoln Centenary Ode," one of his longer poems, that he is accredited with having produced one of the most splendid tributes in our American literature to this great American. It concludes:

Leave, then, that wonted grief
Which honorably mourns its martyred dead,
And newly hail instead
The birth of him, our hardy shepherd chief,
Who by green paths of old democracy
Leads still his tribes to uplands of glad peace.

As long as — out of blood and passion blind —
Springs the pure justice of the reasoning mind,
And justice, bending, scorns not to obey
Pity, that once in a poor manger lay,
As long as, thrall'd by time's imperious will,
Brother hath bitter need of brother, still
His presence shall not cease
To lift the ages toward his human excellence,
And races yet to be
Shall in a rude hut do him reverence
And solemnize a simple man's nativity.

Mr. MacKaye in the preface to his "Collected Poems and Plays" says:

"In accepting the invitation of the publishers to collect a portion of my published work within the compass of two volumes, poems and plays, the occasion seems fitting for me to comment on some phases of it as related to the reading public.

"While the writer was still in his teens, he said to himself: 'There is my life-work; it rises over there beyond: I can see its large outlines. I will give myself till I am forty to do its 'prentice work: then perhaps I may be ready to tackle the real job — that vision which lies there alluring, waiting to be realized.'

"Now, then, here is forty; and here is some of the 'prentice work gathered together; yet, as far as concerns myself, apprenticeship has hardly begun: the real life-work still beckons, unrealized, away there beyond. For this reason, in submitting to the reader's interest the works here collected, I should like to introduce them anew rather as the by-gleanings of a journey but just set forth upon, than in any sense the product of a goal attained."

Mr. MacKaye's published works include the following: "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a comedy; "Jeanne d'Arc," a tragedy; "Sappho and Phaon," a tragedy; "Fenris the Wolf," a tragedy; "A Garland to Sylvia," a dramatic reverie; "The Scarecrow," a tragedy of the ludicrous; "Mater," an American study in comedy; "The Sistine Eve and Other Poems"; "The Present Hour," a book of poems; "Lincoln," a centenary ode; "The Playhouse and the Play," essays and addresses; "The Civic Theatre," essays and addresses; "Uriel and Other Poems"; "Anti-Matrimony," a satirical comedy; "To-Morrow," a play in three acts; "Sanctuary," a bird masque; "Saint Louis," a civic masque; "A Thousand Years Ago," a romance of the Orient; "Caliban" (Shakespeare Tercentenary Masque); "The Evergreen Tree"; "Rip Van Winkle," Folk-Opera in Three Acts with Music by Reginald deKoven, produced by the Chicago Opera Company

(Auditorium, Chicago, Jan. 2, 1920; New York at the Lexington Theatre, Jan. 30, 1920); "Washington, The Man Who Made Us": "A Ballad Play, with illustrations by Arvia MacKaye"; "Poems and Plays": Collected in two volumes; Vol. I: Poems (Macmillan, 1916); "Dogtown Common: A Narrative Poem of Old New England" (Macmillan, 1921).

CHAPTER VII

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

"SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY" is a book possessing both artistry and popular appeal. It brought forward the name of Edgar Lee Masters as a poet of note and bore witness to the able judgment of that discerning critic, the late William Marion Reedy, who first published "Spoon River" in *Reedy's Mirror*. It has been whispered among those who claim to know, that Masters wrote his Spoon River poems as a joke, a satire on the people of a small town of his youth, at the suggestion of Mr. Reedy. But the critics found it good, and straightway declared Masters a new light in our American poetry.

"Edgar Lee Masters," says Jessie B. Rittenhouse in *The Bookman*, "is, in short, the most penetrating and merciless psychologist of the present day and surely the bravest. He withholds nothing. Witness such a poem as '*Samuel Butler et Al.*,' where one indicts his mother for a life of recreance to the finer duties of motherhood, while he pictures with pitiless exactness the whole panorama of her life. This might be inexcusable, were it not true. We have all seen this woman and observed every detail that Mr. Masters depicts. Indeed, this book is full of first-hand studies, of minute observation. These souls under a microscope, however they might wish to escape, can withhold nothing. One marvels continually at the relentless analysis which probes deeper and deeper, seeking for the hidden springs of action. Only the trained mind, the legal mind, could pursue such clues and arrive at such unappealable decisions. Heredity has an irresistible fascination for Mr. Masters, and it appears and reappears in his latest work. In

'*Excluded Middle*' its effect upon a whole family is shown in the light of that ever-baffling preoccupation of Mr. Masters — cross-currents of sex, and parental inharmony. Indeed, if we have both a penetrating and a luminous thinker in modern American poetry, it is Edgar Lee Masters, and one says this with full recognition of the fact that it is not always pleasant to follow him in his penetrations."

"Spoon River Anthology" is a sequence of narrative poems dealing with the supposedly after-death "soul barings" of various "dear departeds" in the village of Spoon River. Here the good and the bad — regardless of earthly pose — are held up before the mirror of Truth with all their virtues and vices exposed in her fair white light. Here "*Cassius Hueffer*" says of himself:

They have chiseled on my stone the words:
 "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him
 That nature might stand up and say to all the world,
 This was a man."
 Those who knew me smile
 As they read this empty rhetoric.
 My epitaph should have been:
 "Life was not gentle to him,
 And the elements so mixed in him
 That he made warfare on life,
 In which he was slain."
 While I lived I could not cope with the slanderous tongues,
 Now that I am dead I must submit to an epitaph
 Graven by a fool!

Masters' tragic poem of slander and gossip is the story of "*Mrs. Williams*":

I was the milliner
 Talked about, lied about,
 Mother of Dora,
 Whose strange disappearance
 Was charged to her rearing.
 My eye was quick to beauty
 Saw much beside ribbons

And buckles and feathers
 And leghorns and felts,
 To set off sweet faces,
 And dark hair and gold.

One thing I will tell you
 And one I will ask:

The stealers of husbands
 Wear powder and trinkets,
 And fashionable hats.

Wives, wear them yourselves.

Hats may make divorces —

They also prevent them.

Well, now, let me ask you:

If all of the children, born here in Spoon River,
 Had been reared by the County, somewhere on
 a farm;

And the fathers and mothers had been given their
 freedom

To live and enjoy, change mates if they wished,

Do you think that Spoon River

Had been any the worse?

Grim realism comes in the story of the heretic, "*Wendell P. Bloyd*":

They first charged me with disorderly conduct,
 There being no statute on blasphemy.

Later they locked me up as insane

~~Where I was beaten to death by a Catholic guard.~~

My offense was this:

I said God lied to Adam, and destined him

To lead the life of a fool,

Ignorant that there is evil in the world as well as good.

And when Adam outwitted God by eating the apple

And saw through the lie,

God drove him out of Eden to keep him from taking

The fruit of immortal life.

For Christ's sake, you sensible people,

Here's what God Himself says about it in the book of Genesis:

"And the Lord God said, Behold the man

bigotry

Is become as one of us " (a little envy, you see),
 "To know good and evil" (The all-is-good lie exposed):
 "And now lest he put forth his hand and take
 Also of the tree of life and eat, and live forever:
 Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden
 of Eden."
 (The reason I believe God crucified His Own Son
 To get out of the wretched tangle is, because it sounds just
 like Him.)

One of the most admirable pieces of writing in this volume, however, is found in Masters' lines to the sweetheart of Abraham Lincoln, "*Anne Rutledge*":

Out of me unworthy and unknown
 The vibrations of deathless music;
 "With malice toward none, with charity for all."
 Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
 And the beneficent face of a nation
 Shining with justice and truth.
 I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
 Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
 Wedded to him, not through union,
 But through separation.
 Bloom forever, O Republic,
 From the dust of my bosom!

In "Toward the Gulf" Masters demonstrates the precepts of Whitman. It is evidenced in the underlying spirit of these poems rather than in the actual form of expression chosen.

Masters has established his right to our best consideration as a poet of high merit, but there are times when some of his lines run parallel with a rather ordinary and not particularly interesting prose form of verse. Certainly there is little poetry in lines like these:

Miranda married a rich man
 And spent his money so fast that he failed.
 She lashed him with a scorpion tongue

And made him believe at last
With her incessant reasonings
That he was a fool and so had failed.
In middle life he started over again,
And became tangled in a law suit;
Because of these things he killed himself."

But in "*The Awakening*" there are the best of Masters' lines, lines that throb and pulsate with the music of real song:

When you lie sleeping; golden hair
Tossed on your pillow; sea shell pink
Ears that nestle, I forbear
A moment while I look and think
How you are mine and if I dare
To bend and kiss you lying there.

A Raphael in the flesh! Resist
I cannot, though to break your sleep
Is thoughtless of me — you are kissed
And roused from slumber dreamless, deep —
You rub away the slumber's mist,
You scold and almost weep.

It is too bad to wake you so,
Just for a kiss. But when awake
You sing and dance, nor seem to know
You slept a sleep too deep to break
From which I roused you long ago
For nothing but my passion's sake —
What though your heart should ache!

It was while engaged in the practice of law that Edgar Lee Masters first began to write verse. He had, however, been writing, for many years, poetry of no especial significance until his Spoon River poems.

Masters was born in Garnett, Kansas, on August 23, 1868, the son of Hardin Masters. He received his education in a high school and Knox College, Illinois, after which he studied

law in his father's office. He was admitted in 1891 to the Bar, and is at present a member of the Chicago and Illinois State Bar Associations.

His works include "A Book of Verses," "Maximilian," "The New Star Chamber and Other Essays," "Blood of the Prophets," "Althea," and "The Trifler," "Spoon River Anthology," "Toward the Gulf," "Songs and Satires," "Doomsday Book," "Starved Rock" and "The Open Sea." He has contributed articles and essays on political and constitutional subjects to various periodicals and magazines.

In "The Open Sea" (1921) one finds the old Masters writing of things dear to the thousands who loved his Spoon River. In it Masters has written about Lincoln, Booth, and men and happenings near Springfield, Ill. A portion of the book is devoted to a treatment of the Brutus theory as against the Antony idea. Masters attacks the zealot and believes that Marc Antony did more for the world than did Brutus. In the other poems of the book the Brutus idea appearing in other generations is stressed. There are many forceful and influencing poems in this volume.

Mr. Masters is published by The Macmillan Company, New York, through whose courtesy the poems in this chapter are quoted.

CHAPTER VIII

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE nearest approach that we in America have to the minstrel of historic times is Vachel Lindsay.

This poet and troubadour has tramped from his home in Springfield, Illinois, over the prairies and through Kansas wheat fields, over the mountains of Colorado and those vast plains and into cities of towered brick and stone that make up our country, singing his own songs, and "preaching the gospel of beauty."

The cloak of the minstrel has fittingly descended upon Lindsay's shoulders, and he has been able to stir his listeners much in that manner as crowds in other days were stirred when they gathered behind the moat-protected castle walls to listen to the minstrel's lay.

Mr. Lindsay is poet through and through. An editorial in *Collier's Weekly* says: "Mr. Lindsay doesn't need to write verse to be a poet. His prose is poetry — poetry straight from the soil of America that is, and of a nobler America that is to be."

There is an interesting comparison in description between Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay's "*Pocahontas*." Carl Sandburg says: "Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May — did she wonder? does she remember — in the dust — in the cool tombs?" — Vachel Lindsay says:

Her skin was rosy copper-red.
And high she held her beauteous head.
Her step was like a rustling leaf:
Her heart a nest, untouched of grief.

She dreamed of sons like Powhatan,
 And through her blood the lightning ran.
 Love-cries with the birds she sung,
 Birdlike
 In the grape-vine swung.
 Gloried in its Indian bride.

Rolfe, that dim adventurer,
 Had not come a courtier.
 John Rolfe is not our ancestor.
 We rise out the soul of her
 Held in native wonderland
 While the sun's rays kissed her hand,
 In the springtime,
 In Virginia,
 Our mother, Pocahontas.

There are none of our American poets of today whose work epitomizes more strongly Americanism than that of Vachel Lindsay. To witness, "*Niagara*." Here is a poem which curiously and vitally expresses the beauty and enduring vigor of our national masterpiece:

Within the town of Buffalo
 Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
 Like ants they worry to and fro
 (Important men, in Buffalo).
 But only twenty miles away
 A deathless glory is at play:
 Niagara, Niagara.

.

Within the town of Buffalo
 Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
 Rubies, emeralds aglow, —
 Opal chains in Buffalo,
 Cherished symbols of success.
 They value not your rainbow dress:
 Niagara, Niagara.

.

What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusade?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Primeval hearts from Buffalo
Red cataracts of France today
Awake, three thousand miles away
An echo of Niagara,
The cataract Niagara.

Mr. Lindsay believes in the poetry of the spoken word and that its beauty and charm lies in the spoken lines, in beauty of conception. He has carried out his idea in many of those poems where one must hear the spoken word to get the proper effect. This is particularly demonstrated in "*Two Old Crows*," and in his poem games, "*The King of Yellow Butterflies*," "*The Potatoes' Dance*" and "*The Booker Washington Trilogy*." Those splendid lines about Simon Legree run:

"I like your style, so wicked and free.
Come sit and share my throne with me,
And let us bark and revel."
And there they sit and gnash their teeth,
And each one wears a hop-vine wreath.
They are matching pennies and shooting craps,
They are playing poker and taking naps.
And old Legree is fat and fine:
He eats the fire, he drinks the wine —
Blood and burning turpentine —
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil.

In sharp contrast to poems of this nature is "*The Chinese Nightingale*," which Mr. Lindsay calls "A Song in Chinese Tapestries," the first poem in his recently published book, "*The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems*," and which was awarded the Levinson Prize by Harriet Monroe, as the best contribution to "*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*," for the

year 1915. This is a piece of writing gorgeous as the most brilliant of Chinese tapestries which the poet might have followed:

There were golden lilies by the bay and river,
 And silver lilies and tiger-lilies,
 And tinkling wind-bells in the gardens of the town
 By the black-lacquer gate
 Where walked in state
 The kind king Chang
 And his sweetheart mate. . . .
 With his flag-born dragon
 And his crown of pearl . . . and . . . jade,
 And his nightingale reigning in the mulberry shade,
 And sailors and soldiers on the sea-sands brown,
 And priests who bowed them down to your song —
 By the city called Han, the peacock town,
 By the city called Han, the nightingale town,
 The nightingale town.

The poem ends:

Life is a loom, weaving illusion . . .
 I remember, I remember
 There were ghostly veils and laces . . .
 There were ghostly bowery places . . .
 With lovers' ardent faces
 Bending to one another,
 Speaking each his part
 They infinitely echo
 In the red cave of my heart.
 "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart,"
 They said to one another.
 They spoke, I think, of perils past.
 They spoke, I think, of peace at last.
 One thing I remember:
 "Spring came on forever,
 Spring came on forever,"
 Said the Chinese nightingale.

Another side of Mr. Lindsay's poetry is given by Miss Rittenhouse, writing in *The Bookman*:

"At the Chicago Little Theatre, about a year ago, Vachel Lindsay, always the innovator, staged one of his most picturesque experiments — a dance accompaniment to several of his poems, which he chanted in lieu of music. The dancer was Miss Eleanor Dougherty, who had first improvised an interpretation of Mr. Lindsay's poems when they were both guests at the home of Mrs. William Vaughan Moody.

"The idea of dancing to the rhythms of poetry rather than to music, to give a visual embodiment of the poet's idea while he himself chanted the lines, held such possibilities that much interest was created by the experiment. Mr. Lindsay describes it at some length in his latest volume, 'The Chinese Nightingale,' but modestly speaks of it as an attempt to render 'Poem Games,' whereas it is much more than this, so much more, indeed, that it holds the possibility of becoming a distinct and beautiful art.

"During his recent visit to New York, Mr. Lindsay and Miss Dougherty gave two programmes, one at the Women's University Club and one at the Cosmopolitan Club. Several of the lighter fantasies, such as 'The King of the Yellow Butterflies,' the 'Potato Dance,' and 'Aladdin and the Jinn,' were given with charming effect, while 'King Solomon' offered an opportunity for more dramatic presentation. As rhythmic speech would naturally outrun its accompaniment in the dance or pantomime, Mr. Lindsay uses repetition wherever it is needed, and these repetitions are immensely effective, enforcing the beauty of the lines while giving the dancer leisure for their interpretation. To be sure, Vachel Lindsay's work is remarkable for its rhythms, and therefore lends itself particularly well to chanting, but any poetry that possesses beauty of tone and picturesqueness is susceptible of dance interpretation. The field is unlimited and, as Mr. Lindsay suggests, could be admirably applied to classic poetry. Why should we not see the school of Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes or the Duncan Dancers interpret 'Atlanta in Calydon'? The

rhythms of poetry, as accompaniment, may be made as rich and harmonious as music, and instead of detracting from the beauty of the poet's work, such a representation may enhance it."

William Lyon Phelps finds in the best work of Vachel Lindsay two qualities: "The zest for beauty and the hunger and thirst after righteousness."

"Lindsay made a soap-box tour for the Anti-Saloon League, preaching at the same time the Gospel of Beauty," says Mr. Phelps. "As a rule, reformers are lacking in the two things most sedulously cultivated by commercial travellers and life-insurance agents, tact and humor. If these interesting orders of the Knights of the Road were as lacking in geniality as the typical reformer, they would lose their jobs. And yet fishers of men, for that is what all reformers are, try to fish without bait, at the same time making much loud and offensive noise. Then they are amazed at the callous indifference of humanity to 'great moral issues!'"

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was the name under which this poet was christened, though "Nicholas" has long been abandoned, and Vachel is pronounced to rhyme with Rachel. He was born in Springfield, Illinois, on November 10, 1879, and for three years was a student at Hiram College in Ohio, followed by a course in art which extended for five years in Chicago and New York.

Between 1905 and 1910 Vachel Lindsay was the creator of strange pictures, a lecturer on various topics, and a writer of unique "bulletins."

In 1910 he took to the highways and by-ways, beginning his long pilgrimages, walking in winter and spring through the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida and in the North as well.

As a medium of exchange he carried simply his poems, printed on single sheets, which he exchanged for lodging and food. It was in the summer of 1912 that he walked from Illinois into New Mexico.

In a letter to the author of this book, Mr. Lindsay says: "But bear in mind that my tramp-days were mixed with

the rest. I walked in the South in the spring of 1906, in the East in the spring of 1908, and the West in the spring of 1912. There is a very definite progress of ideas in the accounts of these three regions. Please remember 'The Handy Guide for Beggars' begins the story. People get so very wide of the mark I am perhaps getting finicky on this matter of chronology."

Vachel Lindsay's "*Song of the Congo*" is among the best known of his works:

Fat black bucks in a wine barrel room,
 Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
 Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
 Pounded on the table,
 Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
 Hard as they were able,
 Boom, boom, boom.
 With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.
 Then I had religion, then I had a vision,
 I could not turn from their revel in derision.
 Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,
 Cutting through the forest with a golden track,
 Then along that river bank
 A thousand miles
 Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
 Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song
 And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong. . . .

.
 A negro fairyland swung into view,
 A minstrel river
 Where dreams come true.
 The ebony palace soared on high
 Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky.
 The inland porches and casements shone
 With gold and ivory and elephant-bone. . . .

.
 Just then from the doorway, as fat as shoats,
 Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,

Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

.

Vachel Lindsay's published works include "The Congo," "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," "The Chinese Nightingale," and "The Golden Whales of California."

CHAPTER IX

HENRY VAN DYKE, EDWIN MARKHAM, CALE YOUNG RICE,
CONRAD AIKEN

HENRY VAN DYKE

THERE is a goodly list of writings to the credit of Henry van Dyke, who has given many beautiful essays, prose poems and poetry to a large following of readers.

This popular essayist, certainly one of the most widely read in this country, was born in Germantown, Pa., on November 10, 1852, the son of the Reverend Henry Jackson van Dyke and Henrietta Ashmead. He was graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, in 1869, and in 1873 was awarded his Bachelor of Arts degree at Princeton University.

Dr. van Dyke continued his studies at Princeton Theological Seminary, 1876, University of Berlin, 1877-9, Washington and Jefferson University, 1902, Wesleyan, 1903, Pennsylvania, 1906. Ellen Reid of Baltimore became his wife on December 13, 1881, van Dyke having been ordained in the Presbyterian ministry in 1877. He was professor of English literature at Princeton until his appointment by President Wilson as minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg, which honor he resigned after having filled the post with distinction for several years.

Dr. van Dyke's "Blue Flower," "Ruling Passion" and "Fisherman's Luck" have become famous for their value as essays, but "The Builders and Other Poems" contains some of the most significant verses that have resulted from his poetical endeavors. "*An Angler's Wish*" runs:

I

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun,
For yellow coats, to match the sun
And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing, the bluebirds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV

'T is not the proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
No more I'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

Dr. van Dyke's works, both prose and poetry, include "The Reality of Religion," "The Story of the Psalms," "The National Sin of Literary Piracy," "The Poetry of Tennyson," "Sermons to Young Men," "The Christ Child in Art," "Little Rivers," "The Other Wise Man," "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," "The First Christmas Tree," "The Builders and Other Poems," "Ships and Havens," "The Lost Word," "The Gospel for a World of Sin," "Fisherman's Luck," "The Toiling of Felix," "The Poetry of the Psalms," "The Friendly Year," "The Ruling Passion," "Preface to Counsel on Books and Reading," "The Blue Flower," "The

Open Door," "Music and Other Poems," "The School of Life," "Essays in Application," "The Spirit of Christmas," "Americanism of Washington," "Days Off," "The House of Rimmon," "Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," "Le Genie de l'Amerique," "The White Bees and Other Poems," "Collected Poems," "The Sad Shepherd," "The Mansion," "The Unknown Quantity."

He was also editor of "The Gateway Series of English Texts," "Select Poems of Tennyson," "Little Masterpieces of English Poetry" (6 volumes).

Dr. van Dyke makes his home at Avalon, Princeton, New Jersey.

EDWIN MARKHAM

The name of Edwin Markham will be ever associated with that world-famous poem, "*The Man with the Hoe*," which found its inspiration in Millet's famous painting, and which was first published in 1899:

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

.
 Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
 To feel the passion of Eternity?
 Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
 And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
 Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than this —

More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with danger to the universe.

.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

This poem was hailed as "the battle-cry of the next thousand years."

In 1901 "Lincoln" appeared—a splendid study worthy of the man who had voiced Democracy's plea in "The Man with the Hoe." Among various poets' pictures of Lincoln, these lines of Mr. Markham's are unequaled:

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.
The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;

The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgment thunder split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Mr. Markham has never been a prolific writer as poets of today go, but his verse has attained a distinction and fineness that some of our younger writers might do well to pattern from.

It was in March, 1915, that Mr. Markham published "The Shoes of Happiness," so called from the longest poem it contained — a long wait from the date of his prior volume of poems for those who love his work and have followed closely his career.

California extended an unusual honor to Mr. Markham, when the evening of April 30th was set aside as Markham Evening, and the poet was asked to read from his poems. At this time "*Virgila*," from "The Shoes of Happiness," which had been set to music by Edith Haines-Kuester, the American composer, was sung for the first time.

"*Virgila*" reads as follows:

Had we two gone down the world together,
I had made fair ways for the feet of song,
And the world's fang been but a foam-soft feather,
The world that works us wrong.

With you the cloud of my life had broken,
And the heavens rushed up to their silver height:
That lone last peak of my soul had spoken,
That last peak lost in sight.

If you had but stayed when the old sweet wonder
Was a precious pain in my pulsing side!
Ah, why did you hurry our lives asunder —
You, born to be my bride?

What sent it upon me — my soul importunes —
All the grief of the world in a little span,
All the tears and fears, all the fates and fortunes
That the heart holds for man?

Is this, then, the pain that the first gods kneaded
Into all the joy that the strange world brings?
Did the tears fall into the heap unheeded,
These tears in mortal things?

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, on April 23, 1852. He went to California in 1857, where he worked as a farmer, then as a blacksmith, and herded cattle and sheep during his boyhood days. Upon entering San José Normal School he specialized in ancient and modern languages, following this work in two western institutions of learning. He was married to Miss Anna Catherine Murphy in 1897. He was principal and superintendent of schools in California until 1889, and has written poems since his early boyhood for magazines and newspapers throughout the United States.

CALE YOUNG RICE

Cale Young Rice is accredited with having written some very good poetry of the last decade, as well as some of the best poetic dramas that American literature reveals.

Dixon, Kentucky, was the birthplace of this poet whose many lyrics have appeared in numerous American publications.

"Now doubtless it would be edifying just here to tell you that I was preternaturally bookish at school and that I had devoured all the libraries within range by the time I was eight," says Mr. Rice. "Or, otherwise, that I rebelled against school authorities and began individual poetic tendencies beyond the scholastic pale. But nothing is further from the truth. I accepted school as a necessary evil of life — but also as a place to meet and conspire with other children to suck the orange of existence dry of 'fun.' Some remembrances I seem to have of affectionate teachers wishing to have me 'really' study and lead classes; but I was much too busy trying to win at tops and marbles, baseball and football, skating, swimming, dancing, hunting and fishing, to be lured from what I regarded as the chief end of man. And poetry, except the poetry of life, which made me shudder or thrill with delight and passion, I knew only from class recitation or from the Biblical influence which was so salutarily thrown about me.

"At fourteen or fifteen, however, I did begin to study, and to read a bit, and entered Cumberland University where I remained four happy years.

"But such years do not last. So, before I knew it, I was through with them and suddenly aware that I knew nothing about the Universe, or the direction I must take in it. Then, to add to my perplexities, actual and philosophical, ambition began its game in me. To Harvard therefore I went — not, like Saul, to find my father's asses, but to discover just how much of a long-ears I was myself. And like Saul I found a kingdom. For not only did my deeper reading of

poetry begin there but, as I was taking my degrees in Philosophy, I not only found mental freedom philosophically and religiously, but laid the basis for whatever poetic vision of life as a whole I had. So, to Poetry, after a year's teaching, I was wedded. And though the two of us have undergone all the suffering and obloquy incidental to the poetic life in America where the struggle for great poetic achievement is, I believe, more difficult than in any other country, neither has sought the divorce court.

"Of the other wedding in my life, to the present Alice Hegan Rice, I have said enough in the songs I have written to her. With her I have seen much of the strangeness and beauty of the world, for we have travelled much, and all who know her know what a companion she is.

"My early efforts in poetry? Well, perhaps I should say first that I was fortunate in escaping academic guidance, for all that I know of that art was instinctive or learned out of school. Some present day radicals, whose excesses or pretences I have not swallowed, have thought me conservative; and many conservatives during the two decades of my poetic day have scored me for being too free or radical. So if I must accept a tag, I suppose it must be that of liberalism — by which I mean a readiness to take poetry of any real kind from whatever source it comes — for any one creed can produce all too little of it. But the truth is that I think those distinctions, like the distinctions between realists, romanticists and classicists, are wearisome and dangerous for the writer to get too conscious of. A poet must take his poetry from all of life if he wishes to write all his life — or any long portion of it. Self-consciousness and creed make for exhaustion.

"It was some such faith as this, together with the belief that the supreme rule of poetic art, technically, is to let poetic emotion and instinct rather than creed mould the form of a poem, that has always guided me. As a consequence, my earliest efforts — in a now extinct volume, 'From Dusk to Dusk' — were often of the crude free verse sort I condemn today. But I soon learned that even free verse rhythms, in

order to be truly poetic, must not be out of harmony with the immemorially practised principles of verse music.

"My early difficulties with the poetic drama are what they would be today. I struggled to get the right dramatic material with a background that would be poetically inspiring; to do the fundamentally thinking necessary to construct a modern logical play; and to write lines in the natural un-Elizabethan syntax that modernity and sincerity demand; yet to make sure they had the true poetic quality. To do this successfully is, I think, the finest achievement possible to a poet.

"What has contemporary American poetry accomplished? What is its influence? What its future? My answer is that I think the achievement of this poetry, against very great odds, has been splendid.

"In 1900 almost no portion of the public read modern poetry; it was not found on the shelves of the book-stores or libraries; and that poetry of great significance could be written by an American was beyond the conception of publishers, editors and public alike. Has a change come?

"Yes — and no. America is not yet a poet's paradise, and will never be except for the poet from abroad, who so easily finds exploitation here. But, since the early years of the century, the public has gradually become more interested in this primal art; the public libraries have had increasing demands for verse; and finally, since some very fine poets have arisen in America as well as abroad, an interest has culminated that has made it possible for the most freakish of freak verse writers to get in the limelight — and how they have danced!

"A reaction, as was inevitable, has set in, and there is now a saner tendency to put the freaks in the side show.

"What influence American poetry of today has had in determining America's present idealistic attitude toward the world, no one can say. In 1914, I expressed the belief, in a preface to 'Collected Plays and Poems,' that the future spirit of America and of American art would be internationalistic — or broadly human. To that belief I still hold. The

world's greatest poets — Shakespeare, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Browning — have never striven to be merely nationalist or of the soil. They have but sought the most poetic soil their genius was capable of tilling, and have tilled it with whatever national characteristics they possessed. So I believe the American poets of the future will seek whatever in America or in the world is poetically significant; for between provinciality and universality there can be but one choice. The American of the future who does not shed his provinciality and write for mankind may attain success but not immortality. Only the provincial that has been of universal importance to the culture of mankind — like the Hebraic or the Greek — can abide; and America, I fear, has no such provinciality."

A typical example of Mr. Rice's writing appeared in *The Bellman*, that worthy journal (now deceased) where much estimable poetry was published, and from which the following is quoted:

AFTER THEIR PARTING

(*A Woman Speaks*)

You know that rock on a rocky coast,
Where the moon came up, a ruined ghost,
Distorted until her shape almost
 Seemed breaking?
Came up like a phantom silently
And dropped her shroud on the red night sea,
Then walked, a spectral mystery,
 Unwaking?

.
You know this? Then go back some day,
When I have gone the moonless way,
To that dark rock whereon we lay
 And waited;

And when the moon has arisen free,
Your soiling doubt shall slip from me,
And eased of unrest your heart shall be,
 And sated.

“Wraiths and Realities,” Mr. Rice’s most recent work, shows in its contents some war reflections none of which surpass the lines in “*Waste*”:

I flung a wild rose into the sea,
I know not why.
For swinging there on a rathe rose-tree,
By the scented bay and barberry,
Its petals gave all their sweet to me,
As I passed by.

And yet I flung it into the tide,
And went my way.
I climbed the gray rocks, far and wide,
And many a cove of peace I tried,
With none of them all to be satisfied,
The whole long day.

For I had wasted a beautiful thing,
Which might have won
Each passing heart to pause and sing,
On the sea-path there, of its blossoming,
And who wastes beauty shall feel want’s sting,
As I had done.

There are also in this volume many poems suggestive of various nationalities such as the opening stanza of “*Danse Macabre*”:

I heard a great rattle of bones in the night,
And saw the dead rise from the earth — a sight!
They carried them lanterns of will-o’-the-wisps,
And their speech cackled and broke with lisps.

They flung shrouds off and got in a ring,
And knuckle to knuckle I saw them spring.
Their hair blew off, and skull to skull
They gabbled and danced, interminable.

"*A Norse Song*" which begins

Along the coasts of Nevermore
A lone loon cries,
The gray loon Despair,
With a heart that cannot rest.
His wail is the world's wail
For youth that never dies;
And I have listened to it
Till the tears are in my eyes,

is in interesting contrast to "*Katenka's Lover*," a Russian inspired theme:

Little Katenka took twelve weeds
And wove them into a wreath for her hair;
Buttercup, rattray and marguerite,
Parsley, clover and nettle were there.
"I want to behold in dreams," she said,
"In magic dreams my destined lover!"
And . . . she did; for a weed *bane-bred*
Of peace — little Katenka!

Deep dreams! so now the ikoned priests
Have carried her, at the funeral hour,
Out to her princely lover, Death,
In the ever-blossoming earth, his bower.
And she shall never again desire,
But only lie in his arms dreaming. . . .
Little Katenka, in a bride-tire
Of peace — little Katenka!

Mr. Rice's books include the following: "The Collected Plays and Poems," "At the World's Heart," "Porzia," "Far Quests," "The Immortal Lure," "Many Gods," "Nirvana Days," "A Night in Avignon," "Yolanda of Cyprus," "David," "Charles di Tocca," "Song-Surf" (published by Doubleday, Page & Co.), and "Trails Sunward" and "Earth and New Earth" (published by The Century Co.).

CONRAD AIKEN

"Every sensitive, imaginative, beauty-loving youth lives for a period a dream-life whose great preoccupations are love and death, dreamed in a dim borderland between the dusk and dawn of the ideal and the real. It is a delightful land, but one of unsure footing. Before the explorer is aware, he steps from sensuousness to the quicksand of sensuality, from a normal eroticism to the quag of neurosis. Conrad Aiken is the poet of this region and of the passionate shadows that populate it."

Thus declares a writer in the *New York Times Book Review*. But it is good that we have these poets, just as we go through those stages of first love, first drink and all the other "firsts," encountered from the adolescent to the more mature stage.

It was in "Earth Triumphant" that Mr. Aiken gave us a picture of nature beautiful, complete with all its various odors—a splendid votive offering to the senses of sight and smell.

"The Jig of Forslin" showed the dream world in perpetuation of life and the soul of every man, and here were indications of a growth of many promises.

While his more recent book, "Nocturne of Remembered Spring," fails to establish this promise, there is rare youth in these lines:

Mist goes up from the river to dim the stars, . . .
And flare of horns, and clang of cymbals, and drums;
And strew the glimmering floor with petals of roses
And remember, while rich music yawns and closes,
With a luxury of pain, how silence comes. . . .

It has been said that Mr. Aiken is a psychological poet, and this psychological quality is particularly demonstrated in these lines:

In the evening, as the lamps are lighted,
Sitting alone in his strange world,
He meditates; and through his musing hears
The tired footfalls of the dying day
Monotonously ebb and ebb away
Into the smouldering west;
And hears the dark world slowly come to rest.
Now, as the real world dwindles and grows dim,
His dreams come back to him:
Now, as one who stands

In the aquarium's gloom, by creeping sands,
Watching the glide of fish beneath pale bubbles,
The bubbles briefly streaming,
Cold and white and green, poured in silver,
He does not know if this is wake or dreaming;
But thinks to learn, reach out his hands, and swim. . . .
The music weaves about him, gold and silver;
The music chatters, the music sings,
The music sinks and dies.
Who dies, who lives? What leaves remain forever?
Who knows the secret of the immortal springs?
Who laughs, who kills, who cries?

We hold them all, they walk our dreams forever,
Nothing perishes in that haunted air.
Nothing but is immortal there.
And we ourselves, dying with all our worlds,
Will only pass the ghostly portal
Into another's dream; and so live on
Through dream to dream, immortal.

Conrad Aiken was born in Savannah, Ga., August 5, 1889. He graduated from Harvard in 1912, and married Jessie McDonald of Montreal, that same year. He lives in Boston.

Mr. Aiken's books include: "Earth Triumphant and Other Tales," "Turns and Movies," "Nocturne of Remembered Spring," "The Jig of Forslin," "Charnel Rose" and "Punch, the Immortal Liar" (1921).

CHAPTER X

ROBERT SERVICE, JOHN McCRAE, EDGAR MIDDLETON

ROBERT SERVICE

WHILE the writer has never seen the royalty statements of Robert W. Service, he ventures to say that they would present a showing of figures that would be proof positive of just how financially successful poetry writing can be when the popular note is struck.

Service has been called "The American Kipling" — perhaps by virtue of the fact that he is quoted almost as often as his older English contemporary across the sea.

While "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "The Ballads of a Cheechako" established his name and fame as a popular poet, he has done the best of his writings so far in "The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

An adventurer in the far North, lured by the promises of a gold fortune in the Yukon, he, like Balboa of old, found a greater thing than that for which he sought. For here came the inspiration that resulted in such famous lines as these first two stanzas from "The Spell of the Yukon":

I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy — I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold, and I got it —
Came out with a fortune last fall, —
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it
To the deep, deathlike valley below.
Some say God was tired when He made it;
Some say it's a fine land to shun;
Maybe; but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth — and I'm one.

In his "Ballads of a Cheechako" he is again spokesman for the prospector and presents his song of the gold hunt in those vigorous lines of "The Trail of '98," which begin:

Gold! We leapt from our benches. Gold! We sprang from
our stools.
Gold! We wheeled in the furrow, fired with the faith of fools.
Fearless, unsound, unfitted, far from the night and cold,
Heard we the clarion summons, followed the master-lure —
Gold!

Men from the sands of the Sunland; men from the woods of
the West;
Men from the farms and the cities, into the Northland we
pressed.
Graybeards and striplings and women, good men and bad men
and bold,
Leaving our homes and our loved ones, crying exultantly —
"Gold!"

The story qualities of these poems is demonstrated by the fact that, beginning with the well-known "Shooting of Dan MacGrew," they have been adapted one by one into successful plays for the motion picture screen.

Within Service there was a desire that could not be quelled to express the various scenes and adventures through which he was living, and so he gave us his poems of real men: "red blood men" they have been called, men who talk in a vigorous tongue, men whose primal instincts and passions spur them to labour, to dream, to achieve, to bow down before defeat —

in fact, human men. These are the men of "The Spell of the Yukon."

Service, an ardent motor enthusiast, enlisted as an ambulance driver early in the war. Stories of the bravery of his exploits cannot be given here, but he has faced the shell-stormed road with his loads of wounded, he has lived the things he writes, and just as he has analyzed the Yukon man, so has he interpreted the struggles of the soldier of today.

The war stories that Robert Service tells in "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" are among the most picturesque things that poetry has produced as a result of the World War. The same vivid stroke that splashed the pages of his Yukon poems with life and adventure is again evidenced with even a stronger amount of feeling than in his earlier work.

Among these poems is the dramatic tale of "Jean Desprez." Here Mr. Service pictures a peasant boy of France who gives a crucified Zouave a cup of cold water during a German invasion in his home village. The effect of this upon the Hun invaders produces

A roar of rage! They seize the boy; they tear him fast away,
The Prussian Major swings around; no longer is he gay.
His teeth are wolfishly agleam; his face all dark with spite;
"Go, shoot the brat," he snarls, "that dare defy our Prussian
might.

Yet stay! I have another thought. I'll kindly be, and spare;
Quick! give the lad a rifle charged, and set him squarely there,
And bid him shoot, and shoot to kill. Haste! Make him
understand

The dying dog he fain would save shall perish by his hand."

But the French peasant lad, in spite of the pleas of the Zouave to shoot him, turns the gun upon the Prussian Major instead, and shoots him dead.

And then there is that little story of "Cocotte," the French girl, whose lover has been called in the war, and who has left her "the rose-wreathed villa at Viroflay," where they lived together before the war. In Saint Lazare, Cocotte sees two

wounded Poilus, one, "a bit of a boy, was blind," and its effect upon her is told by Service as follows:

"How he stirred me, this blind boy, clinging
Just like a child to his crippled chum.
But I did not cry. Oh no; a singing
Came to my heart for a year so dumb,
Then I knew that at three-and-twenty,
There is wonderful work to be done,
Comfort and kindness and joy in plenty,
Peace and light and love to be won.

Oh, thought I, could mine eyes be given
To one who will live in the dark away!
To love and to serve — 'twould make life Heaven
Here in my villa at Viroflay.
So I left my Poilus: and now you wonder
Why today I am so elate. . . .
Look! In the glory of sunshine yonder
They're bringing my blind boy in at the gate."

In the concluding stanza of "Young Fellow My Lad," Service presents in his own best style the spiritual side of those words "carry on":

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

Robert Service was born in Preston, England, on January 16, 1874, the son of Robert Service, manager of Preston Bank, and Emily Parker of Preston. He was educated at Hillhead Public School, Glasgow, and afterwards served an apprenticeship with the Commercial Bank of Scotland in the same city.

Service emigrated to Canada and settled on Vancouver

Island where he engaged in farming, but gave this up for his explorer's life, traveling up and down the Pacific Coast, experiencing many hardships.

Tiring of this, he finally joined the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in Victoria, B. C., in 1905 and was transferred to White House, Yukon Territory, and then to Dawson.

Eight years in the Yukon have resulted in his metamorphosis from a bank employee to one of our most important poets of today.

His books include "Songs of a Sourdough"; "Ballads of a Cheechako"; "Trail of '98"; "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone"; "The Pretender"; "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man"; and "Ballads of a Bohemian" (1921).

JOHN McCRAE

If one should be asked, "What Canadian poets are contributing to contemporary American poetry?" the answer would be "Robert Service" and there the average reader in the United States would stop.

The Canadian regiments played one of the most courageous, spectacular and effective parts in the World War, and it is natural that from their ranks should come poets. And John McCrae is entitled to a place among our contemporary American poets although the man himself has paid "the last full measure of devotion."

Spontaneous and extensive recognition greeted the inspired lines, "*In Flanders' Fields*," for here was a depth of feeling and experience of tragedy that placed it in the fore of war poems.

While "*In Flanders' Fields*" is perhaps the best example of this lieutenant-colonel's work, he has left behind a number of other poems equally as beautiful that have been published by Putnam's. "*In Flanders' Fields*" is now known to half the English speaking world, and has been translated into a score of languages.

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

John McCrae was born in Guelph, Ontario, the son of Colonel and Mrs. David McCrae. In civilian life he held a position of lecturer in pathology and medicine at the Medical School, McGill University. Early in 1914, McCrae, who had just arrived in London, cabled to Canada, offering his services. He was appointed surgeon to the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery. He was with the guns along the Ypres sector for a continuous period of fourteen months and here found inspiration for his poems. His health was undermined by the strain of constant duty and he died in France from pneumonia, complicated by meningitis, on January 28, 1918.

JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON

Jesse Edgar Middleton, with his "Sea Dogs and Men at Arms," properly designated a Canadian book of songs, has given us a breezy volume of the sea and sailor men in war times.

His poems fairly bristle with terms of the sea, when he describes a leviathan of the sea in "*Missing at Lloyd's*," as follows:

Arch and gusset and sturdy truss
 Riveted strong and true.
 Plates as firm as the hoary rocks
 Dipping beneath the blue.
 Spinning turbine and shining shaft,
 Piston and dynamo!
 With a laugh at the snoring blast
 Into the seas we go.

Phosphor's light on the raving sea
 Giving us ghostly cheer!
 Reeling, staggering, nor'-nor'-west
 Into the gale we steer.
 Arch and rivet and truss give way,
 Turbine and piston cease.
 Slanting decks and a rocket light!
 Death—and the hills of peace.

Mr. Middleton can write as well in other forms, to witness, "*The Finale*," in a section in "*Sea Dogs and Men at Arms*," which he chooses to call "*Moods*":

THE FINALE

Now with my comrades,
 Rank on serried rank,
 I march, with soldier laugh
 And rough-hewn jest,
 Past the fair daisy bank,
 Then take my evening rest
 In bosky shades,
 While through the inky glades
 The nightingale
 Hymns his alluring note.

Above the bivouac
The moon sails high,
The cruel five-franc moon,
Glaring on such as I,
Doomed, doomed to die,
On the red sod to lie,
With fixed blue-purple stare
Away from love,
Away from care.

Mr. Middleton's contrasting study of peace and war is forcibly pictured in his poem of that name:

PEACE AND WAR

A pleasant river, clear and blue,
Went singing to the sea.
The sunbeam joined them hand in hand
To dance the melody.
The courtly rushes bowed their heads
As nobles to the Queen,
And saw, reflected in the wave,
Their coats of Lincoln green.

God made such horrors? Count that word a lie.
God made the pleasant river, clear and blue,
Peace is His handiwork, and love, and joy,
While man makes sewers — and artillery,
Grim bayonets, and howitzers and shell,
The battle-squadron surging through the tides,
Ten thousand hecatombs of reeking red
And all the vile magnificence of War.

Jesse E. Middleton is the only son of the Rev. E. Middleton of the Canadian Methodist Church, and was born in Wellington County, Ontario, Canada, on November 3, 1872. His father is of English birth, but his mother, Margaret Agar, is a native Canadian. His home education, which was very thorough, was supplemented by High School training.

After four years as a school teacher, Mr. Middleton joined the publishing firm of Burrows Brothers of Cleveland, Ohio, and spent several years there.

He entered journalism in 1899 as political reporter of *The Montreal Herald* in Quebec City, the provincial capital. Later he was associated with *The Quebec Chronicle*.

In 1903, Mr. Middleton went to Toronto as music-critic of *The Mail and Empire* and after a year of service took up similar work on *The Toronto Daily News*. He retired from critical work to write a daily column of paragraphs and light verse under the heading "On the Side." This "feature" has awakened a good deal of favourable comment. Mr. Middleton is well-known and highly regarded in Canada. Some of his work is not unknown to the readers of the American magazines.

He was married in 1899 to Miss Bessie Alberta Jackson of London, Ontario.

CHAPTER XI

JOYCE KILMER, ALAN SEEGER, CHARLES DIVINE, JOHN MCCLURE

JOYCE KILMER

ON a Sunday morning in August, 1918, the great daily papers throughout our country carried this headline:

JOYCE KILMER, POET,
IS KILLED IN ACTION.

It was a news item of universal interest, for Joyce Kilmer wrote "*Trees*," and this small lyric of exquisite beauty and simplicity is doubtless one of the best-known among its contemporaries.

TREES

(For Mrs. Henry Mills Alden)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The following letter from Walter Irving Clarke of Auburndale, Mass., appeared in *The New York Times* soon after the poet's death:

"I have been looking at the tree tops silhouetted against the sun's sky, and again against the moonlight, and reverently recalling Joyce Kilmer's poem, '*Trees*':

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

"News has just come of Joyce Kilmer's sacrifice of his life on the fields of France. From his boyhood on the banks of the old Raritan, through the fruitful years of his poetic young manhood to his heroism in the fight for freedom, Joyce Kilmer grew strong and beautiful as a tree in the open under the sky. His tribute to the trees is immortal; his tribute to humanity is celestial:

I think that I shall never scan
A tree as lovely as a man.

A tree depicts divinest plan,
But God himself lives in a man."

Christopher Morley, writing in *The Philadelphia Evening Ledger* said: "Joyce Kilmer died as he lived—'in action.' He found life intensely amusing, unspeakably interesting; his energy was unlimited, his courage stout. He attacked life at all points, rapidly gathered its complexities about him, and the more intricate it became the more zestful he found it. Nothing bewildered him, nothing terrified. By the time he was thirty he had attained an almost unique position in literary circles. He lectured on poetry, he interviewed famous men of letters, he was poet, editor, essayist, critic, anthologist. He was endlessly active, full of delightful mirth and a thousand schemes

for outwitting the devil of necessity that hunts all brain-workers."

Kilmer, in a letter to the author of this book written shortly before his death, declared that his earlier efforts in poetry were utterly worthless save one poem called "*Pennies*" which was eventually published in "Trees and other Poems."

"I want all of my poems written before that forgotten," wrote Kilmer. "They were only the exercises of an amateur, imitations, useful only as technical training. If what I nowadays write is considered poetry, then I became a poet in November, 1913.

"All that poetry can be expected to do is to give pleasure of a noble sort to its readers, leading them to the contemplation of that Beauty which neither words, nor sculptures, nor pigments can do more than faintly to reflect, and to express the mental and spiritual tendencies of the people of the lands and times in which it is written. I have very little chance to read contemporary poetry out here, but I hope it is reflecting the virtues which are blossoming on the blood-soaked soil of this land — courage and self-abnegation, and love, and faith — this last not faith in some abstract goodness, but faith in God and His Son and the Holy Ghost, and the Church which God Himself founded and still rules. France has turned to her ancient faith with more passionate devotion than she has shown for centuries. I believe that America is learning the same lesson from the war, and is cleansing herself of cynicism and pessimism and materialism and the lust for novelty which has hampered our national development. I hope that our poets already see this tendency and rejoice in it — if they do not they are unworthy of their craft.

"I would venture to surmise that the extravagances and decadence of the so-called 'renaissance of poetry' during the last five years — a renaissance distinguished by the celebration of the queer and the nasty instead of the beautiful — have made the poet seem as silly a figure to the contemporary American as he seemed to the Englishman of the nineties, when the 'æsthetic movement' was at its foolish height."

Various tributes and appreciations of Joyce Kilmer have followed his death, conspicuous among which is Richardson Wright's intimate study of him, published in *The Bellman*:

"The better poet Kilmer became," says Mr. Wright, "the less like a poet he acted. And this better poetry — the poetry of simplicity and sincerity toward men and the things men come in contact with — was set down in those thirty-one titles that comprise 'Trees and Other Poems.'

"I believe that he wrote easily and spontaneously, labouring more with his pipe than his pen. '*The Twelve-Forty-Five*,' if I remember rightly, was written on the 12.45. Strange that he should have said then —

'Perhaps Death roams the hills to-night
And we rush forth to give him fight.'

and that was how he died — on a patrol rushed forth, on a little hill."

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886. He attended Rutgers College between 1904 and 1906, and secured his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Columbia University in 1908. He married Aline Murray of Norfolk, Virginia, in 1908. Upon receiving his degree, he became an instructor in Latin in the High School at Morristown, New Jersey. But this appealed to him only a short time, and in 1909, he became an editorial assistant on the *Standard Dictionary*, later editor of *The Churchman*, and in 1913, a member of the staff of the *New York Times Review of Books*. Much of his verse has appeared in such magazines as *The Bellman*, *The Boston Transcript*, *Colliers*, *The Outlook*, and *The Catholic World*.

Just 17 days after Congress declared war Kilmer enlisted in the 7th Infantry and soon attained the office of sergeant. He was acting unofficially in the 165th Infantry of the old Rainbow Division as adjutant to Major William J. Donovan when he met his death July 30 near Villers-sur-Fère and none in command surpassed the American poet-soldier in courage

according to his comrades. How well might Kilmer's own lines to that poet who died but a short time before him be applied:

IN MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.

But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
Today the starry roof of Heaven rings
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

ALAN SEEGER

While it has been the endeavor of the author to limit this volume solely to American poets who are writing today, the World War demanded the full price from some of these soldier-poets since this work was begun.

Alan Seeger's world famous poem, "*I Have a Rendezvous with Death*," is one of the most popular of the better known war poems. It has reached the hearts of thousands, and will go down in history of the present war verse with the best of his English contemporary, Rupert Brooke.

Alan Seeger was born in New York on June 22, 1888. His parents, who were of old New England stock, moved to Staten Island when Alan was but a year old. He was educated in the

Staten Island Academy, the Horace Mann School, and Harvard College. Before the war was three weeks old, Seeger, with a number of other Americans, enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France. It was a fight, and for France, for the France that he loved.

Seeger had hoped to have been in Paris on Decoration Day to read before the statue of Lafayette and Washington, his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," written by him at the request of a committee of American residents, but his leave of absence did not arrive in time. Some critics have found this ode the best of his work.

"A nobler ode has not come my way," says William Archer in his introduction to Alan Seeger's published poems, from which the following is quoted:

"Ay, it is fitting on the holiday,
Commemorative of our soldier dead,
When, with the sweet flowers of our New England May,
Hiding the lichened stones by fifty years made gray —
Their graves in every town are garlanded,
That pious tribute should be given too
To our intrepid few
Obscurely fallen here beyond the seas.

"Now Heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now Heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

"There, holding still, in frozen steadfastness,
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
They lie — our comrades — lie among their peers,
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing moon;
And earth in her divine indifference
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.

But they are silent, calm; their eloquence
Is that incomparable attitude;
No human presences their witness are,
But summer clouds and sunset crimson-hued,
And showers and night winds and the nothern star.
Nay, even our salutations seem profane,
Opposed to their Elysian quietude;
Our salutations calling from afar,
From our ignobler plane
And undistinction of our lesser parts;
Hail, brothers, and farewell; you are twice blest, brave hearts;
Double your glory is who perished thus,
For you have died for France and vindicated us."

But in spite of the eloquent beauty in these lines, it will be these more popular lines that will link his name with the poetry of the World War and the period in which he wrote:

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath —
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,

Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .
 But I've a rendezvous with Death
 At midnight in some flaming town,
 When Spring trips north again this year,
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Of his death, William Archer writes:

"On July 1, the great advance began. At six in the evening of July 4, the Legion was ordered to clear the enemy out of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Alan Seeger advanced in the first rush, and his squad was enfiladed by the fire of six German machine guns, concealed in a hollow way. Most of them went down, and Alan among them, wounded in several places. But the following waves of attack were more fortunate. As his comrades came up to him, Alan cheered them on; and as they left him behind, they heard him singing a marching song in English:

Accents of ours were in the Fierce mêlée.

They took the village, they drove the invaders out; but for some reason unknown — perhaps a very good one — the battlefield was left unvisited that night. Next morning, Alan Seeger lay dead."

There is little to add. He wrote his own best epitaph in the "*Ode*":

And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
 Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
 When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
 And on the tangled wires
 The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
 Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers: —
 Now Heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops,
 Now Heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

His death was briefly noticed in one or two French papers. *The Matin* published a translation of part of the poem, "*Cham-*

pagne, 1914-15" and remarked that "Cyrano de Bergerac would have signed it." But France had no time, even if she had the knowledge, to realize the greatness of the sacrifice that had been made for her. That will come later. One day France will know that this unassuming soldier of the Legion,

Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Come back the generous path of Lafayette,

was one whom even she may be proud to have reckoned among her defenders.

CHARLES DIVINE

It was the War that brought to the full fruit the poems of Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger and John McCrae. It is the war that has developed Private Charles Divine, 27th Division, U.S.A., into a poet of promise.

Before the war, Divine was a newspaper reporter on *The New York Sun* and in idle moments he wrote verses that appeared in *Life*, *Smart Set*, and various other magazines. There was a certain charm in these that augured well for the reporter's future as a poet, but it was after his enlistment in the army that, as a soldier poet, he showed himself able to portray the real spirit of the American citizen soldier.

Under the title of "City Ways and Company Streets" the best of his soldier poems and poems of civil life have been brought out by Moffat, Yard & Company. Divine makes no attempt to gain exquisite word effects. He writes simply, without pretense, of camp life, of its reactions upon the soldier, and of his dreams of the past and the hope of the future.

At the Lavender Lantern is as honest and charming a bit of verse as ever came from a poet turned soldier:

I wonder who is haunting the little snug café,
That place, half restaurant and home, since we have gone away;
The candled dimness, smoke and talk, and tables brown and bare —
But no one thinks of tablecloths when love and laughter's there.

I wonder if it's crowded still, three steps below the street,
Half hidden from the passing town, where even poets eat;
I wonder if the girls still laugh, the girls whose art was play,
I wonder who the fellows are that try to make them gay.

Some said it was Bohemia, this little haunt we knew,
Where hearts were high and fortunes low, and onions in the stew,
I wonder if it's still the same, the after dinner ease —
Bohemia is in the heart, and hearts are overseas.

Oh, great were all the problems that we settled there, with wine.
And fates of many nations were disposed of, after nine,
But France has braved a fate that brought us swarming to her
shore —

I wonder who is sitting at the table near the door.

I wonder who is haunting the little snug café,
That place, half restaurant and home, since we have gone away;
I wonder if they miss me, I don't suppose they do,
As long as there are art and girls, and onions in the stew.

Mr. Grant M. Overton writing in *The New York Sun* found in Divine's verse "the absence of hackneyed ideas and worn old phrases which are the sole stock of most camp verse" and declares that "he writes not for the thousands but for the tens of thousands."

Divine writes as he sees:

"The Moonlight Scrubbers"

Far down the vistaed, tent-lined street,
From Blue Ridge Mountains pours the sweet
Night-kissed bouquet of oak and pine
That stings the head like potent wine.
Here soldiers sit bent over tubs
And wash their clothes with rhythmic rubs.
Through leaves, white-tipped, each open space
Floods moonlight, patterned songs, and lace;
A silver hush on moon-sprayed ground
Breathes music sweeter than a sound.

Where beauty is, are loves, desires,
Night's vague and vibrant softness fires;
Adventures brighten in the South
Where romance calls from full-lipped mouth —
And see! the lifted arms hang still,
A moment's doubt that guns can kill.
Then scrubbing hands forget the night:
"Who's got the soap? The grease sticks tight!"

Charles Divine was born January 20, 1889, at Binghamton, New York. In a letter written just before he sailed for France he wrote, "I don't even know if I was born a poet. There is no record that my father announced to the employees of his insurance office the next day: 'Boys, have a cigar! We've got a little poet down at our house.'"

"I learned later that I was born in a house, and that the house stood close to the shore of the shady Chenango River. But neither of my parents put as much emphasis on these facts as they did on the portentous circumstance that their son was born on a 'Sunday evening, when the church bells rang.' The quotation became a familiar one. All through my early years the distinctive augury rang in my ears more than the church bells ever did. The hand of fate had been clearly seen pulling the bell rope. But nothing ever came of this deeply religious significance except that two of my uncles became ministers.

"I had two grandfathers. One was a soldier in the Civil War, a farmer and a school-teacher. The other was a canal boat skipper.

"Of the events of my youth, I recall going to public school, a fist-fight with the bully, and getting licked! Selling newspapers. Buying a purple necktie. Spilling sarsaparilla on it. Getting the nickname 'Chick,' which still survives. Writing the school notes for a local newspaper at a penny an inch. Making Col. Roosevelt my hero. Graduating as class orator (cause and effect). Summers spent reporting on the *Binghamton Herald and Press*, or 'haying it' on my grandfather's farm.

"In the fall of 1907 I entered Cornell University, where for three months I went to bed at night with a breaking heart because the fraternity I liked best hadn't asked me to join. At last the 'bid' came and great exultation! I had entered the law college, but in February, at the beginning of the second term, I realized that I would make but a poor sort of lawyer, and so switched to the College of Arts and Sciences. Subsequent events followed in this manner: Three years in the Arts College. Writing for the *Cornell Daily Sun*, *The Widow*, and *The Cornellian*, thus helping my father work my way through college. Learning to roll the makings and sing 'close harmony.' Attending more clubs than studies. An absence of a year from college spent as a telegraph editor of the *Binghamton Republican* and on a cattleboat trip to Europe. The motley crew of cattlemen. One looked like a murderer. The foul, hot bunks in the fo'c's'le. Sleeping at night on bales of hay under an open hatchway and the stars. The continent. Three weeks in Paris. Broke in Liverpool. Fell in again with the 'murderer,' who bought me my supper and passage home.

Return to college. Making up a year and a half's work in one. Being graduated in June, 1912. Going to New York City in July. Joining the staff of *The Sun* (elegant for 'I gotta job as reporter'). Covering banquets, bread lines, murders, gunmen, millionaires, Roosevelt, Wilson, East Side, Fifth Avenue, Chinatown, Bowery, the unemployed, society's divorces, subway accidents, suffrage speeches, suicides, and more Roosevelt — when *The Sun* made me its staff correspondent for a year with this hero of my youth, who improved his right to that pedestal on closer acquaintance.

"Further events: living in Washington Square and Greenwich Village. Growing to love the following: a ride on a Fifth Avenue 'bus, the first cigarette after breakfast, the stories of Booth Tarkington, Joseph Conrad, and Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the poems of anybody, white sails on a blue horizon, open fires in winter, strawberry shortcakes in summer, winding city streets, the walk home from the office at 2 a.m., the wind from the sea, the melancholy tooting of the river-boats at night.

Growing to feel an intense hatred for the following: toast without butter, girls who puff cigarettes like a steam launch going phut-phut-phut, Russian novels in which everybody commits suicide except the author, pessimistic people, optimistic people who talk about their optimism, going to bed at night, getting up in the morning, coffee without cream, soiled napkins, fat greasy Germans, fat greasy people, rejection slips, and cold weather.

"Resigning from *The Sun* in October, 1916, to have a try at magazine work. Writing stories and verses. Getting some accepted. Getting more rejected. The United States in the War. Trying to enlist and being rejected twice for underweight, wondering, fatuously, what to do next. Hegira to Binghamton. Cottage by the river. Lots of sleep and rustic diet. Gained weight. Appearing at the Binghamton armory for another physical examination. First drinking many quarts of water. Passed examination!

"July 23, 1917, a private of Co. H., 1st Infantry, N. Y. N. G., the captain of which was an old school chum. Drilling. Blisters. Hiking. More Blisters. August, a troop train to Van Cortlandt Park, New York City. The farewell parade of the New York guardsmen down Fifth Avenue. September, a troop train to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. A wilderness, at first. The sport of kings — bunking with private soldiers, the best companions in the world! Raising a moustache for foreign service. December, still in camp! The breaking up of the old 'First' Infantry in order to fill other regiments of the division up to the European war strength. Transferring to the Sanitary Train, where there was another company of Binghamton lads I knew. Talking to a captain, an old friend, who said seductively: 'Chick, if you want to start for France by the fifteenth of January, join the new outfit I'm getting up.' Joining it. Moustache for foreign service growing fast. January 15, still in camp. February 15, still in camp. March 15, ditto. April 15, ditto. (Unfair to moustache.) May 15, ditto. At last a troop train to an embarkation camp. Another period of waiting several endless

weeks. Throbbing mental question: Why doesn't the President put me in a branch of the service where I'll get somewhere? Oh, why didn't I wait to be drafted and get there first? . . . Then, at length, my transport. . . .

"Being with sanitary troops, I expect to go through the war unharmed and come back and be run over by a baby carriage."

JOHN McCLURE

John McClure of Oklahoma, youthful writer of modest airs, is sponsored by that able critic, Mr. H. L. Mencken, one of the editors of *Smart Set*, author of serious and not so serious critiques and who declares that his judgment of poetry is based solely on the beauty of poetry. He says, "I have little love for long or ambitious poems. My favorites are such men as Heinrich Heine, Robert Herrick, Thomas Campion, Burns at his best, the minor Elizabethans, old ballads and folksongs, Mother Goose. Simple airs and melodies are what delight me in literature most keenly. I mean to say that it is such verse as the above that has influenced me most in my own work. I've a great deal of affection for all good English verse, bar none.

"My only observation on American poetry had better be this, which puzzles me; out of a great many poets who do occasional splendid things, there is not one who does consistently fine work, not one who is a poet of large significance, unless perhaps Sara Teasdale. I have great admiration and respect for her."

Mr. McClure first appeared — an object for consideration as a poet — in the pages of *The Smart Set*. His collected poems, many of which appeared in this periodical, were afterwards published under the title of "Airs and Ballads."

When Mr. Mencken finds a poet or a writer of any sort in whom he believes, his belief is without stint as is his enthusiasm. For example, he writes in his magazine: "What I find in these modest airs (the poems of John McClure) is what

the late Elijah found in his still small voice; an assurance and a criticism — the first of the making of songs is yet a living art among us, yet young, yet adroit, above all yet natural and innocent. In brief, McClure is the born poet, the poet, first and last, the poet full-fledged from the start, as opposed to all your stock company of sweating poetizers. His simple and perfect songs are to the tortured contraptions of the self-consecrated messiahs of prosody, with their ding-dong repetitions, their chopped off lines, their cheap shocks, their banal theorizings, their idiotic fustian — these songs of his are to such tedious gabblings as the sonorous lines of Swinburne were to the cacophonous splutters of Browning, the poet of pedagogues and old maids, male and female. What we have here is the Schubert complex — the whole pack of professors and polyphonists routed by a shepherd playing a pipe."

Whether one shares Mr. Mencken's enthusiasm or not, John McClure's qualities may be judged in his "*Elf's Song*":

She came in the garden walking
When shadows begin to steal;
She trod upon a wing o' mine
And broke it with her heel.

She was a very queen, I think,
A queen from the West,
I should have only smiled
Had she stepped on my breast.

But I have told nobody,
I have told nobody yet!
I have told nobody —
Only the violet.

Or the opening lines to "*The Celts*":

We are the grey dreamers
With nets of moonlight
That always go a-hunting
About the fall o' night.

There are some immature spots in his work and a fondness for comparisons to jewels that is similar to George Sterling, over-use of such trite and inexpressive words as "red gold," "white silver," "lady," "hoary head," and "wee." But these are only specks on the surface of such lines as:

But she shall dress more strangely still:
In all men's eyes she shall be seen
To wear my little silver dreams
Like tinkling trinkets of a queen.

Ay, queenlike, she shall move them all
To adoration and desire;
For she shall wear my golden dreams
As though they were a robe of fire.

Or in his lines called "*Man to Man*":

Better it were, my brother,
You twain had never met,
Then were no hearts broken
And no dream to forget.

Now you must not remember,
After you are gone,
The mystic magic of her eyes
At twilight nor at dawn.

Now you must not remember
The songs her red lips sing
Of love and lovers' ecstasy
At dawn or evening.

An interesting comment on McClure's work was recently made by one of his contemporaries as follows:

"John McClure's 'Airs and Ballads' impress me as the work of a man who has not (and perhaps, cannot) outgrow the impulse to enthusiasm which is characteristic of young

writers of the romantic school. There is in his poems a certain *naïveté*, a certain artless simplicity which his very real lyrical ability makes quite charming. In reading him I feel as though I were in the presence of an unusually well-bred youth who wishes to forget his 'good breeding' in favor of a more impulsive and less '*civilisé*' attitude toward life and toward his own experiences. The result is not without beauty (at times, as in 'The Lass of Galilee' the author reaches a very high mark of poetic feeling), but at the same time I imagine that I detect the note of 'fabrication'; not the species of deliberate fabrication practised by the great decadents and lovers of artifice (as Huysmans, Baudelaire, Mèndes, Rimbaud, 'Maldoror' and others) but a kind of straining after pure simplicity which it is very hard to succeed in — especially in these days when nothing can escape the influence of the cosmopolitan spirit. . . . However, I like McClure; I like him because he has lyrical charm, because he is indifferent to all the ceremonials of adoration for the Muse of Poetry. McClure is an independent: poetry is not a ritual with him, but a simple, human need. I think that, if he should ever acquire subtlety, he could, with his technical ability, turn out some very powerful things. At present he is a singer, a 'troubadour' — and perhaps well content to remain one."

Out in Oklahoma, with its sun-baked roads, fields of corn and wheat and cotton, McClure lived and wrote until the war, when he entered service in the 394th Cavalry. It must be gratifying to Oklahoma and the Middle West to know that Oklahoma has produced an American poet in interesting contrast to those of the New England states and the East.

McClure was born in Ardmore on December 19, 1893, of a Southern family of Scotch Irish descent. He is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma, of which he was later an assistant librarian.

In 1913 and 1914 he was in Paris with Henry McCullough, who was then studying art.

"I did nothing whatever there," says Mr. McClure, "except catch *vers libre*, from which I believe I have recovered."

"Poetry? . . ." he writes,
"The voice that leaps up
"With the spring water
"And thunders
"Out of the mountain."

Mr. McClure is a member of the national hobo fraternity "Quo Vadis" and has tramped about 2,000 miles in the Southwest.

He has also compiled and edited "The Stag's Horn-book," a bachelor's anthology of verse.

CHAPTER XII

CHARLES WHARTON STORK, GEORGE STERLING, LOUIS UNTERMEYER, JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

LIKE some great morality play written in lines of clear poetic beauty, is Charles Wharton Stork's "Sea and Bay," which he chooses to call a poem of New England. This limitation, however, is wrong, for it might more properly be called "The Journey of Every Youth" as it is the story of Man's spiritual development — his restlessness in the bay — the home; his longing for the sea — the world, and then its climactic fusion of sea and bay.

So that at last within me bay and sea,
My peaceful boyhood and my stormy prime,
Unite their warring natures and are one.

This narrative poem is the best of Mr. Stork's poetic works, superior to "The Queen of Orplede," or "Day Dreams of Greece," or even that original imaginative poem, "Flying Fish: an Ode."

The central character of "Sea and Bay" is Alden Carr, who describes his youth:

I made no friends; as soon as school was done
I used to trudge off gravely by myself
To lord it in the kingdom of my choice;
A pebbly beach, walled in on every side
By scarred gray cliffs that shut the world of school
And farm completely out, yet left me free
To share the gladness of the romping waves,
And steep my being in the soft warm air.

The spirit of adventure, desire to live, a weariness of a curbed and routine life, came to Alden with his first sight of the ocean.

For when those Atlas arms of swimming blue
Reached out as if to bring heaven down to me,
I knew myself akin to that wide scene
By the great throb with which I leaped to it there
And caught it to my spirit.

Written, for the main part, in blank verse, but ever possessing harmonious cadence, there are various breaks in Stork's general style with lines like the sea song with which the book begins:

I have lent myself to thy will, O Sea!
To the urge of thy tidal sway;
My soul to thy lure of mystery,
My cheek to thy lashing spray.
For there's never a man whose blood runs warm
But would quaff the wine of the brimming storm.
As the prodigal lends have I lent to thee,
For a day, or a year and a day.

The shores recede, the great sails fill,
The lee rail hisses under,
As we double the cape of Lighthouse Hill
Where sea and harbor sunder.
Then here's to a season of glad unrest!
With an anchor of hope on the seaman's breast,
Till I claim once more from thy savage will
A soul that is fraught with wonder.

Mr. Stork's command of words is admirable, and his expression of life's thoughts, too often expressed tritely, with him, take on new light:

No matter how or where, the crucial point
Of each man's life is when he leaves the bay,
Spreads his white sails before the ruffling breeze,
And takes the first plunge of the hollow surge.

Oh, thrill of first adventure! Overhead
Flew pearly cloudlets; on our lee the cliffs,
So formidable once, were fading low;
Beneath, the cloven waves' translucent green
Spring into spray along the dipping stem;
And somewhere out beyond those curling crests
Lay, golden as with promise, the unknown.

To revert again to the theme of "Sea and Bay" — Alden, leaving behind him the home life of the bay, visits France and Italy. He discovers that

Art after all is just a sort of dress
For soul: sometimes too meagre, oftener though
Too rich.

Although Carr is disappointed in his first love, when, on returning home from a long trip, he learns of the betrothal of the sweetheart of his youth to his brother, he finally finds true love and builds a home in sight of both bay and sea.

Charles Wharton Stork was born on February 12, 1881, in Philadelphia and studied at Haverford, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania. He has done much for furthering interests in modern poetry both in America and abroad as Editor of *Contemporary Verse*, a monthly magazine devoted to the publication of much excellent poetry. He has translated several volumes of Swedish poetry and fiction and has been decorated with the Order of Gustaf Vasa. He makes his home in Philadelphia but, in the summer, lives in a little house far up on the New England coast.

GEORGE STERLING

There is a certain richness of words that distinguishes the poetry of George Sterling, whose writings were first so popular upon the Pacific coast, and which in good time have found their way into the hearts of a less local American audience.

Although fine in craftsmanship, Mr. Sterling's poems are inclined to cloy by sheer heaviness of splendor. An example of this is found in the name poem of his collected verse, "The House of Orchids."

And in its antic flight
Behold the vampire-bat veer off from thee
As from a phantom face,
Or watch Antares' light peer craftily
Down from the dank and moonless sky,
As goblins' eyes might gleam
Or baleful rubies glare,
Muffled in smoke or incense-laden air.
And thou, most weird companion, thou dost seem
Some mottled moth of Hell,
That stealthily might fly
To hover there above the carnal bell
Of some black lily, still and venomous,
And poise forever thus.

Sterling delights in the use of jewel-like comparisons, and many of his poems scintillate with this jewelled brilliancy. In them is colour in abundance and often a touch of delicate fantasy:

Then from the maelstrom of the surf arose
With laughter, mystical, and up the sands
Came two that walked with intertwining hands
Amid those ocean snows.

Ghostly they shone before the lofty spray—
Fairer than gods and naked as the moon,
The foamy fillets at their ankles strewn
Less marble-white than they.

Laughing they stood, then to our beacon's glare
 Drew nearer, as we watched in mad surprise
 The scarlet-flashing lips, the sea-green eyes,
 The red and tangled hair.

George Sterling was born at Sag Harbor, New York, on December 1, 1869, the son of George Ansel and Mary Parker (Havens) Sterling. He was educated in private and public schools and at St. Charles College, Elliott City, Md.

He was married to Miss Carrie Rand, of Oakland, Cal., February 7, 1896.

Mr. Sterling's works include "The House of Orchids," "The Testimony of the Suns" and "A Wine of Wizardy."

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

In the dedication of "These Times," by Louis Untermeyer, he has written "To Robert Frost, Poet and Person." Were these too few and inadequate comments on Mr. Untermeyer's work to bear a dedication it would read, "To Louis Untermeyer, Poet and Friend of Poets" — for his talents, both as poet and critic, have fallen upon fertile soil.

Mr. Untermeyer's verses have appeared in various magazines — his books include "First Love," "Challenge," "— and Other Poets," "Heinrich Heine," a translation of 325 poems, "These Times," "The New Era in American Poetry," "Modern British Poetry," "Modern American Poetry," (revised edition) "Heavens," "Including Horace," and "The New Adam."

As a realist, note the following from Mr. Untermeyer's "*On the Palisades*":

Like a blue snake uncoiled,
 The lazy river, stretching between the banks,
 Smoothed out its rippling folds, splotchy with sunlight,
 And slept again, basking in silence.
 A sea-gull chattered stridently;
 We heard, breaking the rhythms of the song,
 The cough of the asthmatic motor-boat
 Sputtering toward the pier. . . .
 And stillness again

He declared to Beauty

You shall not lead me, Beauty —
No, on no more passionate and never-ending quests.
I am tired of stumbling after you,
Through wild, familiar forests and strange bogs;
Tired of breaking my heart following a shifting light.

Mr. Untermeyer, who is thirty-six years of age, declares that his childhood was a "school-hating" one, and his Alma Mater, the "radical" De Witt Clinton High School.

He says that as a younger man — if one may speak in such terms of thirty-six — his taste in literature was execrable. "There was even a time when I considered Alfred Noyes a great poet. My taste in music was a far different matter. At sixteen I came perilously near being a concert pianist — I can still play most of Beethoven, Brahms, and Schumann without threats from the neighbors. Started to write extremely bad essays and even worse poetry at the age of seventeen. Up to then my life was blameless! Upon the birth of a son, I became convinced that children must be fed. My wife also seemed to require food. Whereupon, after flirting with the idea of writing songs for the concert stage, I entered the jewelry manufacturing concern of my father — of which establishment I am now designer, superintendent, and vice-president."

From "The New Adam" published by Mr. Untermeyer in 1921 (Harcourt, Brace and Company) the following poems are quoted:

HAUNTED HOUSE

A drab old house on the meadow
Seen from the train;
Its color eaten by sunlight,
Its years washed in by the rain.

In the tarnished dusk it stands there,
Emptied of all delight;
Its windows, like eyeless sockets,
Stare on an endless night.

Suddenly one raw sunbeam
 Writhes like a thing in pain,
And the eyes of that grim house sparkle—
 And go dead again.

THE CURE

“Heal me, beloved, and have me
 Strong at your side.
I am weak, I am cold and hungry
 For all that you have denied.
I shall die with loving a promise—
 Heal me!” he cried.

She put her hands on his forehead;
 She touched his lips and sighed.
With a warm and lavish abandon,
 She flung off her pride.
She healed him of his sickness,
 And it was she that died.

Mr. Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace and Company) is a valuable and comprehensive study of our present American poetry movement. There are a number of serious omissions, but Mr. Untermeyer makes his book an expression of personal taste rather than catholic, and from this standpoint doubtless finds complete justification.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Miss Amy Lowell, who classes herself with the imagists, declares that imagism is presentation, not representation, and for example cites Mr. Fletcher's poem, "*The Calm*," conforming to the imagists' idea of not speaking of the sea as "the rolling wave" or the "vasty deep" but thus:

At noon I shall see waves flashing,
White power of spray.

The steamers, stately,
Kick up white puffs of spray behind them.
The boiling wake
Merges in the blue-black mirror of the sea.

That suggestion, the implication of something rather than the statement of it, which is one of the marked characteristics of imagists' verse, is thus demonstrated by Mr. Fletcher in "*The Well*":

The well is not used now
Its waters are tainted.

I remember there was once a man went down
To clean it.
He found it very cold and deep,
With a queer niche in one of its sides,
From which he hauled forth buckets of bricks and dirt.

At the age of eleven years, John Gould Fletcher was sent to school for the first time and then he began to write verses. In 1899 he entered high school and was graduated in 1902. Later to Phillips Academy, Andover, to prepare for Harvard, which plans he abandoned and sailed to Europe in August of 1908. He has lived much abroad since and his European life, rather than American, is reflected in a major portion of his work.

An interesting bit of art is his "*The Vowels*" which he dedicated to Leon Bakst:

A light and shade, E green, I blue, U purple and yellow, O red,
All over my soul and song your lambent variations are spread.
A, flaming caravans of day advancing with stately art
Through pale, ashy deserts of grey to the shadowy dark of the
heart;
Barbaric clangor of cataracts, suave caresses of sails,
Caverned abysms of silence, assaults of infuriate gales;

Dappled vibrations of black and white that the bacchanal valleys
 track;
 Candid and waxlike jasmine, amaranth sable black.

E, parakeets of emerald shrieking perverse in the trees,
 Iridescent and restless chameleons tremulous in the breeze,
 Peace on the leaves, peace on the sea-green sea,
 Ethiopian timbrels that tinkle melodiously:
 I, Iris of night, hyacinthine, semi-green,
 Intensity of sky and of distant sea dimly seen,
 Chryselephantine image, Athena violet-crowned,
 Beryl-set sistra of Isis ashiver with infinite sound:
 Bells with amethyst tongues, silver bells, E and I,
 Tears that drip on the wires, Aeolian melody!

It was under the title "Irradiations — Sand and Spray" that Mr. Fletcher's style of writing was presented in April, 1915, here. In his preface he argues in favor of *vers libre*. He says: "The basis of English poetry is rhythm, or, as some would prefer to call it, 'cadence.' This rhythm is obtained by mingling stressed and unstressed syllables. . . .

"I maintain that poetry is capable of as many gradations in cadence as music is in time. We can have a rapid group of syllables — what is called a line — succeeded by a slow heavy one; like the swift scurrying of the wave and the sullen dragging of itself away."

In April, 1916 came "Goblins and Pagodas" which contains his much discussed "*Green Symphony*" and "Breakers and Granite" in 1921. Marguerite Wilkinson writing in *The New York Times* calls this "one of the fine books of the year."

In contrast to Mr. Robinson's picture of Lincoln, it is of interest to note the beginning of Mr. Fletcher's study of the same theme:

Like a gaunt, craggly pine
 Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
 And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,
 Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.
 Ungainly, labouring, huge,

The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its branches;
Yet, in the heat of midsummer days, when thunderclouds ring
the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

JOHN HALL WHELOCK

Three books of love poems, poems of nature, redolent of the sea, and the various wonders of the stars and flowers, bear the name of John Hall Wheelock as author. In 1911 Mr. Wheelock's "The Human Fantasy" was published. Here are pictures of the city—more specifically such things as "*The Italian Restaurant*":

And the canary, silent on the wall,
Trilled through the smoky air;
The clever bird, it never sang at all,
He said, till she was there."

And "*The Theater-Hour*":

"At night, along the city's dazzling ways
Flare dizzily, like fierce and flaming suns,
A million lights, all scattering at once
A garish glare abroad and desolate blaze.

The narrow cañons and the gorges deep,
Cut south and north in many a lurid line,
Like the starred streets of luminous heaven shine
That from the center to the circle sweep."

A year later Mr. Wheelock brought out "The Belovèd Adventure," a generous volume of verse, conspicuous for its sea poems. Typical of the best of these are:

"The somber waters move where sky and cloud-line are,—
The odor of all the sea is huge within the night;
Within her spray hangs drenched the jeweled evening star."

“Still the hand of twilight with darkness strokes and stills
The somber and immense breast of the swelling sea,
And the pale hand of dawn across the darkness spills
Her clear and crystal cup of radiant ecstasy — ;
The white, immaculate waste of morning sobs and thrills!”

His “*Moon-Dawn*” shows his ardent worship of the beautiful:

“O Loveliness! O Light! God! O seraphic Breath!
Radiant Supreme! For this one moment now
I thank Thee, thank Thee, thank Thee; I bless Thee from
beneath —
I thank Thee, — I cannot say — I cannot tell Thee how!
O Beauty, thou atonest for all things, even death!”

His “Love and Liberation,” contains “*The Songs of Adshed of Meru and Other Poems.*” Here is the oriental influence upon Mr. Wheelock’s writing, conspicuous for which are his lines on “*Bird-Songs and Roses,*” which ends with the following song:

“Life went forth in the strength
Of the morning from his lair —
The first young joy he found
He seized it by the hair.

So ruthlessly your heart
Against my own I pressed,
And whirled against my own
The radiance of your breast.

But, clinging about my neck,
Your arms to a taming yoke
Grew, that stilled my heart;
Love within me awoke.

Then at first was I sad — ,
But the old, the rebellious strength

Tore my lips apart,
Turned to a song at length! "

“ Song at the source of Song
Sweet it is to confess,
And loveliness to humble
At the feet of Loveliness.”

John Hall Wheelock was born at Far Rockaway, Long Island, New York, in 1886. He attended Harvard University, the University of Göttingen, and the University of Berlin. He is a conspicuous member of the Poetry Society of America, and makes his home in New York City. As a contributor to *Scribners*, *Harpers*, and *The Century* magazines his work has been widely circulated. His works include “The Human Fantasy,” “The Belovèd Adventure,” “Love and Liberation,” “Dust and Light” (Scribner’s) 1919, “The Black Panther” (Scribner’s) 1922.

Unquestionably, the best work that Mr. Wheelock has done is found in these last two books. One has only to read such stirring lines as those in *The Lion’s Cage* and *Of Earth* to decide that here are inspired poems of much beauty with qualities not unlike the lyric Sara Teasdale and the significant Robinson. He has gone far. (See appendix for recent poems by Mr. Wheelock.)

CHAPTER XIII

CARL SANDBURG, FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP, DONALD EVANS,
EZRA POUND, BENJAMIN DE CASSERES,
ROY HELTON

CARL SANDBURG

"CARL SANDBURG is an observer with sympathy but without fear. . . . He puts words to the uses of bronze. His music at times is of clearest sweetness like the tinkling of blue chisels; at other times it has the appropriate harshness of resisting metal."

So Carl Sandburg is described by Edgar Lee Masters in writing of his "Chicago Poems," published in April, 1916.

A number of poems included in this volume were first printed in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, and in *Reedy's Mirror*. Their creator is a man who glories in free verse, whose lines are sometimes almost primeval in their intensity, but they are American to the core, and re-echo something of Whitman in both form and expression.

Witness, "*Chicago*":

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen
your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm
boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true
I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces
of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton
hunger.

Carl Sandburg was born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878 of Swedish parents. His mother had but two years of schooling and his father, three months. In Sweden he bore the name of August Johnson, but there were so many other August Johnsons on the pay roll of the Burlington railroad shop where he was employed as a blacksmith that the family name was changed to Sandburg.

Carl, when thirteen years old, left school to enjoy the sights of Galesburg from the seat of a milk-wagon, which position he resigned to become respectively, porter in a barber shop, scenery-mover in a theatre, driver of a truck in a brickyard kiln, and moulder of clay in a pottery shop.

The call of the West entered this youth's being at the age of seventeen. He dish-washed in Denver, worked in a construction camp, threshed wheat in Kansas, and finally returned to Galesburg to learn the painter's trade. And then war with Spain was declared and Sandburg enlisted in Company C of the Sixth Illinois Volunteers, the first company to set foot on the island of Porto Rico. When mustered out, he had \$100.00 in cash, the largest sum he had ever possessed in his life. He forthwith returned to Galesburg and took a course in Lombard College. At the end of his first year, various of the men of his military company voted him a cadetship at West Point, where he passed 99% physically and qualified in everything but arithmetic, which was a sorry failure.

Back to Lombard he went, where he earned his tuition and expense by ringing the college bell and acting as janitor in the gymnasium. Then the desire for self-expression came, and he became editor of his college monthly paper, and editor and chief writer of an annual called *The Cannibal*, and the college correspondent for a newspaper.

Galesburg at the time of Sandburg's stay was destined to produce some noteworthy men, among whom were John Finley, the educator; Frank H. Sisson, well-known in the magazine world; Ben B. Hampton and other men who have since become famous as writers, singers, and explorers.

Sandburg left Galesburg in 1907, and began the trip to Wisconsin where he spoke on street corners and at factory gates, wrote leaflets and pamphlets, and worked as a district organizer for the Social-Democratic party of Wisconsin. He also worked on various newspapers and magazines, and is at present on the editorial staff of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Sandburg declares that his "pals" are his wife and two daughters who have cured him forever of the wanderlust.

Carl Sandburg was awarded the Helen Haire Levinson prize of \$200 in 1914 by *The Poetry* magazine editorial board for the "best poem written by a citizen of the United States" and submitted to *Poetry*. The editorial board was divided two to two, and the deciding vote was cast by Hobart Chatfield-Taylor.

Sandburg's poems are generally written first in a pocket note-book "at or near some storm center down-town in the daytime." They are then rewritten at home at night. "The Corn Huskers" was published in the fall of 1918 and "Smoke and Steel" in 1920.

Whenever a Chicagoan pays tribute to the Muses of Poetry and Prose, one is always prepared for some sort of slap at Broadway. To witness Mr. Sandburg's idea of that great avenue, —

BROADWAY

I shall never forget you, Broadway,
Your golden and calling lights.

I'll remember you long,
Tall-walled river of rush and play.

Hearts that know you hate you
And lips that have given you laughter

Have gone to their ashes of life and its roses,
 Cursing the dreams that were lost
 In the dust of your harsh and trampled stones.

In the following poem, however, Mr. Sandburg has brought into play all the beauty of words, of which art he is master.

In the loam we sleep,
 In the cool moist loam,
 To the lull of years that pass,
 And the break of stars.

From the loam, then,
 The soft warm loam,
 We rise;
 To shape of rose leaf,
 Of face and shoulder,
 We stand, then,

To a whiff of life
 Lifted to the silver of the sun
 Over and out of the loam
 A day.

This poem is in "Others, An Anthology of the New Verse" edited by Alfred Kreymborg.

Carl Sandburg's war poems are also worthy of study even in these post-war days:

MURMURINGS IN A FIELD HOSPITAL

(They picked him up in the grass where he had lain two days in the rain with a piece of shrapnel in his lungs.)

Come to me only with playthings now. . . .
 A picture of a singing woman with blue eyes
 Standing at a fence of hollyhocks, poppies and sun-flowers. . . .
 Or an old man I remember sitting with children telling stories
 Of days that never happened anywhere in the world. . . .

No more iron cold and real to handle,
Shaped for a drive straight ahead.
Bring me only beautiful useless things.
Only old home things touched at sunset in the quiet. . . .
And at the window one day in summer
Yellow of the new crock of butter
Stood against the red of new climbing roses. . . .
And the world was all playthings.

WARS

In the old wars drum of hoofs and the beat of shod feet.
In the new wars hum of motors and the tread of rubber tires.
In the wars to come silent wheels and whirr of rods not yet
dreamed out in the heads of men.

.

In the old wars kings quarreling and thousands of men following.
In the new wars kings quarreling and millions of men following.
In the wars to come kings kicked under the dust and millions of
men following great causes not yet dreamed out in the heads
of men.

How poetic form in its generalities may be disregarded and still be effective is shown in Sandburg's "Sheep";

Thousands of sheep, soft-footed, black-nosed sheep — one by one going up the hill and over the fence — one by one four-footed pattering up and over — one by one wiggling their stub tails as they take the short jump and go over — one by one silently unless for the multitudinous drumming of their hoofs as they move on and go over — thousands and thousands of them in the grey haze of evening just after sundown — one by one slanting in a long line to pass over the hill —

I am the slow, long-legged Sleepyman and I love you, sheep in Persia, California, Argentine, Australia, or Spain — you are the thoughts that help me when I, Sleepyman, lay my hands on the eyelids of the children of the world at eight o'clock every night — you thousands and thousands of sheep in a procession of dusk making an endless multitudinous drumming on the hills with your hoofs.

In 1922, Harcourt Brace and Company published Carl Sandburg's, "Slabs of the Sunburnt West." To me, this is his finest book — perhaps because I heard him read *The Windy City*. I shall never forget his crooning musical version, as he catalogs the winds:

Corn wind in the fall, come off the black lands, come off the whisper of the silk hangers, the lap of the flat spear leaves.

Blue water wind in summer, come off the blue miles of lake, carry your inland sea blue fingers, carry us cool, carry your blue to our homes.*

White spring winds, come off the bag wool clouds, come off the running melted snow, come white as the arms of snow-born children.

Gray fighting winds, come along on the tearing blizzard tails, the snouts of the hungry hunting storms, come fighting gray in winter.

The Double Dealer in commenting on this 1922 volume by Sandburg says:

"Of the three long poems included, *"And so Today"* is the most moving. It is a topical poem, treating the dramatic burial of the unknown American soldier at Arlington. What drivel might be written about such an affair! But Mr. Sandburg's poem is a gold-mine of meaning. It is a slaughter of the lies and hypocrisy which could and did so easily fester at the roots of such a colorful flower as this burial service was. *"And So Today"* is a poem of fierce fascination, of deepest irony.

"Following the catafalque, the poet sees not only the solemn soldiery, but

skeleton men and boys riding skeleton horses,
the rib bones shine, the rib bones curve,
shine with savage, elegant curves —
a jawbone runs with a long white slant,

a skull dome runs with a long white arch,
 bone triangles click and rattle,
 elbows, ankles, white line slants—
 shining in the sun past the White House . . .
 stems of roses in their teeth,
 rose dark leaves at their white jaw slants—
 and a horse laugh question nickers and whinnies,
 moans with a whistle out of horse head teeth:
 why? who? where?

“The rhythm is mocking, nervous, hysteric. Later, Mr. Sandburg listens to:

The honorable orators,
 Always the honorable orators,
 Buttoning the buttons on their prinz alberts,
 Pronouncing the syllables “sac-ri-fice,”
 Juggling those bitter salt-soaked syllables—
 Do they ever gag with hot ashes in their mouths?
 Do their tongues ever shrivel with a pain of fire
 Across those simple syllables “sac-ri-fice”?

(There was one orator people far off saw.
 He had on a gunnysack shirt over his bones,
 And he lifted an elbow socket over his head,
 And he lifted a skinny signal finger.
 And he had nothing to say, nothing easy—
 He mentioned ten million men, mentioned them as having gone
 west, mentioned them as shoving up the daisies.
 We could write it all on a postage stamp, what he said.
 He said it and quit and faded away,
 A gunnysack shirt on his bones.)

“The poem ends with a modification of its slow bitter refrain:

And so to-day—they lay him away—
 the boy nobody knows the name of—
 they lay him away in granite and steel—
 with music and roses—under a flag—
 under a sky of promises.

FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP

In "New York and Other Verses" Frederick Mortimer Clapp approaches the standards of writing laid down by Whitman. Certainly no poet since Whitman's day has gauged better the pulse of the city than Mr. Clapp. The soul of the city that Ernest Poole depicts so well in "The Harbor" is found by Mr. Clapp in "New York and Other Verses"; bear witness to the titles even that he selects—"My Own City," "Warehouses," "Steam," and "Brooklyn Bridge."

Here is a poet whose use of words achieves a descriptive value found in the work of too few American poets. In his poem, "*The Warehouses*" he writes:

. . . the curd-white soaps that they make in Jaffa,
 crated in cubes and inert and labelled—
 quantity, quality, weight and size;
 and a hundred thousand sacks of grain
 in which lies hidden
 a whole fierce summer's sun on Dakotan prairies—
 a hundred thousand sacks of grain
 stacked like cubes and inert and labelled.
 There are floors that groan with figs of Smyrna,
 and Biskran dates;
 there are cumquats from the Inland Sea,
 crated and stacked and inert and labelled;
 there are stiffened hides of a race of cattle
 that hardly a year ago
 filled the skies with the dust of their trampling
 on Argentine plateaux,
 bale upon bale and inert and labelled.

Frederick Mortimer Clapp was born in New York City on July 26, 1879. He prepared under a private tutor and entered the College of the City of New York in January of the Sophomore year. He was awarded two year honors in English, and secured the Larned Fellowship and was a member

of Phi Gamma Delta before entering Yale. He was married to Miss Maud Caroline Ede, author of that remarkable book, "A Green Tent in Flanders," one of the most artistic achievements to come out of the World War.

Mr. Clapp's publications include: "On Certain Drawings of Pontormo," "Les Dessins de Pontormo," "Il ritratto d' Alessandro de' Medici nella raccolta Johnson," "On the Overland," "On the Overland and Other Poems," "Jacopo Carucci de Pontormo, His Life and Work," and "New York and other Poems."

Mr. Clapp served in France as a Lieutenant in the 22nd Aero Squadron, American Expeditionary Forces.

EZRA POUND

Writing of Ezra Pound in *The Dial*, Maxwell Bodenheim says: "He insults the surface importance of their own time and their noisily confident relation to this importance; he deals for the most part with past centuries and their contrast with the present one; and his style demands a feverish mental agility on the part of his reader. This combination does not appeal to a young generation that seeks its wisdom from shallower and more brightly tinted substances. His opaque isolation is one of carved metal standing apart from the thin transparencies of a contemporary world, and this position is sternly disclosed in his latest book of verse."

"All talk on modern poetry, by people who know," wrote Carl Sandburg in *Poetry*, "ends with dragging in Ezra Pound somewhere. He may be named only to be cursed as wanton and mocker, poseur, trifler and vagrant. Or he may be classed as filling a niche today like that of Keats in a preceding epoch. The point is, he will be mentioned."

This is Ezra Pound in a nutshell. Critics have found him primarily a scholar, a translator, declared that his early work was beautiful, or that his latter work was indicative of little but cheap advertisement. Then there has been that following

that has found in him a leader of untrammelled thought and poetic expression, a sincere poet and not a fantastic, erratic poseur.

Ezra Pound's first book was published in Venice just before he took up his residence in London in 1908. "A Lume Spento" was its title, and of it a Venetian critic wrote: "Wild and haunting stuff, absolutely poetic, original, imaginative, passionate, and spiritual. Those who do not consider it crazy may well consider it inspired. Coming after the trite and decorous verse of most of our decorous poets, this poet seems like a minstrel of Provence at a suburban musical evening. . . . The unseizable magic of poetry is in the queer paper volume, and words are no good in describing it."

From Venice Mr. Pound went to London with his little book, and here an English edition was brought out by Mr. Elkin Mathews. In a little book called "Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry," published by Alfred A. Knopf, the following lines are of particular interest:

"Ezra Pound has been fathered with *vers libre* in English, with all its vices and virtues. The term is a loose one — any verse is called 'free' by people whose ears are not accustomed to it — in the second place, Pound's use of this medium has shown the temperance of the artist, and his belief in it as a vehicle is not that of the fanatic. He has said himself that when one has the proper material for a sonnet, one should use the sonnet form; but that it happens very rarely to any poet to find himself in possession of just the block of stuff that can perfectly be modeled into the sonnet. It is true that up to very recently it was impossible to get free verse printed in any periodical except those in which Pound had influence, and that now it is possible to print free verse (second, third, or tenth rate) in almost any American magazine. Who is responsible for the bad free verse is a question of no importance, inasmuch as its authors would have written bad verse in any form; Pound has at least the right to be judged by the success or failure of his own. Pound's *vers libre* is such as is only possible for a poet who has worked

tirelessly with rigid forms and different systems of metric. His 'Canzoni' are in a way aside from his direct line of progress; they are much more nearly studies in mediæval appreciation than any of his other verse, but they are interesting, apart from their merit, as showing the poet at work with the most intricate Provençal forms—so intricate that the pattern cannot be exhibited without quoting an entire poem. (M. Jean de Bosschere, whose French is translated in the 'Egoist,' has already called attention to the fact that Pound was the first writer in English to use five Provençal forms.) Quotation will show, however, the great variety of rhythm that Pound manages to introduce into the ordinary iambic pentameter:

"Thy gracious ways,

O lady of my heart, have
O'er all my thought their golden glamour cast;
As amber torch-flames, where strange men-at-arms
Tread softly 'neath the damask shield of night,
Rise from the flowing steel in part reflected,
So on my mailèd thought that with thee goeth,
Though dark the way, a golden glamour falleth.

Following the publication of Ezra Pound's first book came others, including the following titles:

"Provenca," "The Spirit of Romance," "The Sonnets and Ballads of Guido Cavalcanti," "Ripostes," "Des Imagistes," "Gaudier-Brzeska," "Noh," "Lustra," and "Pavannes and Divisions."

Mr. Pound was born in Hailey, Idaho, October 30, 1885, and was educated in the University of Pennsylvania and Hamilton College. While Mr. Pound makes his home abroad, he is a steady contributor both in the capacity of editor and writer for *The Little Review*, "a magazine of the arts making no compromise with the public's tastes." He makes his home in Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, London, England.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

The *New York World Magazine* at one time printed an article by Henry Tyrell with the heading something like this: "Poems of a Shadow-Eater — De Casseres, Psalmist of Night and Nietzscheism, Lives Unknown in New York and Writes Like Poe, Whitman, Baudelaire and King David, While Railing at the Metropolis as 'A City Whose Splendor Is in the Dazzling Glitter of All That Is Monstrous and Soulless.'" And this is an excellent approach to the work of Benjamin De Casseres. His much commented upon "*De Profundis*" runs:

Night! Night! Eternal Night, whose black vapors have filled
 all the sluice-ways of
 Time — Night, pageless and void;
 Night upgurgling from chaos, upswirl of the noumenal seas, drape
 me and veil me from the illusory light of this world!
 My being's at nadir,
 I pass into my solstice,
 I have touched of ITS garment, the black thing IT weaves on
 ITS sentient looms,
 While we crawl in ITS creases and guess.
 Sit I in the night of ITS sleeve,
 Withering into eternities,
 Bowed in ITS night, in ITS might!

Benjamin De Casseres was born in Philadelphia, forty years ago, of Spanish-Hebrew parents, through whom he traces his lineal descent from the 17th century Jewish philosopher, Spinoza. Not Spinoza, however, but Nietzsche is his psychic godfather, and, needless to say, Benjamin De Casseres is a born radical. He is a master of many languages, and a deep student of art, specializing on the archæological remains of the ancient Aztecs.

ROY HELTON

Time will decide whether or not Roy Helton will share honors with Edgar Lee Masters. Much of the quality found in the latter's poems is evidenced in Helton's book, "Outcasts in Beulah Land," published in the fall of 1918. This book, which is his first, offers poems of rare genius, for here is a man who can touch with magic understanding the homely things of life. He sees the ten-cent store and the automat lunch-room and similar themes in terms which the average poet might shun.

To quote from Henton is difficult, but the following lines from "*Mazie*" present a meagre example of his ability.

Lonely-eyed Mazie sat
In the old Automat,
Dreaming, ah, dreaming a
Dream of some golden day;
Dreaming, ah, dreaming
Strange dreams never told
By the shy hidden-hearted
Dear ladies of old.

· · · · ·
Nobody found her.

Gentle-eyed Mazie who
Wanted a hero too.

But at the last, I saw
Nature assert the sway
Of her relentless law:
Mazie's shy star arose
In new-caught glory:
Day's end and stars and tide,
Love for the weary-eyed,
These the grave god supplied
To her mild story.

Eating his ham and eggs
Over a cup of tea,
Scanning the ladies' legs
Under the tables; he
Sidled across to her
Grimly and grimly;
Sidled across, as though
He were a pirate, out
Of Treasure Island, who
Had a new lay in mind
For wholesale murder: grim
Wasn't the name for him:
Growled out a greeting.

That was their meeting;
Her part all wonder
At gold band and blue.
His part? I puzzled, till
Somehow — God knows —
The hidden child
Rose from the war-beaten
Eyes, and he smiled. . . .

CHAPTER XIV

KATHARINE LEE BATES, HARRIET MONROE, JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE, SARAH CLEGHORN, ALICE BROWN, ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH, JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

KATHARINE LEE BATES

"As a child in what was then the little seafaring village of Falmouth, Mass., twenty miles from a railroad, I found myself reading poetry with joy," writes Katharine Lee Bates, "and very soon, child-fashion, making verses of my own. Early in my sophomore year at Wellesley College I was surprised and delighted to have a poem of mine accepted by *The Atlantic Monthly*, and ever since have been looking forward to a period in life when I shall be free to devote the best of my strength and the most of my time to poetry. That period has never come, as I have been all my years a very busy teacher, doing a good deal of incidental writing, as studies on special subjects,—for example, American Literature and the English Religious Drama,—and editions of English Classics. But I am still expecting, and shall continue to expect until I reach the Amaranth Meadows, a holiday all my own on Parnassus."

W. S. B., writing in the *Boston Transcript*, pays this tribute to Miss Bates:

"By a strange paradox the most satisfying war poetry in America was written by women. Josephine Preston Peabody's 'Harvest-Moon,' published some time ago, is one of the most spiritually illuminating volumes on the war; Miss Lowell has done better than any man, some of her pieces being charged with indignant wrath and the persuasive eloquence of

patriotism; Miss Burr's 'Silver Trumpet' is blown through with the ecstatic celebration of the Great Cause, giving voice to the common anguish of the trampled nations, and to the common sentiments of the multitudes in the great democracies for the liberty and peace of the world; and Miss Bates, in 'The Retinue and Other Poems,' has touched with tenderness and with a fine idealism the spirit of the Allied peoples into expression from 'consternation at the horror of war itself to recognition of the supreme issues involved.'"

In the "*New Crusade*," Miss Bates writes:

Life is a trifle;
Honor is all;
Shoulder the rifle;
Answer the call.
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

.

Life is but passion,
Sunshine on dew.
Forward to fashion
The old world anew!
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

And in "*New Roads*":

Far road for words that rush,
Arrowing space,
Swifter than meteors flush
Star-road in race. .
Wireless! Tireless, leaping the wave!
Roger Bacon laughs in his grave.

One road, o'er-steep to climb
Since world began,
Winged in our wonder-time,
Sun-road for man.
Air-ship! Fair ship, soaring the blue!
Galileo had burned for you.

Dread road for Freedom's sons,
Sworn to release
Life from the threat of guns,
Red road to peace.
New knights! true knights! gleam of God's blade!
Lincoln leads in the Last Crusade.

Katharine Lee Bates was born in Falmouth, Mass., on August 12, 1859. Her works include: "English Religious Drama," "American Literature," "Spanish Highways and By-ways," "From Gretna Green to Land's End," "The Story of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims Re-told for Children," "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," "In Sunny Spain," "The Retinue and Other Poems," "Fairy Gold" (play and poems for children), "Sigurd, Our Golden Collie," and "Yellow Clover" (poems in memory of Katharine Coman) in 1922.

HARRIET MONROE

One of the most important factors in contemporary American poetry is Harriet Monroe, for as founder and editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, which began in 1912, she has introduced many of the most distinguished present-day poets, both American and British, and fostered a high spirit in the art.

Aside from her editorial duties Miss Monroe counts to her credit, "Valeria and Other Poems," "The Columbian Ode," "John Wellborn Root — a Memoir," "The Passing Show," and "You and I." In 1917 and 1922, with Alice Corbin

Henderson, Miss Monroe edited "The New Poetry, An Anthology," one of the most valuable books of its kind.

"*Love Song*," shows Miss Monroe's quality as a poet:

I love my life, but not too well
To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well.

Miss Monroe was born in Chicago. She was graduated from the Visitation Academy, Georgetown, D. C. In 1891 she was invited by the Committee on Ceremonies of the Chicago Exposition to write the dedicatory poem for its opening. Her "Columbian Ode" was sung and read at the ceremonies of dedication celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, October 21, 1892.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

For the past twenty years Jessie B. Rittenhouse has devoted her life to the criticism of modern poetry, to the various movements looking to the advancement of poetic appreciation in America. She was the first to enter this field, and to insist that, in the poets of the nineties, who were at the fore when she began, we had the finest group, since Whitman, Poe, and Emerson.

As a pioneer in the poetry movement, Miss Rittenhouse published in 1904 "The Younger American Poets," a volume of criticism devoted to the work of the poets of the nineties, and, in retrospection, it is of interest to note that this book had to create its field, as no subject was, at that time, so completely discredited as poetry. It not only made its field, but turned the first furrow for what has followed. It is in use at the Sorbonne, the University of Tokio, the college at the Hague, and other foreign institutions, as well as in most of our own colleges.

Following its publication, Miss Rittenhouse came to New York, and during the next ten years, did most of the criticism of poetry for *The New York Times Review of Books*, and various other newspapers and periodicals, lectured in universities and before clubs on poetry, and occupied the office of Secretary of the Poetry Society of America.

While Miss Rittenhouse has been so busily engaged proselyting for our American poets, her poetic muse has had little chance to express itself in creative work, but during 1917 and 1918, Miss Rittenhouse wrote those delightful poems that make up "The Door of Dreams," and followed it in 1921 by "The Lifted Cup."

Such stanzas as the following, for example, best show the quality of Miss Rittenhouse's work:

THE HOUR

You loved me for an hour
Of all your careless days
And then you went forgetting
Down your own ways.

How could you know that Time would work
A magic deed for me
And fix that single hour
For my eternity!

Another example for those who admire simplicity, expression unlabored, and yet perfect in form:

THE GHOST

A score of years you had been lying
In this spot,
Yet I, to whom you were the dearest,
Had seen it not.

And when today, by time emboldened,
I looked upon the stone,
'Twas not your ghost that stood beside me,
But my own.

While one is inclined to consider Miss Rittenhouse merely in the light of a critic, no book such as this is designed to be would be complete without proper tribute paid to one who must be valued for her poetry as well as her critiques. For "The Door of Dreams," and "The Lifted Cup," small books though they are, show real lovers of poetry just how able are the talents that Miss Rittenhouse possesses along creative lines. There are no false notes in her writings. Here is construction that patterns on the best principles of poetry. And not a few of the poems show kinship to the writings of Sara Teasdale.

"*Songs to One Passing*," a series of four poems, offers the following noteworthy quotation:

Your wistful eyes that day you left,
They haunt me all the night.
I never saw in any eyes
So mystical a light.

I knew the day you went from me
That you would come no more,
And yet I said the casual words
That I had said before.

If only then I had been true
And held you in my arms,
And shielded you a moment's space
From death's alarms!

Miss Rittenhouse's anthologies, "The Little Book of Modern Verse" and "The Second Book of Modern Verse" have had a great influence on our poetry movement. The first has sold twenty editions, large ones, and the second in proportion. She has also published a Nineteenth Century one, "The Little Book of American Poets." These three books were chosen by the Chili-American Association, a body of scholars who were selecting books from America to place in libraries of Chili, as the most representative collection of our verse to be had in small compass. They are now being sent all over South America.

SARAH CLEGHORN

"I was always beguiled with a notion of writing verses, and perhaps unfortunately never received much of the wholesome ridicule from my relations which might have cured me of trying," says Sarah Cleghorn.

Her own story told in her own way runs something like this: "I believe that when I was growing up (from 1885 to 1895 — well, to 1905, perhaps, when I was almost thirty) poetry in this country was at as low an ebb of beauty, originality and force as ever it was in its life. My sunbonnet sort of verses, describing old-timey people and places, with as much of the charm such subjects always had for me, as I could get into my pen, had for several years a fair sale in a number of well-known magazines. And I am afraid that is proof of poetry being very anæmic in this country at that time. Mr. Bliss Perry, at that time editor of *The Atlantic*, once wrote me a most kind letter advising me to try to go outside this old-timey field. I did go a little outside it, and managed to express some of my accumulated indignation at various social wrongs. Magazines were still muck-raking, and I still had a fair sale.

"But meantime, from about the time when I ceased to write sunbonnet verses, the sky of poetry began to be lighted with real stars. The authentic fire was burning again. John

Masefield had begun to write the great poetry that will ennoble our times forever. Those of us who had tended our little sparks of lighted straw read his 'Everlasting Mercy,' 'Dauber,' and 'Widow,' and realized that he is a poet of the same immortal splendor as Milton — greater than Browning and immeasurably greater than any other poet now alive who writes in English. His somber and penetrating thought in the 'Sonnets' is like the deep thought of Meredith; his descriptions of the sea can only be compared with the 'Ancient Mariner'; and his burning feeling for human values, his extreme tenderness and his religious intensity exceed everything I ever read in any poet except 'Piers Plowman.' No one writing poetry in English now sustains thought or feeling in any way comparable to him.

"Of course this is a personal opinion merely, and that of a mere lover of poetry whose reputation as a judge of it has yet to be made. I find few indeed who agree with me.

"But when I can forget Masefield's (as I think) overpowering greatness, I find a large body of other poetry that seems to me immeasurably in advance of what used to be written fifteen or twenty-five years ago. First of all poets in this country, as it seems to me, is Robert Frost. I don't think it is altogether because I am a New Englander that I find his Puritan strength and restrained fire so splendid. The first time I saw his poetry practically finished any idea I might have had that I could write verses worth reading. His masterpiece — 'The Death of the Hired Man,' 'The Self Seeker,' the prize poem called 'Snow,' and half a dozen others just barely less powerful and beautiful, give me more delight than anything else of American poets I ever read. Nothing I've ever read (or heard the author read) by Vachel Lindsay seems to me so fine as his great poem, 'General William Booth Enters Into Heaven.' Of all the numbers of Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry* which I have seen, the one containing that poem seems to me the best number by far. Of course, 'The Congo' and 'The Chinese Nightingale' are wonderful, conceived in a burst of genius: — I don't see how they can ever be forgotten, —

but I feel that they are diffuse. Lincoln Colcord wrote one or two great poems which I have seen and which reverberate in my mind. But I think I should place next to Mr. Frost, in my own mind, Edgar Lee Masters. Some of the epitaphs in 'Spoon River Anthology,' I think memorably beautiful, as beautiful as the conception of the whole is bold and bizarre.

"Well, there it is, perhaps; the notion of modern American poetry which I have is that it is splendidly bold, individual and inquisitive. It recognizes no 'field' for poetry. 'The field is the world.' I tried to sum it up in a piece of verse some years ago.

"Its influence and future. I feel rather in a receptive mood as regards those questions. I hope it will have an influence, in time, something like the influence of Jane Addams — gentle, fearless, immeasurably open to ideas, humane to the inmost core, full of the spirit of that saying of Froude's, 'But the heart must often correct the follies of the head.'

"Perhaps it will seem a whimsical notion if I say that it has a great field in some day trying to interpret animal psychology — and in so doing, gentling the world in its rawest, most brutal spot.

"And I have a dream of it, too, so painting the future co-operative earth that they help to bring it to pass.

"I love free verse no better than rhymed, but I think it is more candid."

Miss Cleghorn is a descendant of Scotch and New England parents. She has lived almost all of her life in the village of Manchester, Vermont, which her ancestors helped to settle. She studied at Radcliffe in 1895-96, and her verses have been published in a small book called "Portraits and Protests."

In a study of our American poets there is timely interest in Miss Cleghorn's lines from "*My Muse Among the Young Poets*":

I said to my faded old Muse,
"What means this hectic color in your cheek?
Why do you wear that Liberty cap?
And what are you looking down the road to see?"

My Muse did not answer.

It seemed that she was not listening.

There was a rout of young poets coming, singing and shouting
up the road.

She called out to them,

"O let me hear you with a hundred ears!

Throw off that old corset of rhyme!

Toss to the winds that old delicate finicking vocabulary!"

"What, what, my Muse?—what are you saying?"

"Take the whole brawny and beautiful English language,

And all its irregular colors and harmonies

To paint nude the meanings of our time.

Paint imbecile war, embruted labor,—

The confused glorious passion for togetherness,—

Art still-born in the purlieus of poverty,

And art triumphant, militant and fearless;—

Paint the whole rape of manhood by wealth the lecher;

Paint the escape and defiance of manhood to wealth!

Paint naked our crimes against animals,

And our sweating fight for the hindmost."

"Hush, Muse, back to the desk, and write salable verses on
autumn winds and Italian gardens."

Neither then did she hear me: but she went on,

"Let who will, envy and long

For the unborn poets of the Commonwealth,

With their far more lucid beauty and clearer fire.

Dearer to me are you, my own poets,

Shouting freedom and fury!

My heart would burst.

If I should ever rejoice more than now I rejoice in you."

"My Muse, how comely you look, and how youthful, all of
a sudden!"

"Thank God that I ever was born!"

ALICE BROWN

Poems, plays and stories, all of distinctive merit, have come from Alice Brown. Born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, December 5, 1857, and graduated from the Robinson

Seminary at Exeter, N. H., in 1876, Miss Brown was not long in making her genius felt not only in New England but throughout the entire country. With simple words she sets down such gems of verse as "Revelation":

Down in the meadow, sprent with dew,
I saw the Very God
Look from a flower's limpid blue,
Child of a starveling sod.

As for the descriptive poetry of Miss Brown, it would be difficult to surpass these lines from "*Morning in Camp*":

Above spice-budded tops of fringing firs,
The shimmering birches, delicate ministers
To eye's delight, and o'er the deepening rose
Of the still lake, a soundless shade she goes.
What shall withstand her? Not the mountain wall
Where the first potencies of dawning fall,
Touching and moulding till awakes a flower,
A jewelled heart of light, a throne of power.
Not all the barriers of rock and stream;
For who hath caught the swift, evanished gleam
Of Beauty's mantle hath the charmed eye
Fated to follow wheresoe'er she fly.
O happy soul! led only by the voice
That bids her turn to some more wondrous choice!
Upon the herby field she sets her foot;
Staying, she listens there to creeping root;
Blesses the opening bud, and smells the mould,
Sinks in a fern-bed where faint coils, unrolled,
Etch on the air a curving tracery
None but the morning's postulant may see.
She steals great gospels from a sphere of dew,
That little globe where ancient lore lies new;
And while her tenderest fibres wake and stir,
The realm o'er which she reigns reconquers her.
Prostrate she falls in worship high and lone;
She swoons with rapture by the altar-stone.
God and the world, — they are the dual Great,
And through her dust are they communicate.

Miss Brown makes her home in Boston. Her works include the following titles:

"Fools of Nature," "Meadow-Grass," "By Oak and Thorn," "Life of Mercy Otis Warren," "The Road to Castaly," "The Day of His Youth," "Robert Louis Stevenson," "Tiverton Tales," "King's End," "Margaret Warren," "The Mannerings," "High Noon," "Paradise," "The County Road," "The Court of Love," "Rose MacLeod," "The Story of Thyrza," "Country Neighbors," "John Winterbourne's Family," "The One-Footed Fairy," "The Secret of the Clan," "Vanishing Points," "Robin Hood's Barn," "My Love and I," "Children of Earth," "The Prisoner," "Bromley Neighborhood," and an appreciation of Louise Imogen Guiney.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

Anna Hempstead Branch was awarded the first of *The Century* prizes to be given college graduates in a best poem contest. The title of this prize-winning poem was "*The Road 'Twixt Heaven and Hell*," which gave Miss Branch a place high among American poets.

In "The Masque of Poets," edited by Edward J. O'Brien, Miss Branch's contribution was "*The Name*," which concludes with these stirring lines:

Love, by this Name I sing, and breathe
A fresh, mysterious air.

By this I innocently wreath
New garlands for my hair.

By this Name I am born anew
More beautiful, more bright.
More roseate than angelic dew,
Apparelled in delight.

I'll sing and stitch and make the bread
In the wonder of my Name,
And sun the linen for the bed
And tend the fireside flame.

By this Name do I answer yes —
Word beautiful and true.
By this I'll sew the bridal dress
I shall put on for you.

Anna Hempstead Branch was born at New London, Connecticut, and is a graduate of Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn, Smith College, and the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

Miss Branch's works include "The Heart of the Road," "The Shoes That Danced," "Nimrod and Other Poems," and "Rose of the Wind," a play produced in Carnegie Lyceum in 1907.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

"The Piper" is another prize-winning piece of writing, for, with this play, Josephine Preston Peabody obtained the Stratford-on-Avon prize in 1910. It was produced in England and a year later in America.

Among the shorter poems of this poet is "*A Song of Solomon*," selected by Miss Monroe for "The New Poetry, An Anthology."

King Solomon was the wisest man
Of all that have been kings.
He built an House unto the Lord;
And he sang of creeping things.

Of creeping things, of things that fly
Or swim within the seas;
Of the little weed along the wall,
And of the cedar-trees.

And happier he, without mistake,
Than all men since alive.
God's House he built; and he did make
A thousand songs and five.

Josephine Preston Peabody was born in New York. She was married to Lionel Simeon Marks in June, 1906. Her home is at Cambridge, Mass.

Her writings include "Old Greek Folk-Stories," "The Wayfarers," "Fortune and Men's Eyes," "Marlowe," "The Singing Leaves," "Pan, a Choric Idyl," "The Wings," "The Book of the Little Past," "The Piper," "The Singing Man," "The Wolf of Gubbio," and "Harvest Moon."

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Olive Tilford Dargan was born in Grayson County, Kentucky. She taught school in Arkansas, Mexico, Texas and Canada until her marriage to Pegram Dargan.

In 1916 she was awarded the \$500 prize by the Southern Society of New York for the best book by a Southern writer.

Contributor to numerous magazines, Mrs. Dargan has won a large following. "*Fatherland*" was her share to Edward J. O'Brien's "The Masque of Poets."

Come fingered as a friend, O Death!

Unfrock me, flesh and bone;
These frills of smile and moan,
These laces, traces, all unpin;
These veins that net me in,
This ever lassoing breath,
Remove from me,
If here is aught to free!

To know these hills nor wait for feet!

O Earth, to be thy child at last!
Thy roads all mine, and no white gate
Inevitably fast!

To enter where thy banquets are

When storms are called to feast;
And find thy hidden pantry stair
When Spring with thee would guest;

Into thine attic windows step
From humbled Himalays,
And round thy starry cornice creep
Waylaying deities;

Though for my hand
Space hold out spheres like roses, and
Like country lanes her orbits blow —
My Earth, I know,
If thou be green and blossom still,
That I must downward go;
Leave stars to keep
House as they will;
The winds to walk or turn and sleep,
Seas to spare or kill;
Behind my back shall sunsets burn
Bereft of my concern;
Each wonder passed
Shall feed my haste,
Till I have paused, as now,
Beneath a bending orchard bough, —
An April apple-bough,
Where southern waters creep.

Mrs. Dargan is the author of "Semiramis and Other Plays," "Lords and Lovers," "The Mortal Gods and Other Dramas," "The Cycle's Rim," and "Path Flower," adjudged by some critics to be her best book of verse. "Lute and Furrow" was published in 1922. A poem from this book is re-printed in the appendix.

CHAPTER XV

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, EDGAR GUEST, BERTON BRALEY, THOMAS
A. DALY, ANTHONY EUWER, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, JOHN
CURTIS UNDERWOOD, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, ARTHUR
GUITERMAN

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PERHAPS you have seen this graceful and pleasant little poem. It has been reprinted in numerous newspapers and magazines throughout the country:

A CHARM

O wood, burn bright; O flame, be quick;
O smoke, draw cleanly up the flue—
My lady chose your every brick
And sets her dearest hopes on you!

Logs cannot burn, nor tea be sweet,
Nor white bread turn to crispy toast,
Until your charm be made complete
By love, to lay the sooty ghost.

And then, dear books, dear waiting chairs,
Dear china and mahogany,
Draw close, for on the happy stairs
My brown-eyed girl comes down for tea!

It is dedicated "for our new fireplace, to stop its smoking," and was one of a popular volume of poems which made up "Songs for a Little House," by Christopher Morley, who,

before this publication, had gained something of a name for himself with his book-reading-propaganda novelette, "Parnassus on Wheels."

In "Songs for a Little House" some critics found Morley inclined toward the sentimental, but generally it was accorded a warm welcome as a volume of merit and promise of finer things to come.

Concerning Christopher Morley, the following statistics are set down by Morley himself:

"Born May 5, 1890, at Haverford, Pa. My father is a mathematician and a poet, my mother is a musician and a fine cook and a poet, so you see I was handicapped by intellectual society and good nourishment. I have always yearned to be a poet, but will never get anywhere because I fall into the happy slough of mediocrity. I can't write either badly enough or well enough to dull the abhorred shears. My chief trouble is that I am too well fed. Great literature proceeds from an empty stomach.

"Most of my boyhood was spent in miscellaneous deviltry in Baltimore, ringing doorbells and putting out purses on the pavement with strings to them. Most of the money I see still has a string tied to it, and some one else has hold of the string. I never thought of cudgelling the muse until I went to college at Haverford, which is just a mile from Bryn Mawr. Enough said. The nymphs of Bryn Mawr are responsible for more juvenile verse in eastern Pennsylvania than the statisticians dream. When I was eighteen I had an idea that if I could only write a poem a day for twenty years, the world would be made safe for Helicon.

"I graduated from Haverford in 1910, and a benevolent posse of college presidents in Maryland sent me to New College, Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar.

"At Oxford I learned to drink shandygaff.

"I came home from England in 1913 and started work for Doubleday, Page & Company. At Garden City I learned to read Conrad and McFee.

Commenting on Mr. Morley's second book of verse, pub-

lished in 1919, "Lon Macduff," a *nom de guerre* for the facile Burton Rascoe, writes the following:

"The Rocking Horse" [Doran], Christopher Morley's new book of jingles, is mentionable only by reason of the edifying humility of the accurate title. When Mr. Morley asks,

'Why is my muse so weak of wing,
My bag of rhymes so light?'

there reëchoes in my ear my boxing instructor's reply when I asked him why my left jab always failed to reach his ribs: 'You haven't got the nut, bo; you haven't got the nut.'

"But now I shouldn't like to suggest that Mr. Morley is mentally unqualified to write poetry. Rather would I hint that so long as he soaks his temperament with the treacle of homely sentiment and mistakes his tin whistle for a lyre or for a mandolute, it were better that he leave his printed mush unclipped from the files of that newspaper column to which he signs the incredible pseudonym 'Socrates.'"

Writes John V. A. Weaver in *The Brooklyn Eagle*:

"Impression after reading Christopher Morley's 'Chimneysmoke,' 1921:

"Corned beef and cabbage in a luster pot, tied up with baby ribbon; 'Two Little Girls in Blue' and 'Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets' and 'My Little Gray Home in the West,' played upon daddy's best comb, around which is wrapped a bill from a delicatessen; rubber plants, the 5:32, goloshes, parcel racks, the cartoons of Briggs, Hill and McCutcheon, wall mottos, 'The Wife,' 'Friend Husband,' carpet slippers, and the old pipe, 'In Our Love Nest,' player-pianos, phonographs, intimate articles of children's apparel, smugness, subdivisions—

"Suburbia! Suburbia!"

"DICTUM—*Art is for the aristocrat.*

"In America, 99,999 out of every 100,000 persons will love these fumes from the homebrew. Mr. Morley knows his public.

"Here is a typical example of how he gives them what they crave:

LIGHT VERSE

*At night the gas lamps light our street,
Electric lights our homes;*

* * * * *

*But one illumination still
Is brighter far, and sweeter;
It is not figured in a bill,
Nor measured by a meter.*

*More bright than lights that money buys,
More pleasing to discerners,
The shining lights of Helen's eyes,
Those lovely double-burners!*

EDGAR GUEST

There is nothing pretentious about the writings of Edgar Guest, but he handles so ably themes of everyday that he has been rightly called "the poet of the people."

Guest is a newspaper poet. R. Marshall, an old-time newspaper man of Detroit, writes of him:

"One bleak winter morning back in 1894, a thirteen-year-old boy walked into a Detroit drug store where he said that he could shine soda-water glasses to such a polished state of brilliance that the customers would have to wear yellow goggles, thus making one department of the business feed another department. This lad was Edgar A. Guest.

"Every night after school Eddie attacked that soda fountain with such fervor that by supper time it shone like a fire-engine. It was only a question of time when such fine enthusiasm would attract attention outside of the business organization that profited by it. So when Dave Robbins, who ran a rival store down on Third Avenue, offered Eddie a position that carried a more princely hire, Eddie resigned his old job and waited upon trade at the Robbins store.

"One of the customers of the Robbins fountain was a bookkeeper in the employ of *The Detroit Free Press*. To him the youthful Guest confided his ambition to be a reporter, and so, in the summer of 1895, when they needed a boy in the business department of the paper, the bookkeeper pulled the wires and Eddie got the job.

"William E. Quinby, lately returned to the editorial chair from his ministerial duties at The Hague, took an interest in the new office boy, and when a vacancy occurred on 'the local staff,' Eddie was made a reporter and started his career behind the scenes of the city's life. In course of time he was transferred temporarily to the exchange desk — and there's another joy that most of us in the workaday world shall never know and can never appreciate.

"Eddie read exchanges and clipped and pasted many a printed column to be grabbed frantically by the profane foreman of the composing room to plug a hole on page six when the town's foremost haberdasher fell down in his laudable intention to come through with double-column advertising copy instead of single.

"And it was in this stuffy, littered little room one day that a poetry microbe wriggled out from between one of Marse Henry Watterson's virile editorials and bit Eddie Guest good and proper. Eddie started to write verse and more verse, and those that got into print were read and were then cut out and preserved in family albums.

"At odd times, between fire alarms, Eddie wrote verse and shortly started publishing it once a week in a column under the heading 'Chaff.' When he felt epigrammatical he wrote paragraphs — those bits of wit, humor, and pathos that the editor runs after his editorials, as a sort of goal toward which the reader will plod through the dreary waste of wisdom-laden words. These he headed 'Homely and Home Made.' A little later, his column of verse became a regular weekly feature, appearing every Monday morning under the heading 'Blue Monday Chat.'

"So the malady that started a year or two before waxed to

a fever, and the time came when they took Eddie off the crime beat and ordered him to be funny for a column every day. He collaborated with the various artists on the paper and wrote most of the feature stuff for the Sunday edition. Those readers who found amusement in the writings of A. N. Benedict, G. A. Edwards, Mr. Mutt (long before Bud Fisher created him) and Charlie the Barber would probably have laughed just as loud, or maybe louder, had they known that Eddie Guest was writing it all. And maybe they'd have laughed still louder had they known that he was dubbed A. N. Benedict at that time because that's what he was. He married Miss Nellie Crossman in 1906.

"From that time to this, Eddie Guest has written daily for *The Free Press* a column of verse and anecdotes and epigrams and what-not published under the heading 'Breakfast Table Chat.'"

Although born in Birmingham, England, on August 20, 1881, Guest merits the right of a place in this volume by reason of the fact that his poems are strictly American. He came to America, more specifically to Detroit, Michigan, with his parents in 1891, and in 1895 joined the staff of *The Detroit Free Press*. It was ten years later that he began to write an original column for this paper, and, as he expresses it, "I have been at it ever since." He has published three books of verse, "Home Rhymes," "Just Glad Things," and "Breakfast Table Chat," and in 1916 the Reilly & Britton Company introduced him to a larger public, with "A Heap o' Livin'," followed with "Just Folks," and in March, 1918, "Over Here," a collection of war-time rhymes now re-titled "Poems of Patriotism"; 1919, "The Path to Home"; 1921, "When Day is Done" and 1922, "All That Matters" and a prose volume, "Making the House a Home."

"American poets," says Mr. Guest, "have inspired millions of Americans with love for the ideals of democracy, and are today crystallizing in the beauty of their songs the splendor of unselfish, patriotic service. Its future is rich with opportunity. Many fine minds are turning to poetry as the medium which best expresses their thoughts, and the great mass of American

readers is finding in American poetry the mirror of themselves."

Guest is particularly well known for his poems about children, although his poem "*Home*" is perhaps the best loved.

HOME

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used — they've grown into yer heart:
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb-marks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice
dumb.

Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are
dried,

Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at yer always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more — ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' some one dear

Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome;
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

BERTON BRALEY

Of various collected volumes of verse of Berton Braley's, none offers a more interesting study of this popular poet than "A Banjo at Armageddon." This book is divided into five parts, subtitled "*In the 'Big Show'.*" "*Open Air Ballads.*" "*City Ballads.*" "*Farce and Frivol.*" and "*Ballads of the Workaday Adventures.*"

His concluding paragraph in "*America Speaks*" demonstrates his ability as interpreter of American patriotism:

I know my sons; the grand old strain is in them,
And they will never fail me in my need,
But talk of fame and glory will not win them
For "no heroics" is their quiet creed;

They'll jest at service in a cynic manner
And swear that guns would make them flee pell-mell,
And yet I know they'd bear my starry banner
If need be, through the very fires of hell!

Berton Braley was born in Madison, Wisconsin, January 29, 1882. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1905 and was married to Marion A. Rubincam of Philadelphia in 1915. As journalist and poet he has contributed about five thousand poems and three hundred short stories to numerous magazines and newspapers throughout this country.

Included in his works are "Sonnets of a Freshman," "Oracle on Smoke," "Sonnets of a Suffragette," "Songs of a Workaday World," "Things as They Are," and "A Banjo at Armageddon."

THOMAS A. DALY

Thomas Augustine Daly — T. A. Daly, Litt. D., poet, humorist, lecturer, newspaper writer — all are one and the same.

To begin at the beginning and according to Harry Dunbar, Thomas Daly and his "Pegasus" made their dual début as follows: "A dozen years ago there appeared in the East a new light. Since then millions of readers of newspapers and magazines have come to know 'Carlotta,' 'Giuseppe,' and 'Tony,' not as dumb and soulless 'dagoes,' but as honest, industrious, lovable, but new-made Americans; and myriads of delighted readers have welcomed, too, the clever Irish poems from the pen of America's newest dialectician, Thomas Augustine Daly, while hundreds of audiences have heard Mr. Daly in author's recitals and humorous addresses.

"As the spokesman for these Americans of the first generation, as their interpreter and friend, we honor the genius of a countryman, and thus we honor ourselves. Mr. Daly's poems are among the brightest gems of recent literature, and it is because of them that Fordham University conferred upon the poet the degree of Doctor of Letters. It would not surprise his friends if a similar honor were to come to him from abroad. An American literary man traveling in England recently wrote: 'I must tell you that while I was stopping in Oxford the other day I found a warm admirer of T. A. Daly among the dons of the University, a Mr. Osborne by name, who has developed quite a Daly cult among the undergraduates.'

"As a humorist Mr. Daly has won unqualified distinction, having been made president of the American Press Humorists' Association, and recognized by practically every metropolitan newspaper as one of the cleverest of humorous speakers. He is a member of the famous 'Players' and 'Authors' Clubs of New York and of the 'Poetry Society of America.'"

Mr. Daly begins his book "Carmina" with "*Two 'Mericana Men.*" This poem denotes his favorite style and theme:

Beeg Irish cop dat walks hees beat
 By dees peanutta stan',
 First two, t'ree week we'en we are meet
 Ees call me "Dagoman."
 An' w'en he see how mad I gat,
 Wheech eesa pleass heem, too,
 Wan day he say: "W'at's matter dat,
 Ain't 'Dago' name for you?
 Dat's 'Mericana name, you know,
 For man from Eetaly;
 Eet es no harm for call you so,
 Den why be mad weeth me?"
 First time he talka deesa way
 I am too mad for speak,
 But nexta time I justa say:
 "All righta, Meester Meeck!"

O! my, I nevva hear bayfore
 Sooch langwadge like he say;
 An' he don't look at me no more
 For mebbe two, t'ree day.
 But pretta soon agen I see
 Dees beeg poleecaman
 Dat com' an' growl an' say to me:
 "Hallo, Eyetalian!
 Now, mebbe so you gon' deny
 Dat dat's a name for you."
 I smila back an' mak' reply:
 "No, Irish, dat's a true."
 "Ha! Joe," he cry, "you theenk dat we
 Should call you 'Merican?"
 "Dat's gooda 'nough," I say, "for me,
 Eef dat's w'at you are, Dan."

So now all times we speaka so
 Like gooda 'Merican:
 He say to me, "Good morna, Joe,"
 I say, "Good morna, Dan."

Mr. Daly's first book, "Canzoni," was issued in 1906, and the poet was greeted with applause by the critics. Colonel

Roosevelt, then President, was one of the first to acclaim him. "Your poems," he wrote, "are charming. I am particularly pleased with 'The Song of the Thrush,' and I hope you'll give us many more like it."

"Canzoni" is now in its fifteenth thousand, and his other books have also become "standards" in the book-shops. "Carmina," published by the John Lane Company, of New York and London, is now in its seventh thousand, and the same is true of "Madrigali," published in 1912 by David McKay, Philadelphia. In the last year, 1913, the Devin-Adair Company of New York City, brought out his "Little Polly's Pomes" and David McKay published "Songs of Wedlock" in 1916.

The following letter from Mr. Daly to the author is a "close-up" of interest:

"It's sweet of you to invite me to your party, and I'll be glad of a chance to show off my best clothes. Or would you prefer that I be just naturally comic?

"I rather balk at the autobiographical stuff, but if everybody's doing it, I won't spoil the procession. I can tell you 'most anything you'd care to hear.

"I like all kinds of life and fun, but I have my serious moods and sometimes take myself ditto-ly. I am a newspaper poet because I have elected to be and not because of a landslide of magazine rejection-slips against me. I naturally believe the bulk of America's output of newspaper verse assays more gold to the ton than the magazine poetry shows. I like a lot of things that I have done, but you haven't time to listen. You should hear chanted in my own deep and expressive voice my 'Song of the Thrush' (Irish), 'The Birth of Tam O'Shanter' and 'Ode to a Thrush' (English undefiled); 'Da Leetla Boy' and 'The Audience' (Italian-American). I've written one really good sonnet, 'To a Tenant,' and ever so many ballades, rondeaux, etc. But this is enough, surely.

"I'm very fond of other poets, but not when they get together — say at the aviary in Gramercy Park — to sing competitively and pick each other's feathers. I like Shakespeare

and Whitcomb Riley, the two kits (Marlowe and Morley), Shelley and Marquis, Keats and Masfield, all the Elizabethans—in fact, everybody who ever sang even one wood note wild.”

And just to make this biography complete, Daly was born in Philadelphia, May 28, 1871, and was educated at public schools, Villanova College, Pa., and Fordham University to the close of the sophomore year, 1889.

ANTHONY EUWER

Anthony Euwer is known for his original work, “The Limeratomy,” an unusual essay into the too seldom explored fields of the limerick. But in spite of the popularity of this book, it is perhaps for “*Wings*,” made popular in Liberty Loan campaigns, that he has become best known. From it these lines are quoted:

If wings will help our men to see
Some Boche's belching battery,
Unloosing from a screen of trees
Its screeching death upon the breeze —
Or help our giant guns to search
With truer aim each hidden perch
Of Teuton guns, and make them meek
Ere they again may chance to speak —
If wings, oh, God, will do these things,
Then give us wings.

If great destroying wings might stay
Munitions on their hurried way,
Or hold a reinforcement back
By dropping ruin on its track,
Or yet set free the pent-up hell
Of depots filled with shot and shell,
Or swiftly give eternal sleep
To ships that prowls the nether deep —
If wings, oh, God, will do these things,
Then give us wings and still more wings. . . .

Anthony Henderson Euwer was born in Alleghany, Pa., February 11, 1877. He studied at Shadyside Academy, Pittsburgh, Princeton, and at the New York School of Expression and American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He makes his home in New York when not on poetry-reading tours.

The writings of Mr. Euwer include "Rickety Rimes and Riginaro," "Christopher Cricket on Cats," "Rhymes of Our Valley," and "Wings and other War Rhymes."

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Charles Hanson Towne, is entitled to no inconsiderable credit among American poets for his numerous contributions of verse to leading American magazines.

"*To One in Heaven*," published in *Good Housekeeping*, presents Mr. Towne in one of his most able moods:

After you died, a few stray letters came,
Bearing your name.
A friend across the sea
Wrote with the old light laughter; tenderly
She wished that you were with her, never knowing
That now for you the winds of heaven were blowing;
That you were faring to a distant bourne,
Whence your white feet would nevermore return.

And then there came,
Like little bundles of flame,
Bright-colored ribbons—red, and yellow, and blue,
Samples from some gay shop, dainty as you.
A bit of lace, a bit of gossamer,
A rainbow sheaf, like dreams that never were.
And when I saw them, through my blinding tears,
I thought of your bright years,
Your love of all this filmy green and gold—
And your brief story told.

I hope the angels give you your desire,
O little heart of fire —
Give you the fairy garments that you crave
Even beyond the grave!
You would not be quite happy in your new place
Without your golden lace,
Without those little, trivial, tender things
The looms wove out of dim imaginings.
For you loved feathery textures, airy spinnings,
Like cobwebs from the world's remote beginnings;
Soft stuffs as fleecy as the clouds above,
That grew more lovely for your lovely love.

Who knows but now your wings may be of fleece,
Your robe of some fine fabric made of these:
Rainbows and star-dust and a lost moonbeam,
And a white thought from Lady Mary's dream
Of that first moment when she knew that One
Would live through her. . . . Is this your garment spun
From rapture at the living loom of heaven?
O little angel-maid, God's gifts are freely given!

Mr. Towne is the author of "The Quiet Singer and Other Poems," "Manhattan," "Youth, and Other Poems," "The Tumble Man," with M. Mayer; "A Love Garden" and "An April" in collaboration with H. Clough-Leigher, and "A Lover in Damascus," "Five Little Japanese Songs," "A Dream of Egypt," and "The Little Princess" in collaboration with Amy Woodforde-Finden.

Charles Hanson Towne was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on February 2, 1877, and was educated in the public schools of New York and attended the College of the City of New York for one year.

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

Poet of the chorus girl, the motion picture star, the strap-hanger, and all those various types that make up the everyday life, is John Curtis Underwood. Insurgent though he is,

he has a knack of portraying the soul of the tenderloin in a realistic, graphic fashion.

In his poem "*Central*" he writes:

Though men may build their bridges high and plant their piers
below the sea,
And drive their trains across the sky; a higher task is left to me.
I bridge the void 'twixt soul and soul; I bring the longing lovers
near.
I draw you to your spirit's goal. I serve the ends of fraud
and fear.

The older fates sat in the sun. The cords they spun were short
and slight.

I set my stitches one by one, where life electric fetters night

Till it outstrips the planet's speed, and out of darkness leaps
today;

And men in Maine shall hear and heed a voice from San Francisco Bay.

He has published four volumes of poems: "*The Iron Muse*" (1910), "*Americans*" (1912), "*Processionals*" (1915), and "*War Flames*" (1917).

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Whatever one may think of the merits of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's writings, that had so wide a newspaper circulation, certainly here was a woman whose prolific pen made her known to thousands of people who would hardly be classed as orthodox poetry readers.

As a commercial venture Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verse was a decided success, and an admirable medium of increased circulation for *The New York Journal* and allied Hearst publications, for which papers she was an editorial writer and contributor for a number of years.

It was with the publication of "Poems of Passion" that Mrs. Wilcox enlarged her following of readers, and while much water has run under the bridge since this was published, there is a noticeable improvement in her latest book "Sonnets of Sorrows and Triumph." For example, the second stanza in that section of the book bearing "Sonnets of Sorrow":

I know my heart has always been devout,
And faith burned in me like a clear white flame.
There was no room among my thoughts for doubt.
Though hopes were thwarted and though sorrows came,
God seemed a living Presence, kind and just,
And ever near. Yea, even in great grief
When parents, friends and offspring turned to dust
He stood beside me, refuge and relief.

But when one hideous night you went away
Deaf to my cry and to my pleadings dumb,
You took God with you. Now in vain I pray
And beg Him to return: He does not come:
Nor has He sent one Angel from His horde
To comfort me with some convincing word.

Here is a real and universal experience for a theme, and this book comes nearest to vital writing of all that Mrs. Wilcox has done. Edward N. Teall, writing in *The New York Sun*, says: "The 'sonnet sequence' in good hands is very high art, and less capably managed it can get pretty low. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's 'Sonnets of Sorrow' attain a lofty level — the paradox is harmless — in plumbing the depths of a heart's despair. Her 'Sonnets of Triumph,' continuing the paradox, are on a much lower plane of art in measuring the sad soul's upward recovery."

"The sorrow, if not more genuine than the joy, is at least better founded; for it rests upon the universal experience of the bereft, while the joy springs from the thin soil of spiritualism. The collection of poems — not all of them sonnets — has true logical consequence, and that is a major merit. The

individual poems have certain characteristic and easily recognizable ellawheelerwilcoxian defects of technique. Equally characteristic is the mixture of easy sentiment and cheap hyperbole with truly noble feeling and phraseology."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was born in Johnstown Centre, Wisconsin, in 1855. She was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and married Robert M. Wilcox in 1884. She died abroad in 1920.

Her works include the following:

"An Ambitious Man," "Poems of Pleasure," "A Woman of the World," "A Double Life," "Three Women," "Poems of Sentiment," "Drops of Water," "Kingdom of Love," "New Thought, Common Sense, and What Life Means to Me," "Sweet Danger," "An Erring Woman's Love," "The Love Sonnets of Abelard and Heloise," "Was It Suicide?" "Men, Women and Emotion," "Poems of Progress and New Thought Pastels," "Everyday Thoughts," "The Beautiful Land of Nod," "Sailing Sunny Seas," "Poems of Passion," "People of Power," "Gems," "Maurine," "Around the Year With Ella Wheeler Wilcox," "Picked Poems," "Women of the World" and "The Worlds and I."

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Arthur Guiterman has made his poetry known to thousands through his contributions to *Life*.

"Though of American parentage," says Mr. Guiterman, "I was born, November 20, 1871, in Vienna, Austria, my name being registered as that of a newly-arrived citizen of the United States at the American consulate at the time. The family returned to New York when I was two years old, so I haven't any European recollections. I was educated mainly at Grammar School 69, and at the College of the City of New York, from which I was graduated in 1891. I'm only a plain B.A., but they saw fit to elect me to Phi Beta Kappa a couple of years ago.

"I stumbled into journalism and various editorial jobs, but have been out of harness for a dozen years or so, devoting myself almost exclusively to writing verse. For the last nine years I have been the principal contributor of verse to *Life*, and I suppose that I am popularly known as the originator of 'Rhymed Reviews' and other humorous metrical stunts in that paper. But don't try to pigeon-hole me in any compartment, or I'll fool you; because I have always written, and shall continue to write, on any theme that interests me or fills me with enthusiasm, and in whatever style happens."

Mr. Guiterman's works include: "Betel Nuts," "Guest Book," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Orestes" (with André Tridon), "The Laughing Muse," and "The Mirthful Lyre." Among his most popular ballads are the titles of "The Call to the Colors," "The Rush of the Oregon," "Quivira," "The Storm Ship," "Sleepy Hollow," "Haarlem Heights," "The Ballad of John Paul Jones," "The Quest of the Ribband," "The Legend of the First Cam-u-el," and "This Is She." In the fable of the "*Beaver and the Chick-a-dee*" there is a lesson that many moderns should take to heart:

A melancholy Beaver
Resided by a rill;
He either had a fever
Or else he had a chill;

For Mental Inquisition
Had filled him full of dole
About his Earthly Mission
Or his Eternal Soul.

In June, instead of basking
Or helping build the dam,
He vexed his conscience, asking
"Why Is It That I am?"

"Ballads of Old New York" was published by Mr. Guiterman in 1920 and "A Ballad-Maker's Pack" (Harpers) in 1922.

CHAPTER XVI

MARGARET WIDDEMER, CLEMENT WOOD,
HERMANN HAGEDORN, FRANCIS CARLIN, RIDGELY TORRENCE,
HARRY KEMP

MARGARET WIDDEMER

FEW poets of today are so fortunate in selecting titles for their respective works as is Margaret Widdemer. Her most recent volume of verse, "The Old Road to Paradise," has music in its name, and Miss Widdemer has written no finer poem than the one from which this book takes its title.

*Ours is a dark Easter-tide,
And a scarlet Spring,
But high up at Heaven-Gate
All the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies
Returning to their King.*

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose,
Dusk's an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn
Gay they wind and twist;
The old road to Paradise
Easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battlefields,
Few the roadways wind,
One to grief, one to death
No road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise
Plain it is to find!

*(Martin in his Colonel's cloak,
Joan in her mail,
David with his crown and sword—
None there be that fail—
Down the road to Paradise
Stand to greet and hail!)*

Where the dark's a terror-thing,
Morn a hope doubt-tossed.
Where the lads lie thinking long
Out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again
Long ago they lost:

Where the night comes cruelly,
Where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones
Whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battlefields
Comes to lead His own:

*Ours is a sad Easter-tide,
And a woeful day,
But high up at Heaven-Gate
The saints are all gay,
For the old road to Paradise,
That's a crowded way!*

Critics have found this to be one of the finest war-inspired poems; certainly it has been a popular one, and it is a just example of Miss Widdemer's beautiful imaginative work.

Margaret Widdemer was born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was educated at home. She is popular as novelist as well as poet.

Columbia University divided the Poetry Society prize of \$500 for the best volume of verse published by an American author during the calendar year of 1918 between Margaret Widdemer and Carl Sandburg.

Her other volumes of published verse are "Factories and

Other Poems," "The Haunted Hour," "Cross Currents" (1921) and an inimitable satire on contemporary poets — "A Tree With a Bird In It," in 1922.

In the following poems I find Miss Widdemer's talents at perhaps their best:

COWARDICE

I could find my own townsmen
If I could only speak
Of our own true country
That day by day we seek;

But when I speak of my country
Where my treasure lies
Many men have dumb lips
Or mocking in their eyes;

They only know of places
Where they can sell or lend,
Not of rose-red fountains
That sing at the moon's end;

And yet I have met those
Twice upon a day
Who know where the white garden shines
Where laughing ones stay

And four who knew the golden bees
Who build the silver comb
That hides the farthest secret
That lies most near at home;

And once I spoke with one who knew
All the things I said
Of woods where emerald mocking-birds
Fly about your head;

And yet I keep my lips close
On all that I could tell
And try to speak the tongue of those
Who live to buy and sell,

And still my lips are starved to speak
Of white tree and wave . . .
And I could find my own townsmen
If only I were brave!

IRONY

I always wanted
A little carved bowl
With grapes at its edges
And gilt on the whole
And a daffodil garden
And a singing soul.

I wanted gold rings
And a silken dress
And a friend who knew
What no others could guess
And a very great
Gold Happiness.

I never have had
The silken gown,
And no gold Happiness
Ever came down
To be my shelter
And my shining crown,

Nor a daffodil garden
Nor a singing soul
Nor ever a friend
Who knew me whole . . .
But today someone gave me
A little carved bowl.

Surely here is a poet who has much to say, whose words and phrases are of happy choosing, whose sense of colour is effective and whose beauty of line seems wrought in the depths of an understanding soul.

CLEMENT WOOD

Poetry, tennis and life — these, according to his own declaration, are the interests of Clement Wood, whose first volume of verse, "Glad of Earth," was published early in 1917.

In *The Newarker* appeared one of Mr. Wood's most significant poems, which he calls "*The Smithy of God, a Chant*," which concludes as follows:

But still I labor and bend and toil,
Shaping anew the stuff I spoil;
And out of the smothering din and grime
I forge a city for all time:
A city beautiful and clean,
With wide sweet avenues of green,
With gracious homes and houses of trade,
Where souls as well as things are made.

I forge a people fit to dwell
Unscathed in the hottest heart of hell,
And fit to shine, erect and straight,
When we shall see His kingdom come
On earth, over all of Christendom, —
And I stand up, shining and great,
Lord of an unforeseen estate.
Then I will cry, and clearly then,
I am Newark, forger of men.

Clement Wood was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, September 1, 1888. He resides in New York.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Hermann Hagedorn is engaged in writing and farming.

"*To the Makers of Song*," with which William Stanley Braithwaite began his "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917," Mr. Hagedorn writes:

Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again!
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.

Long as the winter, long our lips were dumb,
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.
Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again!

The Spring! — with bugles and a rumbling drum!
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,
Now is the hour with singing to make vain
The boasts of kings in Pandemonium!

Surely the time for making songs has come!

Born in New York City on July 18, 1882, Mr. Hagedorn was educated at Bedford Academy, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, The Hill School, and Harvard University. His home is at Sunnypot Farm, Fairfield, Connecticut.

FRANCIS CARLIN

Under the title of "The New Floor-Walker Poet Genius," William Stanley Braithwaite, writing in *The Boston Transcript*, of Francis Carlin, says: "Most Irish poets, it seems, have two names, but I know only one who has two lives. . . . New York is nourishing a new poetic sensation in the person of a young Irishman whose vocation is pursued as the floor superintendent in the rug and drapery department of the R. H. Macy Co.'s store. All day this young man is the efficient director of his employers' interests and the public's needs, keeping the service of his assistants up to standard and adjusting the claims of patrons to their satisfaction. The superintendent is Mr. J. F. C. MacDonnell, a bright, alert young man of mercantile habits and suavity; the poet is Francis Carlin, with a passion for beauty and Ireland that is one of the most extraordinary

accidents — I know no other term by which to name his case — in contemporary American poetry. I heard everywhere in New York City, during my recent visit, gossip and praise of this poet about whom little or nothing has been said in print. My curiosity and interest led me on a pilgrimage to "Macy's" to see the poet, to get into the current, as it were, of his personality, and to get him to tell me something of himself for readers waiting to hear the news of a 'new poet.'"

Mr. Carlin dedicates his book, "My Ireland," as follows:

It is here that the book begins
 And it is here that a prayer is asked
 For the soul of the scribe who wrote it for
 The glory of God,
 The honor of Erin
 And the pleasure of the woman
 Who came from Both —
 His mother.

Of the Celtic poems written by Mr. Carlin, "*The Provinces*" best shows the music of this American Celt:

*O God, that I
 May arise with the Gael
 To the song in the sky
 Over Inisfail!*

Ulster, your dark
 Mold for me;
 Munster, a lark
 Hold for me!

Connaght, a caoine,
 Croon for me;
 Leinster, a mean
 Stone for me!

*O God, that I
 May arise with the Gael
 To the song in the sky
 Over Inisfail!*

Although Mr. Carlin sings the true lyric of Erin, he is an American by birth, having been born at Bay Shore, L. I., on April 7, 1881.

RIDGELY TORRENCE

"Granny Maumee and Other Plays" caused a distinct ripple in New York's theatrical season when these were presented in 1917. Ridgely Torrence, their author, instantly came to the fore as a playwright to be considered, although prior to this time many of his poems—extremely good ones, by the way—had found their way into print.

His lines, "*The Son*," appeared as follows in the "Monroe-Henderson Anthology":

I heard an old farm-wife,
Selling some barley,
Mingle her life with life
And the name "Charley."

Saying: "The crop's all in,
We're about through now;
Long nights will soon begin,
We're just us two now.

"Twelve bushel at sixty cents,
It's all I carried—
He sickened making fence;
He was to be married—

"It feels like frost was near—
His hair was curly.
The spring was late that year.
But the harvest early."

Ridgely Torrence was born at Xenia, Ohio, on November 27, 1875, and was educated by private tutors and at Miami (Ohio) University and Princeton. He was married to Olivia

Howard Dunbar in February of 1914. He has been librarian of the Astor Library of New York, the Lenox Library, assistant editor of *The Critic*, assistant editor of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His writings include: "The House of a Hundred Lights," "El Dorado, a Tragedy," "Abelard and Heloise," "Granny Maumee," "The Rider of Dreams," and "Simon the Cyrenian."

Mr. Torrence makes his home in New York.

HARRY KEMP

Harry Kemp was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1883. He was educated in the public schools and at the age of ten wrote his first poem, which was on the subject of intoxication.

Reading books of travel and adventure planted the seed of wanderlust in his soul, and at the age of thirteen he ran away from home. When he was seventeen he joined a German sailing ship as cabin boy and went with it to Australia. There he wandered through the country for some time, after which he travelled to Taku, China, as a cattleman. He was smuggled on board a transport which was going to the Philippines. He next went to California, then through the southeastern states. His high ideas of romance and love of adventure were fulfilled when he was held in Texas on a charge of burglary. While awaiting trial he studied mathematics, history and literature. When he was acquitted he returned home, spending the next few years at Mt. Hermon School. He tramped through the country again, finally settling down at the University of Kansas, where he spent the happiest years of his life.

About this time his first poem was accepted by Dr. William Hayes Ward of *The New York Independent*, after which other poems and articles were published in magazines and in book form. Mr. Kemp, wishing to reach London and have a literary season there, went as a stowaway, having no funds, on the *Oceanic*. He was held for three weeks in a Winchester

jail on a technical charge of embezzling passage by the steamship company. He reached London, however, and succeeded in causing the sensation that he wished in the literary realm. He was privileged in being the pet of society, as well as becoming personally acquainted with George Moore, Edward Carpenter, John Burns and Rupert Brooke. He then became acquainted with the younger radical set. After a full season in London, he sailed for New York on the *Kaiser and Augusta Victoria*, arriving July 2nd. In August the World War cast its shadow upon the earth and Mr. Kemp wished to enlist in the Foreign Legion, but Cupid changed his plans, for he met Miss Mary Pyne and married her soon after. Since then he has lived in New York City.

Mr. Kemp is the author of "Judas," "The Cry of Youth," and "The Thresher's Wife." Distinctive among the war poems of 1917 was "*Two Ways*," published in *The New York Tribune*:

It's a long, long journey to the weary end of war,
While the shells burst above into star on colored star
And the guns lift and flash like the Northern Lights afar.

It's a long, long journey where the sniper's bullet speeds,
And the hid machine gun sows all the air with deadly seeds,
While each grappling hour brings forth Iliads of noble deeds.

It's a long, long journey as the Huns are hammered back
By the big guns and the small, bayonet and gas attack,
Where the fields are blasted bare and the towns are charred and
black. . . .

It's a short, short journey to the peace that must not be,
To the ready lips that wait for the cheek of liberty —
To the Judas peace that waits with its thirty pence for fee!

CHAPTER XVII

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE, THOMAS WALSH, WILLARD
WATTLES, BLISS CARMAN, SHERWOOD ANDERSON

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

THERE are few critics of American poetry whose criticism is more respected than that of William Stanley Braithwaite. His annual anthology of magazine verse is one of the literary events of each fall publishing season.

No critic of American poetry has been more constructive in his writing than Mr. Braithwaite. He has sponsored the good that has manifested itself in many of our younger poets and his enthusiasm is of a sane, well-founded stock. He seeks the best in our American verse and nearly always finds it.

It is therefore of two-fold interest when Mr. Braithwaite himself writes such poetry as "*The Wet Woods*," quoted from Edward J. O'Brien's "Masque of Poets."

This path leads to the laurel,
And that winds to the burn;
Hemlocks, pines and birches,
Know the one that I turn.

It is wet in the woods today, —
And perhaps, the sun tomorrow,
Shall weave its gold, while away
I will be alone with my sorrow.

On December 6, 1878, William Stanley Braithwaite was born in Boston, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Smith Braithwaite. Unlike most critics and poets he is mainly self-

educated. He married Emma Kelly of Montross, Virginia, on July 30, 1903. As editor of *The Poetry Journal*, Boston, Mr. Braithwaite won admittance to the Poetry Society of America. He is now a member of the Authors' Club. His works include "Lyrics of Life and Love," "The Book of Elizabethan Verse," "The House of Falling Leaves," "The Book of Georgian Verse," "The Book of Restoration Verse," Anthologies of Magazine Verse for 1913 to 1921 inclusive — a book for each year — "The Message of the Trees," "Contemporary Reviews-Essays in Literary Opinion," and "New England Poems and Lyrics." Mr. Braithwaite is also a contributor to *The Boston Transcript*, *Forum*, *Century*, *Lippincott's*, *Scribner's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, etc. He resides at Boston, Mass.

THOMAS WALSH

Thomas Walsh, critic and poet, has to his credit a number of American poems of significant value in the estimate of contemporary American poets. There is a love of the old world and the new in his writings, as may be noted in the opening paragraph of his poem, "*The Great Adventure*," and his lines, "*On the Lutes of France*," in his volume, "*Gardens Overseas and Other Poems*":

In my heart is the sound of drums
And the sweep of the bugles calling;
The day of the Great Adventure comes,
And the tramp of feet is falling, falling,
Ominous falling, everywhere,
By street and lane, by field and square, —
To answer the Voice appalling!
(From "*The Great Adventure*")

THE FAUN

A terra-cotta Faun grimaces
Smiling o'er his grassy places,
Doubtless in his foresight keen
Thinking on the hapless scene
Soon to mock this pause serene,
That hath led me and hath led thee
In pilgrim's doleful vagrancy
Unto this moment now, that comes
To sweep us to the sound of drums.
(From "*On the Lutes of France.*")

Thomas Walsh was born in Brooklyn, New York, October 14, 1875. He was educated in the Georgetown University, Columbia, and Notre Dame University, and was author of the class poem of Georgetown University in 1892. He has been a contributor of both prose and verse to English and American magazines and reviews. Mr. Walsh is a member of the Royal Academy of Seville, Georgetown Society, New York, Colombian (S. A.) Academy of Letters, and the Hispanic Society of America.

Mr. Walsh's works comprise the following titles: "The Prison Ships," "The Pilgrim Kings," "Eleven Poems of Ruben Dario," and "Gardens Overseas and Other Poems."

WILLARD WATTLES

Magazine editors and book publishers have forecast a brilliant future for Willard Wattles, who has seen much of his verse already published in various representative magazines and whose first book appeared in the fall of 1918 under the title of "Lanterns for Gethsemane." This volume is made up of a number of lyrics so arranged as to form a long sequence, the one central theme of which is a modern and somewhat mystical treatment of the religion and personality of Christ. His poem,

"*Return*," published in *Contemporary Verse*, shows the religious quality of his work. The following paragraphs are taken from it:

Jesus, Jesus,
Go along before
To a high house
With a silver door.

But I'll stop first
To clean my feet,
And then sit down
By the chimney seat.

And Jesus will laugh
And say it's good
That I've moved into
His neighborhood.

When he lights his pipe
I think he'll scratch
The Morning-Star
For his safety-match.

We'll drink all night
From a good brown cup,
And not go to bed
Till the sun comes up.

Wise man, wise man,
Fingers and thumbs,
This is the way
That Jesus comes.

Willard Wattles was born at Baynesville, Kansas, June 8, 1888, and was educated at the University of Kansas, where he was an instructor until the War called his services somewhere "over there." According to Mr. Braithwaite, Wattles is "university instructor, harvest-hand, critic, hobo, poet, and interested in practical Christianity, but not in creeds." He was co-author with Harry Kemp of a volume of verse, "*Songs from the Hill*." He makes his home in Lawrence, Kansas.

BLISS CARMAN

When Edward J. O'Brien was conducting his Masque of Poets in *The Bookman*, there was one in the collection that caused more than passing comment, and many were the opinions given as to the author. Its title was "*Moment Musicale*," and when the authors of the respective poems were announced, the name of Bliss Carman was attached to this poem, one of the finest in the series:

The round moon hangs above the rim
Of silent and blue shadowed trees.
And all the earth is vague and dim
In its blue veil of mysteries.

On such a night one must believe
The Golden Age returns again
With lyric beauty, to retrieve
The world from dreariness and pain.

And down the wooded aisles, behold
Where dancers through dusk appear!
Piping their rapture as of old,
They bring immortal freedom near.

A moment on the brink of night
They tread their transport in the dew
And to the rhythm of their delight,
Behold, all things are made anew!

Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N. B., on April 15, 1861. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, University of Edinburgh and Harvard. He has been editor of *The Independent*, *The Chap Book*, and is author of the following works: "Low Tide on Grand Pré," "A Sea-Mark," "Behind the Arras," "Ballads of Lost Haven," "By the Aurelian Wall," "Songs from Vagabondia" (with Richard Hovey), "More Songs from Vagabondia," "Last Songs of

Vagabondia," "St. Kavin," "A Ballad," "At Michaelmas," "The Girl in the Poster," "The Green Book of the Bards," "The Vengeance of Noel Brassard," "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward," "From the Book of Myths," "Pipes of Pan, No. 1," "Pipes of Pan, No. 2," "Pipes of Pan, Nos. 3, 4 and 5," "Poems," "Collected Edition," "Kinship of the Book of Valentines," "The Making of Personality," "The Gate of Peace," "The Rough Rider," "A Painter's Holiday," "Echoes from Vagabondia," and "Daughters of Dawn" (with Mary Perry King).

Mr. Carman's home is at New Canaan, Conn.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Sherwood Anderson's "*Spring Song*," published in his "Mid-American Chants," shows in a new phase one of America's finest writers of short stories.

SPRING SONG

In the forest, amid old trees and wet dead leaves, a shrine.
Men on the wet leaves kneeling.
The spirit of God in the air above a shrine.

Now, America, you press your lips to mine,
Feel on your lips the throbbing of my blood.
Christ, come to life and life calling,
Sweet and strong.

Spring. God in the air above old fields.
Farmers marking fields for the planting of the corn.
Fields marked for corn to stand in long straight aisles.

In the spring I press your body down on wet cold new-plowed
ground.
Men, give your souls to me.
I would have my sacred way with you.

In the forest, amid old trees and wet dead leaves, a shrine.
Men rising from the kneeling place to sing.
Everywhere in the fields now the orderly planting of corn.

In his own preface to "Mid-American Chants," Mr. Anderson says: "For this book of chants I ask simply that it be allowed to stand stark against the background of my own place and generation. In secret a million men and women are trying, as I have tried here, to express the hunger within, and I have dared to put these chants forth only because I hope and believe they may find an answering and clearer call in the hearts of other Mid-Americans."

Mr. Anderson's writings include: "Winesburg, Ohio," a collection of short stories, "Poor White," a novel, and "The Triumph of the Egg," awarded *The Dial* literary prize of 1921.

CHAPTER XVIII

FLORENCE EARLE COATES, AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, HAZEL HALL, LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, BENJAMIN R. C. LOW, HAROLD COOK

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

"THE Smile of Rheims," by Florence Earle Coates, published in *The Bellman*, was one of our interesting war poems:

"The smile," they called her, — "La Sourire"; and fair —
A sculptured angel on the northern door
Of the Cathedral's west façade — she wore
Through the long centuries of toil and care
That smile, mysteriously wrought and rare,
As if she saw brave visions evermore —
Kings, and an armored Maid who lilies bore,
And all the glories that had once been there.

How like to thee, her undefeated Land!
Wounded by bursting shells, a little space
Broken she lay beneath her ancient portal;
But lifted from the earth with trembling hand,
Victorious, still glowed upon her face
Thy smile, heroic France, love-given and immortal!

Florence Earle Coates was born in Philadelphia and educated at private schools and at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, France. She also studied in Brussels.

On January 7, 1879, she was married to Edward Hornor Coates. She was president of the Browning Society, 1895 to 1903 and 1907 and 1908, and was a founder of the Contemporary Club, Philadelphia, 1886.

Her published works include: "Poems," "Mine and Thine," "Lyrics of Life," "Ode on the Coronation of King George V," and "The Unconquered Air."

"To Mrs. Coates, as to many of our poets, literature and its heroes offer a cherished stimulus; yet she makes us feel, much more than do many of her contemporaries, how suggestive are the things that lie beyond the printed page. So clearly indicative of her whole attitude as a poet is the 'Song of Life,' that we must quote it intact:

"Maiden of the laughing eyes,
Primrose-kirtled, wingèd, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies —
Joy — whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

"Yet — lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that today endears
And benumbs the heart tomorrow —
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

"Give me of thy fulness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife —
Give me of thy fulness, Life!
Nor deny me death!

"The sensitive spirit reflected in these lines runs through all of Mrs. Coates' work. It comes out in her commemorative poems, in her graceful tributes to Stedman, Stevenson and others; it is discernible in such a trilogy as she has written on an historic figure, Joan of Arc; it illuminates the vignette of pathos which she calls 'Alms,' and it tells constantly in those poems in which purely poetical moods are expressed. Her optimism has no strain of weakness; it is rooted rather in a fine and courageous conception of life."

This is *The New York Tribune's* very excellent summary of Mrs. Coates' work, whose poems have found wide favor.

James Whitcomb Riley said of her writings: "These poems are truly poems because of their simple, natural inspiration. A new uplift and hopefulness comes with the reading of the volume — every line!"

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

While the name of Amelia Josephine Burr has for many years been associated with the best in American poetry, it is in "The Silver Trumpet" that the old Revolutionary spirit of America finds birth once more in a new war verse that is of compelling merit.

"Old feelings love old forms, and Miss Burr, never much prone to capering or simpering innovation, has spoken reverently and simply in the speech and intonation of the fathers," says *The Nation*. "The poems have their limitations; they are a little stressful, a little hortatory; the distinction they achieve may not have that finality which means duration." From "The Silver Trumpet":

Is all our world upon a counter laid?
That is their taunt who say they know us well.
Then let us like true merchants to our trade;
What wares has God to sell?

A world at liberty, a path made clear
For steadfast justice and enduring peace,
Nations released forever from the fear
Of evil days like these.

A sound investment! but — the price is high. . . .
Long hoarded wealth in ruin, flame and steel,
Death lurking in the sea and in the sky —
What say you? Shall we deal?

We take thy bargain, Master of the Mart,
Though we may flinch, we cannot turn away.
Send thy resistless fire upon our heart
And make us strong to pay!

Amelia Josephine Burr was born in New York in 1878 and received her education at Hunter College. She lives at Englewood, New Jersey. Among her publications are "The Point of Life and Plays in the Market-Place," "Afterglow," "The Roadside Fire," "In Deep Places," "Life and Living," "A Dealer in Empires," and she has edited "Sylvander and Clarinda," and "The Love Letters of Robert Burns and Agnes McLehose." Her latest volume, "The Roadside Fire," was published by Doran just prior to her marriage on Saturday, November 26, 1921, to the Rev. Carl W. Hopkins Elmore, in Englewood, N. J.

HAZEL HALL

"Out of the Far West comes a woman poet to dispute the sovereignty of Sara Teasdale," writes William Stanley Braithwaite in *The Boston Evening Transcript*. "It is her art which makes her a claimant for the singing throne of the Eastern poet whose rule now for many years over public admiration has been practically uncontested. Nothing but her art has advanced her claims. It may seem a difficult thing to overcome the popularity that has supported and preserved the lyrical supremacy of Sara Teasdale, but a more substantial lyrical art is on the way in the work of Hazel Hall to accomplish just that thing. She has the same perfected utterance of singing metres, the same intensity of mood, the same subtle intuition of comprehension, and a similar vivid consciousness of the symbolic value of the simple and innumerable forms of nature and experience. But where these echo in the reedy, though piercing and poignant revelation of Sara Teasdale's subjective interests, in Hazel Hall they have an outspreading vision which embraces a universal significance.

"Miss Hall does not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but colors the garments of her experience with the vivid flames of her soul. She makes those flames out of shadows, shadows

that are a mysterious house of limitations, shadows that shut her from allurements of the outer world which is so visibly a storehouse to the senses. Yet through those shadows she discovers the secrets of life with which she paves her imagination for the wayfaring of dreams. These dreams burn and torture desire, they evoke with subtle energies images and symbols which endow untutored and unrealised experience with the power of magic conquest.

"Hazel Hall reminds me more of Emily Dickinson than any woman who has written poetry in America, not through any quality of her work, but because of the personal substance from which her art takes root and flowers. There is a singular uniqueness of imagination in both poets, and the environment and background of isolation in the New England town seems no stranger in producing the art of Emily Dickinson than the confinement of the four-walled room in the far northwestern city of Portland, in the production of Hazel Hall. 'I have not walked since I was a child,' says the poet, 'though this is not much of a hardship now, as I have become used to it.' And again she says, 'My sewing experience, out of which grew my needle-work poems, came, I see now, from a desire to justify existence.' Her book then is aptly called 'Curtains,' because between her and life are the heavy draperies of a physical monotony which shuts off her contact with the world. But the curtains neither restrain nor limit her spirit, and in this there is no freer discoverer of earth or heaven. Part One of this, Miss Hall's first volume, is a transfiguration of her 'Curtains' into a richly woven tapestry of images hanging upon her imagination; they are, as it were, the 'Frames' through which she sees and knows and appropriates the world!

Brown window-sill, you hold my all of skies,
And all I know of springing year and fall,
And everything of earth that greets my eyes —
Brown window-sill, how can you hold it all?

Grey walls, my days are bound within your hold,
 Cast there and lost like pebbles in a sea;
 And all my thought is squared to fit your mould —
 Grey wall, how mighty is your masonry!

“Part Two contains the Needle Work Poems, in which the poet weaves her dreams of life upon the loom of the world that she sees through the frame of her isolation. In these two stanzas ‘Sewing Hands’ is the epitome of the epic travelling of fingers that never escape beyond the boundaries of the poet’s lap:

My hands are motion; they cannot rest,
 They are the foam upon the sea,
 Borne with a wave to a fleeting crest,
 Hurled back, borne on, unceasingly.

They are existent and made whole
 In their unrest, as the entity
 Of foam is spun where waters roll,
 Back, and on, eternally.

“Fate has encased this spirit in a shell, but the force of that spirit, like the murmur of the sea, breaks forth and drowns the ear of the imagination with mysterious echoes. People who pass by her window bring, in the ascending echo of their feet, a whole pageantry of experience from the streets of Time:

You, stung with purpose. You, driven by
 Blindly before Creation’s sweep.
 Are there ways for the searchers of stars on high?
 And other ways for the seekers of sleep?

Or only one way for all to run? . . .
 Only one sound drifts up to me,
 The blend of every tread in one,
 Impersonal as the beat of the sea.

This fine art of Miss Hall, as praised by Mr. Braithwaite, is shown in the following full-length poems. The first two quoted are from "Curtains" published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

TWO SEWING

The wind is sewing with needles of rain;
With shining needles of rain
It stitches into the thin
Cloth of earth — in,
In, in, in.
(Oh, the wind has often sewed with me! —
One, two, three.)

Spring must have fine things
To wear, like other springs.
Of silken green the grass must be
Embroidered. (One and two and three.)
Then every crocus must be made
So subtly as to seem afraid
Of lifting color from the ground,
And after crocuses the round
Heads of tulips, and all the fair
Intricate garb that spring will wear
The wind must sew with needles of rain,
With shining needles of rain,
Stitching into the thin
Cloth of earth — in,
In, in, in —
For all the springs of futurity.
(One, two, three.)

ROADS

One road leads out to the country-side;
One road goes by on its way to town;
And always, so long as the sun is guide,
The feet that love them go up and down.

After the evening star's white light
Has lured from the hills or the lighted town,
There are other feet all through the night,
Following dreams up and down.

A MAN GOES BY

Where his sure feet pass
The crowds are strangely thinned —
They are the furrowed grass
And he is the wind.

Many go with the thought
Of their footfall's little beat,
Wearing their own lives caught
Like shackles on their feet.

But his mind is not led
Along a footstepped way;
There is motive in his tread
That was not shaped from clay.

Thresholds may make him small,
But the wind is in his feet —
Dominant, impersonal —
As he walks upon a street.

— *New Republic*.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Lizette Woodworth Reese is one of the true voices in our American poetry. She is represented in the Braithwaite "Anthology of Magazine Verse" (1917) with the following poem reprinted from *The Sonnet*:

ARRAIGNMENT

What wage, what guerdon, Life, asked I of you?
 Brooches; old houses; yellow trees in fall;
 A gust of daffodils by a gray wall;
 Books; small lads' laughter; song at drip of dew?
 Or said I, "Make me April. I would go,
 Night-long, day-long, down the gay little grass,
 And therein see myself as in a glass;
 There is none other weather I would know?"
 Content was I to live like any flower,
 Sweetly and humbly; dream each season round
 The blossomy things that serve a girl for bread,
 Inviolat against the bitter hour
 You poured my dreams like water on the ground:
 I think it would be best if I were dead.

Lizette Woodworth Reese was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1856, and was educated in Baltimore. Teacher by profession, she has found time to publish four books of verse which have endeared her to many discerning contemporaries of good poetry. "A Branch of May," "A Handful of Lavender," "A Quiet Road," "A Wayside Lute" and Spicewood (1920) are the titles of her books. Her home is in Baltimore where she has retired from public school service, after forty-five years.

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

Benjamin R. C. Low's tribute to Alan Seeger in "*These United States*" will stand out as one of the most striking war poems produced by an American poet of today, that concludes as follows:

Unrest, like mist, grows ghostlier, it seems
 The Thinker questions. . . . Travail. Fire and dreams.
 Dark overhead the clouds of Europe blow,
 Heat-lightning-lit, dull, ominous and low

Not yet, not yet the hour, but, tryst to keep,
 A spirit moves abroad upon the deep
 And will be stirring soon. And will be sung,
 Soon, to a clarion of nobler tongue
 Than inks on ticker-tapes or glibly reads
 From pompous records of parochial greeds
 Promulgate for the People. . . . Midnight blue,
 Stars of these States a-shining through,
 The dawn awaited. Dreaming, peaks and spires; —
 The house still locked and dreaming Dreams — and fires.

Thou whose full time both buds and stars await; —
 On the curved cup of destiny whose hold
 Permits no bubble world its concave gold
 Too buoyant to relinquish; at whose gate
 Love takes her lantern and goes out to Hate,
 Bending above the battle's bleeding mould;
 Our country thou in fire and dreams enfold —
 In forest freshness, her, thy consecrate.
 There must be some strange beauty hid in her,
 With withes uncut by sharp awakening sword;
 Some precious gift not veined, some truth of power
 Thou art maturing, great artificer.
 Fools we, and blind; impatient of an hour;
 But make her worthy, for we love her, Lord!

This poem originally appeared in *The Boston Transcript* and was afterwards used by William Stanley Braithwaite in his "Anthology of Magazine Verse" of 1917.

Mr. Low was born at Fairhaven, Mass., on June 22, 1880. Following his education at Yale and Harvard he entered the practice of law but since the war has been a Captain in the Ordnance, U. S. R., at Washington, D. C. His home is in Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Low has published the following volumes of verse: "The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems," "A Wand, and Strings, and Other Poems," and "The House That Was, and Other Poems."

HAROLD COOK

There are a number of sincere young poets writing in the United States today, some of whose work is just beginning to be recognized by publishers of magazines.

Foremost among these is Harold Cook, whose life has been spent in school and college, intercepted by a season with a stock company, until the war.

"I left Union College before graduation to join up. That is all —" he recently said. And now he is with the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Southern General Hospital, in Portsmouth, England.

"*The New Song*" of this young poet appeared in *The Smart Set*:

Of old she mused about the winds
That pass with whisperings of leaves,
Of little kindred in the grass
And swallows moving in the eaves.

And she would look with wonder eyes
Upon the bursting of a dawn
Or draw the curtain of the room
To watch a moon above the lawn.

Ah, but now has Love come
With all dawn's beauty in his eyes,
With mysteries of things that lie
Within the roofs of paradise.

And now her song is of his hair,
That it is like a golden sun,
That his arms are a little house
After a sullen day is done.

CHAPTER XIX

LOUIS V. LEDOUX, JOHN G. NEIHARDT, GEORGE EDWARD
WOODBERRY, JAMES BRANCH CABELL

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

CONSPICUOUS among our few purely classic poets is Louis Vernon Ledoux. There is Hellenic beauty in his lines, and a formal richness, simplicity and sustained interest.

"Yzdra," a tragedy of 326 B.C., sustains one's interest throughout. This is one of the best of Mr. Ledoux's works, filled with such striking lines as

"Yea, that were good; to live one perfect hour,
Then fall like stars while all men stand amazed."

and

"The audience I craved this afternoon
Must now be held, so many silken hours
Have slipped unfelt between our wayward fingers."

Louis Vernon Ledoux was born in New York on June 6, 1880. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1902, and married to Jeanne Logan of Yonkers, New York, in 1907. He makes his home at Cornwall on the Hudson. Mr. Ledoux's works include "Songs From the Silent Land," "The Soul's Progress," "The Shadow of Etna," "The Story of Eleusis," and "George Edward Woodberry, a Study of His Poetry."

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

The first official recognition of an American poet by a law-making body came during the 1921 session of the Legislature of Nebraska, when the Senate and the House passed a joint and concurrent resolution declaring John G. Neihardt Poet Laureate of Nebraska. This official action by a great Western State was taken by way of recognizing the significance of the American Epic Cycle upon which Neihardt has been working for seven years and of which "The Song of Hugh Glass" and "The Song of Three Friends" have now been published. "The Splendid Wayfaring" (Macmillan) is a prose work giving the historical background of these epics. Neihardt is now engaged in the third part of the cycle, to be called "The Song of the Indian Wars."

John G. Neihardt was born in Sharpsburg, Illinois, on June 8, 1881. He was educated at the Nebraska Normal College, and at the University of Nebraska. His marriage to Mona Martinson, a sculptress, took place on November 29, 1908.

Neihardt lived among the Omaha Indians for six years, in order that he might study their characteristics and learn their legends.

He is the author of "The Divine Enchantment," "The Lonesome Trail," "A Bundle of Myrrh," "Man Song," "The River and I," "The Dawn-Builder," "The Stranger at the Gate," "Death of Agrippina," "Life's Lure," "The Song of Hugh Glass," "The Quest," "The Song of Three Friends," and "Two Mothers" (see appendix for poems by Mr. Neihardt.)

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

Thoughtful, philosophical, cultivated—are the adjectives employed by Louis V. Ledoux in describing the poetry of George Edward Woodberry, whose place is high among the modern New England poets.

"The Flight and Other Poems" is a collection of about fifty of his more recent pieces. It was published in 1914, and here is "a poignant realization of absolute equality and brotherhood of man." Many of these record a passionate search within the soul for satisfaction, as may be seen in these lines:

"We sit in our burning spheres
 Illimitably hung;
 By the speed of light we measure the years
 On purple ether flung;
 Without a shadow time appears,
 A calendar of echoing lights
 That flame and dusk from depths and heights,
 And all our years are young.

We gaze on the far flood flowing
 Unimaginably free,
 Multitudinous, mystical, glowing,
 But all we do not see;
 And a rapture is all our knowing,
 That on fiery nerves comes stealing,
 An intimate revealing
 That all is yet to be."

George Edward Woodberry was born at Beverly, Mass., May 12, 1855. He holds degrees from Harvard, Amherst and Western Reserve, and is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His works include the following, both prose and poetry, volumes: "History of Wood Engraving," "Edgar Allan Poe," "Studies in Letters and Life," "The North Shore Watch," "The Heart of Man," "Wild Eden," "Makers of Literature," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "America in Literature," "Great Writers," "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," "The Inspiration of Poetry," "Poems," "Ralph Waldo Emerson," "The Appreciation of Literature," "The Torch," "Wendell Phillips," "A Day at Castrogiovanni," "The Kingdom of

All-Souls," "Two Phases of Criticism," "North Africa and the Desert," "The Flight," "Shakespeare," "The Ideal Passion."

Mr. Woodberry makes his home in Beverly, Mass.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Many people are aware that there is an American novelist, named James Branch Cabell, who is author of a much discussed book called "Jurgen." But few have heard of Mr. Cabell's name where American poets are mentioned. But if you love the good things in books do not delay in crossing swords with Cabell. Just as Mr. Cabell has written some of the finest prose of our day, and without doubt for many days to come, so has this able essayist, novelist and at all times inimitable satirist, delivered himself of poems well worth consideration in any comprehensive study or presentation of contemporary American poets.

Under the title of "From the Hidden Way," Mr. Cabell offered in 1916 what he chose to call "seventy-five adaptations in verse." They prove that Mr. Cabell is not alone an essayist of parts. There is charm to his poems that lures one back to them again and again and beside which some of the so-called verse of more popular present-day poets becomes fair nursery-rhyme drivel.

Cabell's poems are at times sheer romance, but always done with such able knowledge of values that not once do they descend to the level of the trite or commonplace. They cause an intake of the breath upon first reading and the question arises, "How can lines like these be born in such an age as this?" As Cabell inscribes the title page of "From the Hidden Way":

"Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora, the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia? where is Thaïs?"

For this vein of romance read "*Villon Quits France.*" It begins:

"We hang tomorrow, then? That doom is fit
For most of us, I think. Yet, harkee, friend,
I have a ballad here which I have writ
Of us and our high ending. Pray you, send
The scrawl to Cayeux, bidding him commend
François to grace. Old Colin loves me well,
For no good reason, save it so befell
We two were young together. . . . When I am hung,
Colin will weep — and then will laugh, and tell
How many pranks we played when we were young."

Again Cabell the romanticist is found in his "*Jaunts from Stratford.*" The following he calls "*In Verona*":

"I had not thought the house of Capulet
Might boast a daughter of such colorful grace
As this whole-hearted girl, with flower-soft face
Round which the glory of her hair is set
Like some great golden halo; — and, as yet,
Love is to her a word that, spoken, spurs
Wonder alone, since love administers
In nothing to the mirth of Juliet."

Quite different in feeling are these plaintive notes that conclude "*One End of Love.*" The meaning is impaired by deletion but the lines are nigh perfect in their own beauty:

"And we ride homeward now, and I
Ride moodily: my palfrey jogs
Along a rock-strewn way the moon
Lights up for us; yonder the bogs
Are curdled with thin ice; the trees
Are naked; from the barren wold
The wind comes like a blade aslant
Across a world grown very old."

Here in Cabell's book of poems one may find companionship for almost any mood. He spreads May wine before you:

"For, at best the merry Maytime
Is a very fleeting playtime; —
Why, then, waste an hour thereof?"

And the

"Swift sweet ripple of the April rain,
Running about the world to waken love."

From his store come Nature's magic at twenty years, at twenty-five, at thirty; the joys of living and of love; twilight thoughts, "Ave, Maria, que l'amour Divine inspire"; less satire than in his prose writings, a many sided Cabell interesting, as always, in anything to which he puts his talents.

The Los Angeles Sunday Times contributes the following brief biography of Mr. Cabell:

"James Branch Cabell — 'Mr. Cabell of Virginia,' as H. L. Mencken calls him in an appreciative account of his work — has been writing for the past fifteen years, and yet there is perhaps no American author of genius whose life and books are so little known. A literary creed that persistently emphasizes the virtues of individuality and independence, combined with artistry of a very high order, are not the things to assure a writer a place in the sun of popularity. Nevertheless, it is more than a mere guess to say that in 'Beyond Life' Mr. Cabell has produced a book which will attract very wide attention and introduce him to many who in the past have regarded him, if at all, as a writer of attractive but unimportant historical tales.

"Mr. Cabell was born in Richmond, Va., in 1879, the son of a distinguished Southern family. His early education was received there, and in 1898 he graduated from the College of William and Mary, in which he had also been an undergraduate instructor in French and Greek. Followed a period

of journalism, first on *The Richmond Times*, then from 1899 to 1901 on *The New York Herald*; finally, again in Virginia, on the city staff of *The Richmond News*. But during all this time Mr. Cabell was steadily working out his own literary and artistic ideals: abandoning the newspaper game in 1902 he entered upon a career of magazine writing, which in eight years saw the production of some sixty short stories, various translations, verses, essays, historical and genealogical studies. Travels in France, England and Ireland were combined with such prosaic things as coal mining in West Virginia and dry historical research to sharpen the talent of the man whose writings were already showing the artistic promise so richly fulfilled in 'The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck,' 'The Certain Hour,' 'The Cream of the Jest' and 'Beyond Life.'

"Since his marriage in 1913 Mr. Cabell has lived at his home, Dumbarton Grange, Dumbarton, Va. There, although a figure of some importance in the social and intellectual life of the country, Mr. Cabell infinitely prefers to follow the dream of his curiously graceful and appealing art."

CHAPTER XX

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS, CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON,
AGNES LEE, MARY CAROLYN DAVIES, THEODOSIA GARRISON,
HELEN GRAY CONE, BABETTE DEUTSCH

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

It was the interest of Mrs. Helen Jackson that acted as a spur to the imaginative genius of Edith Matilda Thomas and which brought about the development of a poet whose place is firm and to the fore among English writing poets.

Edith Thomas was born at Chatham, Ohio, on August 12, 1854, and educated at the Geneva, Ohio, Normal Institute. She had written only a few things for publication until her meeting in 1881 with Mrs. Jackson, who immediately showed a warm interest in Miss Thomas' poems, and encouraged her to spread the beauty of her poems to a larger audience by writing for the public. Alternating between strength and delicacy of poem structure, Miss Thomas came into immediate favor with her large public.

The contrasting qualities in Miss Thomas' style will be seen in the following poems:

IF STILL THEY LIVE

If still they live, whom touch nor sight
Nor any subtlest sense can prove,
Though dwelling past our day and night,
At farthest star's remove, —

Oh, not because these skies they change
For upper deeps of sky unknown,
Shall that which made them ours grow strange,
For spirit holds its own;

Whether it pace this earth around,
Or cross, with printless, buoyant feet,
The unreverberant Profound
That hath no name nor mete.

TELL ME

Tell me, is there sovereign cure
For heart-ache, heart-ache, —
Cordial quick and potion sure,
For heart-ache, heart-ache?

Fret thou not. If all else fail
For heart-ache, heart-ache,
One thing surely will avail, —
That's heart-break, heart-break!

In "*The Betrayal of the Rose*" is portrayed an exquisite poetry picture which shows in full measure the talents of Miss Thomas:

A white rose had a sorrow —
And a strange sorrow!
For her sisters they had none,
As they all sat around her
Each on her feudal throne.
A strange sorrow
For one with no tomorrow,
No yesterday, to call her own,
But only today.

A white rose had a sorrow —
And a sweet sorrow!
She had locked it in her breast
Save that one outer petal,

Less guarded than the rest
 (Oh, fond sorrow!)
From the red rose did borrow
Blushes, and the truth confessed
In the red rose's way!

Since 1888 Miss Thomas has made her home in New York. Her poems are found chiefly in the following volumes and from time to time in the pages of *The New York Sun* and *The New York Times*. "A New Year's Mask," "Lyrics and Sonnets," "The Inverted Torch," "Fair Shadow Land," "In the Young World," "A Winter Swallow and Other Verse," "The Round Year," "The Dancers," "Cassia and Other Verse," "The Children of Christmas," "The Guest at the Gate," "The White Messenger" and "The Flower from the Ashes."

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

"My early love of poetry was much encouraged by my father, the first Theodore Roosevelt," writes Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, whose present day poetry is so strongly marked with the charm of the beautiful.

"He used to read a great deal with me, and was very fond of having me read to him, and I have now the little volume of the series called 'Little Classics' which we always took with us when we went on some long lovely drive at Oyster Bay when we lived there in my youth. We would picnic in some remote spot, and then bring out the little volume and read aloud to each other. When I was about ten or eleven, my parents were abroad and I was put in a German family in Dresden to learn German, and I think my agony of home sickness was the cause of my first pathetic effort in rhyme, called 'The Lament of an American Child in a German Family.' Later, at the age of twelve or thirteen, a number of young girls and myself formed a club for which we wrote and I think our efforts gave us facility—I always wrote verses for the club. I never thought of publishing anything until about 1910, when a friend who was reading a poem I had written, 'The

Call of the Brotherhood,' asked me why I had never published. She finally persuaded me to send that poem and a sonnet called 'Awakening' to Scribner's. I refused to affix my name, as I felt that being the sister of ex-President Roosevelt, it might insensibly have some weight with a publisher, and I did not wish my poems published at all unless on their own merit. They were both accepted, and later as Mr. Scribner wished the name of the author, I was willing to give it.

"The following summer Mr. Scribner asked me if I would like to collect my things, and have them published in book form. This I did and Chas. Scribner's Sons published my first volume 'The Call of Brotherhood' in October, 1912, and the second volume, 'One Woman to Another' in 1914 and 'Service and Sacrifice' in 1919."

"Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's latest volume is packed with good things," writes Charles Hanson Towne in *The Bookman*. "The sonnets are extraordinarily fine. 'We Who Have Loved' is the perfection of that difficult form; and the poems on her brother, Theodore Roosevelt, are not mere lines written on the occasion of his death, but real poetry gushing from a bereaved heart. Let me quote the two concluding stanzas from one of the poems:

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamour that you gave
To each glad hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest

I loved you for your loving ways, —
And just because I loved them so,
And now have lost them, — thus I know
I must go softly all my days!

"In her nature poems Mrs. Robinson becomes the sympathetic interpreter. So simple a song as 'The Path That Leads Nowhere' will find a place in many anthologies. The last stanza is enough to give the feeling of the whole poem":

All the ways that lead to Somewhere
Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the struggling and the striving,
But the way I find so sweet
Bids me dream and bids me linger,
Joy and Beauty are its goal, —
On the path that leads to Nowhere
I have sometimes found my soul!

The "Poems of Corinne Roosevelt Robinson," also published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, a volume which contains some new work as well as her three previous volumes of verse, extends through different periods of life and through many moods — nature, patriotism, public events, love, friendship, all the varied impulses that inspire the poet to song.

AGNES LEE

Agnes Lee is the pen name of Mrs. Otto Freer who was born in Chicago. Her father, William H. Rand, was a New Englander, as was also her mother. Her childhood was spent mostly in Vevey, Switzerland, but for many years her home has been in Boston, Massachusetts. As a girl she read poetry, and wrote a slender volume of what her proud friends acclaimed to be *poems*, and which were printed privately. She says of these: "There was some good thought, but they were pitifully poor as to expression, and I do not like to think of them. I was not yet ready to write."

While in Boston Agnes Lee wrote verses for children that appeared in *St. Nicholas* and other juvenile periodicals, and these were gathered together and published by Copeland and Day under the title of "The Round Rabbit." Then work of a more serious sort from her pen began to appear in magazines. She had the usual disappointments and encouragements. It was Mr. David Monro, of *The North American Review*, who gave this poet her start. At a time when *The Review* published little poetry, Mr. Monro became interested in her writings and many of her poems appeared in that periodical

under his editorship. In 1910 came her book of poems, 'The Border of the Lake,' and in 1914 "The Sharing."

Agnes Lee is a frequent contributor to *The Poetry Magazine* and is a member of the Poetry Society of America.

Here is a poet who declares that she read the poets perfunctorily during school years and that her real love of the art was fostered in her home. She and her brothers and sisters were made to realize the best things in poetry and music, to learn the Psalms by heart and to recite them of a Sunday.

When asked *how* she writes, Agnes Lee declares that she hardly knows herself. She rarely undertakes to write a poem in a certain meter. Arising thoughts seem to take their own forms. "*A Statue in a Garden*" is a good example:

I was a goddess 'till the marble found me.
Wind, wind, delay not,
Waft my spirit where the laurel crowned me!
Will the wind stay not?

Then tarry, tarry, listen, little swallow, —
An old marvel feeds me:
I lay upon the bosom of Apollo!
Not a bird heeds me.

For here the days are alien. O, to waken
Mine, mine, with calling!
But on my shoulders bare, like hopes forsaken,
The dead leaves are falling.

The sky is gray and full of unshed weeping,
As dim down the garden
I wait and watch the early autumn sweeping.
The stalks fade and harden.

The souls of all the flowers afar have rallied.
The trees, gaunt, appalling,
Attest the gloom, and on my shoulders pallid
The dead leaves are falling.

Agnes Lee speaks earnestly and simply, avoiding the "literary" expression. She takes great delight in the splendid writings of many of our contemporary poets and says that she never considered herself *in the race*, for she writes only intermittently, and her poems are in the utterance in which she is the most at home. Much of her writing is of life as she sees it about her, much of it is abstract thought.

She is a poet who loves animals and birds and has made quite a study of them.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Iron left in the rain
And fog and dew
With rust is covered. — Pain
Rusts into beauty, too.

I know full well that this is so:
—I had a heartbreak long ago.

If Mary Carolyn Davies had written only one poem and that poem was made up of these lines she chooses to call "*Rust*," it would entitle her to a place of merit among our contemporary American poets. Surely here is a poem of rare imagination—one that Ralph Hodgson would like.

Mary Carolyn Davies writes with a natural swing, never with any sort of affected style but ever charming with a certain naïveté as may be seen in such lines as:

What is love?
Love is when you touch me;
Love is a noise of stars singing as they march.

Miss Marguerite Wilkinson in "The Contemporary Poets," a series of critical articles that appeared in *The Editor*, makes the following interesting comments on Mary Carolyn Davies and her work:

"Mary Carolyn Davies has been called, appropriately enough, the poet of girlhood, not because she writes about girls — although she does that sometimes — but because she has a girl's way of feeling life. Her poetry is full of innocent remarks, eager, impulsive, wondering outcries, whimsies half childlike, half womanly. . . . Captious critics may demand of her a greater conciseness, more symmetry of design, greater depth of feeling. But wild flowers do not grow on trellises, and I for one am content to like her poetry for what it is. When I read it I sometimes think of those shy, plucky, imperfect, but thoroughly delightful little blossoms that grow in the rocks of high mountains."

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite in a critique (*Boston Evening Transcript*) on "The Drums In Our Street," Miss Davies' first book, writes: "I like very much this little poem by Miss Davies on 'Peace,' and now that peace has come let each one judge whether as in all true poets there is that vision in her art which we call prophecy:

When all the war is made and done,
And in our town I stand once more,
From other homes I'll seek out one
And knock upon its door.

And I will wait there patiently
Until I hear your step, and then
As the worn door swings back, will see
Your face look out again.

And that is all peace means to me —
Some day to walk up past the store,
And past the corner chestnut tree,
And knock upon your door.

"In Miss Davies first book she shows the gift of clear, simple and singing lines giving expression to wistful and tender moods. So good a start may well promise deepening

and broadening, and in her next book move with us with the force as well as the aspect of spirit."

Mary Carolyn Davies went to school in Oregon and to college in California and at New York University. Her first book of poems "The Drums In Our Street," was brought out by Macmillan in September, 1918, and her first play was published the same month. A second book of poems, "Youth Riding" was published in 1919.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

Like a declaration of faith from a long suffering but indomitable people, strong with the strength of righteous cause and sure of moral victory is Theodosia Garrison's "April 2nd":

We have been patient — and they named us weak;
We have been silent — and they judged us meek.
Now, in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone —
With chosen words we make our meaning known,
That like a great wind from the West shall shake
The double throne.

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast, —
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,
And in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak at last.

At the author's request for biographical data, the following characteristic letter was received from Miss Garrison:

"I was born in Newark, N. J., in November, 1874, the daughter of one Silas Wright Pickering. Some twenty-two years after I married Joseph Garrison and after his death married (in 1911) Frederic James Faulks of Elizabeth, N. J.

In the winter we live in Elizabeth and in the summer at this little place (Glenside, Murray Hill, N. J.), in the hills. I have written a great deal of wholly unnecessary verse ever since I could hold a pen and a number of short stories that only my enemies would recall. I have three books of verse: 'The Joy of Life' (Kennerly, 1909), 'The Earth Cry' (Kennerly, 1910), 'The Dreamers,' published by Doran in 1917 which is a feeble collection gotten up in a hurry and showing it; 'As The Larks Rise' in 1921. And this, Mr. Cook, is the record of a blameless life! "

HELEN GRAY CONE

"My life has been quite uneventful," writes Helen Gray Cone. "I was born in New York City on the 8th of March, 1859. I come of a stock which is British-American, as far as I know. (The Cones appeared in New England in the seventeenth century.) Half of my life has been lived in connection with Hunter College, as student, teacher of English literature, and since 1899, professor of English. I love teaching—that is, the kind of teaching I have had to do, the reverent interpretation of the beauty in literature. I love young people, and I think contact with them has kept me young. But in a sense all of us who are really alive are young today: we were born in 1914.

"Nothing in my quiet life has given me more pleasure than the writing of 'A Chant of Love for England' in 1914, and the general response to that poem, when published in *The Atlantic* in 1915. The 'Hymn of Hate' struck lovers of England like a gauntlet of challenge. I am glad that my instinctive reply (which I feel to be but a single utterance expressive of the minds of many) was an expression, not of hate but of love. 'The Chant' is the title poem of a collection published in 1915 by J. M. Dent in England and Canada and E. P. Dutton and Company in New York. The collection, which was made for England at the instance of Mr. Dent,

contains the best material which I could hurriedly select from three former volumes: 'Oberon and Puck, Verses Grave and Gay,' 1885; 'The Ride to the Lady,' 1891, and 'Soldiers of the Light,' 1911.

"A new volume, 'The Coat Without a Seam,' composed mainly of poems written since 1914, is just about to be published by E. P. Dutton & Company."

One of Miss Cone's sonnets that ably bears witness to her ability is "*Happy Country*," selected by Mr. Fisher for publication in "*The Sonnet*":

Here by the bright blue creek the good ships lie
A-building, and the hammers beat and beat,
And the wood-smell is pleasant in the heat;
The strong ribs curve against the marsh and sky.
Here the old men are mowing in the sun,
And the hay-sweetness blends with the wild-rose;
At the field's edge the scarlet lily glows;
The great clouds sail, and the swift shadows run,
And the broad undulant meadows gloom and smile;
Over the russet red-top warm winds pass,
The swallow swoops and swerves, the cattle stand
In the cool of shallow brooks — and all the while
Peace basks asleep, she dreams of some sad land
Leagues over sea, where youth is mown as grass.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

"The outstanding feature in the work of this young poet," writes a critic in *The Evening Post* (New York), "is its strange combination of sharp intensity and an even sharper sensitivity. Her emotional convictions not only splash vivid color over her poems, they tighten her lines, impel her figures and perform technical delicacies which are ordinarily quite beyond their power. In fact, when Miss Deutsch depends on technique alone or relies upon skill in the fashioning of a literary *étude* she is scarcely successful. This poetry, at its

best, is essentially ardent, nervous, high-spirited, independent. Independent, incidentally, of form, 'Banners' ranges from the strictest of sonnets to the loosest *vers libre*; Miss Deutsch says what she has to say as provocatively and without ostentation in restrained lyrics as in rhymed 'voluntaries.' The title poem is possibly the most stirring piece in the collection, but 'The Challenger,' and 'Marbles,' are, each in its own manner, equally vigorous. Her pictures of Isadora Duncan's girl dancers are similarly distinguished. Excellent in its warm precision is this one, entitled

ANNA

Are there holier ones
 Than these?
 Is there a more fit altar for worship?
 Limbs of a young Aphrodite;
 The virgin torso;
 Feet firmly planted,
 Or lifted only in rhythm,
 Beating the ground like the clear
 Round golden notes of the cymbal;
 Fingers that draw the heart
 Like a flute that calls in the twilight;
 Brows serious,
 Serene,
 Hair wind-blown and dark,
 Lips that are parted slightly,
 A wondering god's;
 But this is a maiden. . . .
 This is the flying torch
 For the maternal temple.

"Were there space I should like to quote 'The Death of a Child' in its splendid entirety, or 'Distance,' or some of the sonnets, particularly 'The Undelivered,' in spite of its atrocious line: 'Safe in sleep's umber envelope of peace.'

"Instead of these I will reprint an example of Miss

Deutsch's surety of touch in the short, free-rhymed verse:

SONGS

I would make songs for you:
Of slow suns weighing
Through pale mist to the river, overlaying
Gold upon silver tissue; or the hush
Of winter twilight when the bushes quiver
Blooming with birds;
Of the easy snow;
Of patient streets, or the theatric glow
Of lamps on crowding faces in the night;
Of sudden gay encounters without words;
Of sorrow quiet in a huddled fight;
Of the release of April winds;
Of death,
That is a stillness without peace —
Like love, wherefor I am so dumb to you."

Miss Deutsch took her degree from Barnard in 1917; then did free-lancing for a while and was assistant to the managing editor of *The Political Science Quarterly*, and spent the winter of 1918 doing bibliographical work for Dr. Thorstein Veblen at the New School for Social Research. She also wrote review articles for such papers as *The Dial*, *The Nation*, etc. George Doran and Company brought out "Banners," her first volume of verse, in the spring of 1920,

CHAPTER XXI

CLINTON SCOLLARD, SCUDDER MIDDLETON, DANA BURNET, HANIEL LONG, WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY, ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, JAMES OPPENHEIM, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

CLINTON SCOLLARD was born in Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860, of Irish-English ancestry, with French strain. His great-grandmother (Elisabeth Ross Davidson) was one of the maidens who helped Betsy Ross make the first American flag, and one of his ancestors was at "the Boston Tea-party."

Mr. Scollard was graduated from Hamilton College with the class of 1881 and was later a student at Harvard and at Cambridge, England. He has traveled widely through Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt, but previous to this time he was for eight years connected with the English department of Hamilton College as instructor and professor and received from that institution the degrees of B.A., M.A., and L.H.D.

Mr. Scollard may have inherited a taste for poetics from his maternal grandmother who was somewhat of a poet in her day. She was a correspondent of William Cullen Bryant, and it was through a suggestion of hers that Bryant came to write one of his best known later poems.

It would be difficult to find a more understanding critique of Mr. Scollard's place in contemporary poetry than in the following extract from *Current Opinion*:

"All who write easily are tempted to write carelessly. Mr.

Clinton Scollard has resisted this temptation; he has produced a large amount of verse, but he is, and always has been, a scrupulous artist. Therefore his 'Poems,' published by Houghton Mifflin Company, form a volume which those who have the interest of American letters at heart may regard with considerable satisfaction. The charming little books of verse which this poet has published from year to year have been gratefully received, but from none of them could his real worth be definitely determined. This collected edition contains what he considers the best of his works, and it can not fail to establish yet more firmly his already prominent position among the foremost writers of our time.

"He has imagination, sympathy, and the power to combine words to make things rich in music and color. Here are four stanzas that hold the very soul of the Orient:

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.
The city, like an opal, set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun.
And glistened orange, fig, and lime
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive-orchards far below
I saw the murmuring river run,
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarkand
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate.
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar
In mosque and square and gay bazaar —
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
The grave Effendi from Stamboul
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;
And, from the balconies o'erun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold!
Until the moon above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon!

“Here is a poem that will have a home in many an anthology and (what is more important) in many a scrap-book.”

In 1900 Mr. Scollard was the Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard. He was the poet of the Cooperstown Centennial in 1907, of the Hamilton College Centennial in 1912, and joined with Bliss Carman and Percy MacKaye in celebrating the Lake Champlain Tercentenary in 1909.

In 1915 Mr. Scollard published a small volume entitled “The Vale of Shadows” the proceeds of which were donated to the Belgium Relief Fund. Later, following our entrance into the great conflict, he was active as a member of the Vigilantes. Many of the pieces which he contributed to matter sent out by this organization were afterward included in “Let the Flag Wave” and “War Voices and Memories.” In addition to poetry, he has published six novels, two books of travel and one of nature sketches, and has also lectured upon poetry.

Mr. Scollard is a resident of New York City.

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

Mr. Louis Untermeyer passes judgment upon the poetry of Mr. Scudder Middleton in the columns of *The Evening Post* (New York) as follows:

"Mr. Middleton's slender volume following hard upon the heels of his 'Streets and Faces' seems inexcusably thin. The more so since several of the poems in 'The New Day' are taken from the first collection. It would have greatly improved this second gathering (and, incidentally, Mr. Middleton's reputation) if the author had omitted such patent theatricalities as 'Children' and given his readers a few more poems as well conceived and neatly executed as 'The Return,' 'The Sun,' 'The Secret of John Doe.' There is an unnatural pallor about the rest of the volume, a pallor that once would have been considered 'poetic.' But even the ancient Muse will not rise at the old invocations; the spell to compel her must be accompanied by phrases more convincing and less ritualistic than 'the heavenly gift of peace,' 'argent hair,' 'strange and wan,' 'the tents of Araby.' This last phrase emanates doubtless from Middleton's admiration for Ralph Hodgson, whose influence is apparent in the freer and more fantastic poems. One of the simplest of these is worthy of its master:

INTERLUDE

I am not old, but old enough
To know that you are very young,
It might be said I am the leaf,
And you the blossom newly sprung.

So I shall grow a while with you,
And hear the bee and watch the cloud,
Before the dragon on the branch,
The caterpillar, weaves a shroud.

A Boston critic writes:

"Scudder Middleton is one of the rare poets who only write when they have something to say. His poems of 'The New Day' (Macmillan Co.) present a singer contemplative, ardent. One with social vision, and a power of dramatic expression. Let us take lines called 'Finis':

I need you —
Now that is gone.
I cared for you —
Now that is song.
What am I to you,
What are you to me,
Though we live so utterly . . .
Two gibbering gulls that pass at night
Bound for lone aeries underneath the stars.

Mr. Middleton was born in New York City September 9, 1888. He was educated at Columbia University and is now connected with the publishing business. He lives in New York City.

DANA BURNET

While Dana Burnet still finds time for the writing of poems of distinctive merit, the younger poets lost a worthy member of their clan when Mr. Burnet fell victim to the lure of short story writing. The result of this has been that fewer of Mr. Burnet's poems have been brought to the author's attention in the last two years but the few that he has seen assure Mr. Burnet's admirers that his ability to write verse is as much his own as ever.

In reply to the author's request for biographical data Mr. Burnet writes:

"I shall be glad to appear in your book but if I may say so I shall prefer to be represented by my work rather than by biographical data as my life has been devoted chiefly to that work.

"I was born in Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 3, 1888; was educated — God save the mark! — at the Avondale public school, Woodward High School and later at Cornell University, College of Law. I have a law degree which I have never seen. Graduating from Cornell in 1911 I went to *The New York Evening Sun* as a news reporter. I was connected with *The Sun* for seven years and published a great many of my poems in that paper.

"I have also written a considerable amount of prose, chiefly short stories and two short novels with one or two plays."

The following poem, originally appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, was chosen by Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite for Mr. Burnet's contribution to his *Anthology of Magazine Verse* for 1917:

TO A LOGICIAN

Cold man, in whom no animating ray
Warms the chill substance of the sculptor's clay;
Grim Reasoner, with problems in your eyes,
Professor, Sage — however do they call you?
Far-seeing Blindman, fame shall yet befall you;
Carve you in stone — that Winter of the wise! —
And set you up in some pale portico
To frown on heaven above, on earth below.
I shall make songs, and give them to the breeze,
And die amid a thousand ecstasies!
I shall be dust, and feel the joyous sting
Of that sweet arrow from the bow of Time
Which men call Spring.
And out of my dead mouth a rose shall come like rhyme!
But you, in your eternal state of snows,
Shall thrill no more to life's resurgent flood,
Nor cast death's laughter into April's rose!
You shall be marble, who were never blood.

HANIEL LONG

Haniel Long, instructor in poetry at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, published his first book, "Poems," in 1920. Here are found numberless poems with good, lyric sense highly developed and real spiritual feeling.

I quote:

THE HERD BOY

The night I brought the cows home
Blue mist was in the air,
And in my heart was heaven
And on my lips a prayer.

I raised my arms above me,
I stretched them wide apart,
And all the world was pressing
In beauty on my heart.

The lane led by a river
Along an ancient wood,
And ancient thoughts came softly
As with the leaves they should.

I hung the cows with garlands,
And proud they walked before;
While mother-naked after
A laurel branch I bore.

— *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

And, without wishing to violate the confidence of such a poet the following lines, each sentence so meaningful, are taken from a personal letter to myself:

"It seems to me that we go through our moods as a dog through cobwebs. But moods are also like areas or continents in our being, of which we may not always be conscious. I

think it was William Blake who said we must distinguish between the Real Man and the states of mind through which as a traveller he passes. But it is difficult to know oneself, and personally I don't think the guest amusing."

Haniel Long is doing able work in his poetry classes at Carnegie Institute, that already has borne much fruit of promise.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

When the first edition of "Our Poets of Today" was brought out, America was at the height of her activity in the World War. The result of this was shown in the fact that many of the best poems selected for my study of modern poets found their theme in the war.

Kilmer and Seeger went — and will not return. And it is proper to mention in the same breath with these, greatest of our own war poets, the name of William Alexander Percy, who entered the line with the 37th Division; was participant in some of the hardest fighting in the Argonne and Flanders and whose service brought his promotion to captaincy of infantry and the Croix de Guerre with two citations.

Prior to Mr. Percy's career as a soldier he was chosen by the discerning William Stanley Braithwaite as one of America's best poets. It would be difficult to find a poem more artistic in construction or more finely demonstrating the art of poetic genius than "*Over-tones*":

I heard a bird at break of day,
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,

No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
Alone among dead trees.

—*The Bellman.*

William Alexander Percy was born in Greenville, Miss., on May 14, 1885. He took his bachelor's degree at the University of the South. He studied law at the Harvard law school and practiced law in Greenville from 1908 to 1915.

It was in 1915 that Mr. Percy published his "Sappho in Levkas and Other Poems."

In 1916 Mr. Percy went to Belgium as a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium under Mr. Hoover. He returned to America in time to enter the second officers' training camp in Texas, where he obtained his commission as first lieutenant of infantry and was ordered to France in January of 1918.

Mr. Percy is now out of the army. His second volume of verse, "In April Once," was published in 1920.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

In *The Art World* for December, 1917, there appeared an article, "Obstacles to Poetry in America," by Robert Underwood Johnson. And in the face of the general healthy growth in America's poetry output since that time, the following quotation from this article is not without interest.

In commenting on the test of a poet in this article Mr. Johnson writes: "Besides his technique, which is to be inferred from his effects, the poet should be judged — and judged severely — by his range and weight of thought. Does he open any window of imagination upon the world? Has he anything new to offer concerning the main concepts of life — Love, Death, Nature, the Seasons, Beauty, Happiness, Sorrow, Truth, Immortality? In his long poems, has he the sustained sweep of an eagle, or only the broken flight of a lamed pigeon? Does he see any deeper into the mysteries of life and bring us any accession of hope or truth? What has he to say of such time-worn topics as Friendship, Faith, Patriotism, Ambition, Youth, Poverty? Does he express his own time?

or, better, does he express the human nature that is independent of time? And last of all, has he by the union of emotion, melody and imagination an accent of permanence? These are things which criticism, accepting its responsibility, should divine and enforce, so that a discriminating public taste may be formed and directed and become a stimulus and support of the best production."

Mr. Underwood estimates the so-called "modern" school as follows: "The only way to be thoroughly modern or to remain so is to be universal. Had Shakespeare expressed only the sixteenth and a bit of the seventeenth century, his 'three-centuried wit,' as Gilder called it, would not have survived to the present day. It is because he is human and essential and not parochial, either in time, or geography, or intellectual range, because he used his own period as the vaulting-board of his imagination, that he is today the recognized prince of all literature. He opened new windows upon many worlds and taught us to look outside ourselves for light."

And in the face of such declarations, there is more than passing interest in the consideration of Mr. Johnson's following poems:

BROWNING AT ASOLO

This is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

There to the West what a range of blue! —
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves! O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?

See! yonder's his Venice — the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,

Guarding the others; the Palace choir,
 The Temple flashing the opal fire —
 Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.

Yesterday he was part of it all —
 Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
 In the flush of the Alpine afterglow,
 Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred row
 Meets in a leafy bacchanal.

Listen a moment — how oft did he! —
 To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower
 Leading the evening in . . . ah me!
 Here breathes the whole soul of Italy
 As one rose breathes with the breath of the bower.

Sighs were meant for an hour like this
 When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
 Do you wonder the poet's heart should miss
 This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss
 And dream of Asolo ever again?

"Part of it yesterday," we moan?
 Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
 What most we love we are that alone.
 His body lies under the Minster stone,
 But the love of the warm heart lingers here.

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL

Thou half-unfolded flower
 With fragrance-laden heart,
 What is the secret power
 That doth thy petals part?
 What gave thee most thy hue —
 The sunshine or the dew?

Thou wonder-wakened soul!
 As Dawn doth steal on Night,
 On thee soft Love hath stole.
 Thine eye, that blooms with light.

What makes its charm so new —
Its sunshine, or its dew?

-Mr. Johnson's published volumes include the following titles: "Saint Gaudens: An Ode, and Other Verse," "Poems of War and Peace," including the Panama Ode, The Corridors of Congress, Poems of the Great War, A Teacher, The Little Room of Dreams, etc., "Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems of Italy."

Robert Underwood Johnson was born in Washington, January 12, 1853. He was educated at Earlham College, Indiana. He has been associated with *The Century Magazine* since 1873 and was associate editor of this magazine from 1881 to 1909. From November, 1909, to May, 1913, he was editor, succeeding Richard Watson Gilder. Mr. Johnson has been conspicuous in various important national, as well as international, movements, such as The National Citizens Commission of the third Hague conference.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

A familiar in New York literary circles is Mr. James Oppenheim, poet and former editor of *The Seven Arts*, mouth-piece for young radicals, that met its untimely death early in the war.

Mr. Oppenheim was born in St. Paul, Minn., May 24, 1882. He did special work at Columbia University and counts to his credit the following books of verse: "Monday Morning and Other Poems," "Songs for the New Age," "War and Laughter," "The Book of Self," "The Mystic Warrior" and "The Solitary." Of this latter book W. H. C., writing in *The New York Tribune*, says:

"The poems collected in this volume are all written in the *vers libre* that has always been the author's most congenial mode of expression. Occasionally he succumbs to the be-

setting temptation of this style of composition and lapses into diffuse and empty wordiness. But most of his poems have the good red blood of real thought in them; they are written with genuine fire; and at the same time they show an increasing sense of artistic fineness and polish. The following passage from '*The Sea*' is an excellent illustration of Mr. Oppenheim's ability to create sonorous, rolling effects:

Music of the fluid blood and the moving spirit, life that is never
 silent,
 Energy rolling in rhythms, triumphant, despairing, solitary, multi-
 tudinous,
 Descending, descending song, the impetuous storm-brine, the
 soothing moon-sheen.
 The icy waters that burn, the balm of the equatorial baths,
 Wails of the stricken, moans of the dying, shouts of the strugglers,
 Dirge and lullaby, bells of the bridal and the burial,—
 All within myself, all on the shores of my own body,
 The unending song of the planet of my own flesh . . .
 The mother forever near me. . . .
 The great mother singing to her child. . . .

"There are several other poems in the volume that stand out with arresting excellence. The elegy for Randolph Bourne is a touching and beautiful tribute to a kindred spirit. In '*The Fires of Pittsburgh*' the author gives a convincing and realistic word picture of the hum and whirl, the unending turmoil and trial of the city. '*Memories of Whitman and Lincoln*' is a fine hymn in honor of two of the greatest American democrats. And the poems as a whole, the indifferent as well as the truly excellent, are permeated with a spirit of undimmed, exuberant, youthful idealism that promises well for the author's creative activity in the future."

The following lines are significant of Mr. Oppenheim's latest work as shown in "*The Mystic Warrior*":

Yet what is the artist? .
 Is he not also the strange hero of the people,

Something more than natural, a half-god creating half-worlds whose
glory leads us to new worlds?

Is he not a whimsical mystery among us,
A zigzag skating fire that disturbs our comfort,
A sacrifice for the race, whereby vision dies for no people?

He is the mystic warrior in the dark abyss where the cosmic
monsters play:

Baffled and beaten and overthrown he lies down in the belly of
God,

Then rises, and strikes till the blood gushes and the music runs,
And like old Prometheus he brings the fire of the heavens as a
torch to the race:

Prophecy he brings from the very matrix of the dark buried
Wisdom,

Revelations out of life deeper than the eyes have ever seen,
And loves unimagined before. . . .

America shuns him, cutting herself off from her own greatness:
But he comes nevertheless . . . he is Walt riding on top a bus,
And Poe dreaming of stars in a cottage with his wife dying,
And Emerson, absent-minded, minded of the Oversoul, in Concord
woods,

And Hawthorne moody in sad Puritanism,

And Mark Twain smoking his cigars in bed, sweating and groaning
over Huckleberry Finn,

And giant-like, tearful Dreiser, and Sandburg sitting in a news-
paper office,

And Vachel Lindsay jazzing in Paradise (or in Springfield, Illinois?)

And Masters among all souls in strange Spoon River,

And yes, even this struggling James with his great ambitions . . .

So I speak for the artist . . .

But I also speak for the multitude like myself, with equal struggles
and the same yearnings,

The same sorrows, joys and lamentings,

But no gift: inarticulate, frustrated, America's victims.

"When, in 1914, Mr. Oppenheim's 'Songs for the New Age' was published there were many of us who recognized in the book a personal utterance of an uncommon nature in American poetry of the day," says Mr. Braithwaite. "The book came as near as any could come to the temper and vision of Whitman, but at the root of the personality in the work was a consciousness of artistry that differentiated the effect of the free rhythms from the surging and abrupt lines of Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' In Mr. Oppenheim's work was a quality of mysticism which made his speculations about democracy and individualism something a little finer than a vehement revolt against the idols of sentimentality and conservatism; it lifted his substance to a plane of vision that caught the light of a mood that came from the eternal. We looked upon these 'Songs for the New Age' somewhat in the light of a social declaration for the race and the nation, and only very vaguely felt meanings and implications of a deeper personal nature. The book was full of prophetic visions, but these visions we took to be general rather than individual; and like so much of prophetic visioning the symbolisms and divinations obscured for us the direct significance of the character of the prophet.

"After the 'Songs for the New Age' Mr. Oppenheim gave us 'War and Laughter,' 'The Book of Self' and 'The Solitary' and these books threw a new light upon the meaning of the 'Songs for the New Age.' But that meaning does not become wholly clear and impressive until the reading of 'The Mystic Warrior.' This book leads up in sequence, though written later, to the 'Songs for the New Age,' and the five books together form an autobiographic record of an artist's life with the emphasis upon the spiritual tumult through which the soul and spirit pass in their development."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

William Rose Benét was born at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, February 2, 1886. He was educated at the Albany Academy, and the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.

In a letter from Mr. Charles G. Norris (author of "Salt" and "Brass") to the author of this book, Mr. Norris declares Mr. Benét "one of the most representative of our poets of today and one whose work has been acclaimed by the most discriminating critics in America and England as work of the finest order."

From Mr. Benét's "The Burglar of The Zodiac" (Yale University Press) the following poem is taken:

THE ASYLUM

I love my asylum,
My home in the skies,
Splashed with splendid color,
Drenched in dazzling dyes:
Clouds and winds and oceans,
Blue above — below.
I love my asylum. . . .
But the other inmates? *No!*

All in our asylum
Are mad as can be.
I stick my tongue at them.
They stick their tongues at me.
And purple authorities
And gilded bloody gods
All rule in our asylum
With black whips and rods.

And men cry "Alleluia,"
To hop-toads with wings;
And women love poodles;
And all love breaking things,

Love swearing and peering,
Love reptiles and lice. . .
You see, in my asylum
It isn't very nice!

But sometimes the windows
Are burst by magic dawns,
And then we see far vistas
Of star-embroidered lawns
Where rational angels
Are laughing like fun.
But, of course, in our asylum
It simply isn't done!

So one wears a crown,
One piles his gold in rows,
One balances a feather
On the end of his nose.
One's a sword-swallower,
One mumbles "*One-two-three.*"
And all in our asylum
Are unhappy as can be.

For you see, the whole trouble
(Though we're absolutely mad!)
Is, we fear a strange sensation
We have sometimes had.
So sometimes we huddle close
And clutch at heart and brain.
For I'll tell you what's the trouble;
We're afraid of going — sane!

William Rose Benét is associated with the editorial staff of *The Literary Review* of *The New York Evening Post*. He is interested in modern American poetry, and his "Moons of Grandeur" published by Doran in 1921 is his latest and most mature book. It is whispered in literary circles that Mr. Benét is the popular and sparkling "Kenelm Digby" of *The Literary Review*. Recently Doran published his first novel "The First Person Singular."

The following poems are reprinted from "Moons of Grandeur: "

THE HERETIC

"Then," said my Angel, "I leave you!"
"So!" whispered my Devil, "I come!"
But my lips framed no regretting;
I stood struck dumb.

With pathos the angels would grieve you;
With threats the devils would fright.
Man travails within, begetting
A god of light.

Now though all Heaven bereft me
Of flowers and music's sound,
Now though all Hell, to win me,
Flamed red around,

Only one thing was left me,
One only since time began:
To speak the truth that was in me
And play the man.

BAST

She had green eyes, that excellent seer,
And little peaks to either ear.
She sat there, and I sat here.

She spoke of Egypt, and a white
Temple, against enormous night.

She smiled with clicking teeth and said
That the dead were never dead;

Said old emperors hung like bats
In barns at night, or ran like rats —
But empresses came back as cats!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

A graphic narrator — that is what critics have so aptly called Stephen Vincent Benét, whose dramatic imagination and brilliance of metaphor place him among our most able practitioners of narrative poetry.

As Mr. Gordon Ray Young, that well known critic of the California coast, puts it:

“It is very rare to find a poet whose felicity seems peculiar to his longer poems; but this is largely true of Mr. Benét. The very short ones, sonnets and such, are not of the best material, not comparable to ‘*The Lover in Hell*’ with its curious ironic twist, ‘*Winged Man*’ and ‘*Portrait of a Boy*’ — one of which is long.

“And the thing that lifts Mr. Benét from among the commonplace good poets — for many have a technical perfection that his does not exceed — is that behind the wizard richness of the poems, the color and bright phrase are the searching brain and thought of the realistic dramatists. Few words have been more abused than dramatic, and it isn’t essentially proper here; but the language is inadequately equipped to define the poet, who is also a realist, and yet does not use the trappings and conventions of realism. Browning was a poet of the kind. Mr. Benét is full of much the same spirit.”

From “*The Drug Shop or Endymion in Edmonstoun*,” the initial poem in Mr. Benét’s “*Young Adventure*,” an opium vision in various movements is presented. These lines are from one of the songs:

Within the lights were yellow
In drowsy rooms and warm;
Without, the stabbing lightning
Shattered across the storm.

Within the great logs crackled,
The drink-horns emptied soon;
Without the black cloaks of the clouds
Strangled the waning moon.

"So many moods and themes spread over the compass of 'Heavens and Earth,' Mr. Benét's latest volume of poetry," writes William Stanley Braithwaite, "riotous and rapturous, whimsical and ironic, and undulating on waves and swift and thrilling music."

"In this book," continues Mr. Braithwaite, "Benét groups his poems into five parts, to which he gives such suggestive and rousing captions as 'Two Visions of Helen,' 'Chariots and Horsemen,' 'The Tall Town,' 'Apples of Eden,' and 'The Kingdom of the Mad.' The first gives a 'first' and 'last' vision of Helen, two beautiful poems about the woman with the burning countenance that has ever been a torch to the imagination of man as it was to the Greeks and Trojans, the cause of the conflagration that brought ruin to Troy and perils to the adventures of the Greek warriors. But these two poems depart from the conventional handling of the Helen theme; the first vision deals with her love for Itys, who is killed by a spear during the hunting of the centaurs. The last vision deals with Helen, who after the 'fall of Troy, departs to Egypt with ghostly companions, as in the old tale. She encounters the Sphinx, and a marvel is wrought upon her.' This is the longer of the two poems, and its symbols are expressed in 'The Song of the City of Troy,' 'The Song of the Sphinx,' 'Song of the Men of Helen,' 'Helen's Song,' and 'The Last Song of the Sphinx,' which are connected by blank verse narrative. The hazardous woman vanishes from the sight of man, as here told by the poet:

Helen stood

Within the tremendous circle of the paws,
Moving like light towards the dark secret heart,
The Sphinx cried terribly with a wordless sound
Of birth and anguish struggling to be heard. . . ."

Stephen Vincent Benét was born at Bethlehem, Pa., July 22, 1898, and educated at Summerville Academy, Augusta, Ga., and Yale University. He is the author of "Five Men and Pompey," his first book of poetry, published before he entered

Yale; "The Drug Shop," which was the Yale University prize poem of 1917, "Young Adventure," (Yale University Press) "Heavens and Earth," (Holt) and two novels (Holt). His first novel, "The Beginning of Wisdom" was recently mentioned by Heywood Broun as one of the ten outstanding novels of the year, and his latest volume of poems was awarded the Poetry Society Prize for 1920, dividing the award with Carl Sandburg's "Smoke and Steel."

Mr. Benét was married on November 26, 1921 to Miss Rosemary Carr of Chicago. His latest published novel is "Young Peoples' Pride." He has recently been contributing short stories to the magazines, notable among which was the story "Elementals," published in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

CHAPTER XXII

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, ELINOR WYLIE, WINIFRED WELLES

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

"RENASCENCE," written by Edna St. Vincent Millay in 1912, evidenced the advent of an American poet who promised genius.

Since that time Miss Millay has written many poems, and 1922 found her in full possession of a poetic art, of rare and exquisite beauty. Her place seems secure as one of our finest and most gifted lyric singers — a singer who is simple to the point of plainness but at the same time possesses passionate beauty and enviable craftsmanship.

Edna Millay was born on February 22, 1892, at Rockland, Maine, and spent practically her entire childhood in New England. She was graduated from Vassar college in 1917. Her present home is in New York.

Aside from her poetry, Miss Millay has figured prominently in the work of the Provincetown Players both as playwright and actor. She has written a number of short stories and spent the greater part of 1921 and 1922 in European travel.

In commenting on Miss Millay's earlier work it is conceded that she is first a natural poet. She has added to this natural quality, a richness of words, a keen analytical sense and ability to differentiate between the beautiful thought and that which is only sentimental. Many have said that Miss Millay's poems are "sung as a pagan out of nature" and again that she is mistress of "a pessimism that sparkles." With these comments in mind the following lines offer an interesting study in contrast.

Life must go on;
I forget just why.

* * *

Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill, April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

* * *

Tiresome heart, forever living and dying,
House without air, I leave you and lock your door.

How different these lines from "Renascence":

O God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e'er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity!
Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eye will see Thee pass,
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Through the cool eve of every day;
God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

In 1911, Miss Millay published "Second April" (Mitchell Kennerley) and here, according to Mr. Padriac Colum, a great deal of the charm of Miss Millay's poetry is found in the fact that she has often the outlook and the expression of a child — "of a precocious, learned and subtle child. Flowers and bright things make up beauty for her; she is overwhelmed by her sense of the height of things; the sort of world she has adventures in is aptly described at the end of one of her poems of 'Second April'":

There was a child that wandered through
A Giant's empty house all day —
House full of wonderful things and new,
But no fit place for a child to play.

I find something of the poet's disillusion in this book, and while it is a continuation of Miss Millay's lyric powers, carries rather an air of sadness. For example "*City Trees*":

The trees along this city street,
Save for the traffic and the trains,
Would make a sound as thin and sweet
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in their shade
Out of a shower, undoubtedly
Would hear such music as is made
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb
Against the shrieking air,
I watch you when the wind has come —
I know what sound is there.

To continue from Mr. Padriac Colum writing in *The Freeman*, "How many of these (poems from 'Second April') might have been written by the precocious, learned and subtle child that I see in Miss Millay — 'City Trees,' 'Journey,' 'Weeds,' 'Passer Mortuus Est,' 'Pastoral,' 'Assault,' 'Travel,' 'Low Tide,' 'Song of a Second April,' 'Rosemary.' None of these, it seems to me, has mature passion or mature experience. 'The Beanstalk' is a breathless dramatization of a child's climb and is something that is very well done. 'The Blue Flag in the Bog' is a distinctive poem — a mental journey such as Miss Millay has made before; an irregular progress with glimpses and visions. Then I come to 'The Poet and his Book,' and after that I cease to think of Miss Millay as the child. The voice is full that one hears say:

When these veins are weeds,
When these hollowed sockets
Watch the rooty seeds
Bursting down like rockets,
And surmise the spring again,
Or, remote in that black cupboard,
Watch the pink worms writhing upward

At the smell of rain.
Boys and girls that lie
Whispering in the hedges,
Do not let me die,
Mix me with your pledges;
Boys and girls that slowly walk
In the woods, and weep, and quarrel,
Staring past the pink wild laurel,
Mix me with your talk.

"Here is music and here is the sense of actual things, and the two mix as in a seventeenth-century poem."

A 1922 poem by Miss Millay is called "*Scrub*":

If I grow bitterly,
Like a gnarled and stunted tree,
Bearing harshly of my youth
Puckered fruit that sears the mouth,
If I make of my drawn boughs
An inhospitable house,
Out of which I never pry
Towards the water and the sky,
Under which I stand and hide
And hear the day go by outside,
It is that a wind too strong
Bent my back when I was young,
It is that I fear the rain
Lest it blister me again.

—*Vanity Fair*

The books of Miss Millay include the following titles: "Renascence," Mitchell Kennerley; "Second April," Mitchell Kennerley; "A Few Figs from Thistles," "Poems and Four Sonnets," Frank Shay; "Aria da Capo," "Two Slatterns and a King," Stewart, Kidd and Company, Cincinnati.

"Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay is, to my mind, easily the best of contemporary American lyric poets. Like Miss Teasdale, she writes blank verse and sonnets, and does both well. Moreover she has had some success with her two verse

plays 'Aria da Capo' and 'The Lamp and the Bell,' But as a lyric poet she is freer from the bookishness and the affectations which are common faults in her other work. While employing her natural gift she is alternately whimsical, mischievous, tender and cynical," writes Theodore Maynard in *The Boston Evening Transcript*.

ELINOR WYLIE

Few American poets have made so impressive an entrance before a large public as did Elinor Wylie in her first book, "Nets to Catch the Wind," which contained thirty-three poems and was published by Harcourt Brace & Co. in 1921.

The story of Mrs. Wylie's development as a poet is an unusual one. She had written poetry from an early age but had published nothing. In New England one winter season, she began writing again. Later some of her work was sent to magazines. The poems were immediately accepted.

Like Miss Millay, Mrs. Wylie seems to possess a great gift seldom given, a certain quality we call genius. Her poetry is at times like slim finely polished rapiers drawn in moonlight. Again it possesses poignant beauty, unsentimental understanding, shows an almost ascetic pride of spirit. In some moods she is not unlike Robert Frost, though her technique is extremely different.

For passion and restraint read this poet's "*Beauty*":

Say not of Beauty she is good,
Or aught but beautiful,
Or sleek to doves' wings of the wood
Her wild wings of a gull.

Call her not wicked; that word's touch
Consumes her like a curse;
But love her not too much, too much,
For that is even worse.

O, she is neither good nor bad,
But innocent and wild!

Enshrine her and she dies, who had
The hard heart of a child.

John V. A. Weaver, writing in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, says of Mrs. Wylie: "She has something valuable to say every time, and she says it without a fumble. Images, philosophy, psychology, emotion, irony — she handles them all without effort; she gets her effect. And, curiously enough, one does not get the impression of sophistication. Elinor Wylie's work has attracted considerable attention already, and now that she has a book, let us hope that she will find the wide appreciation she deserves, and give us poems in increasing volume. That she is destined to become one of the Few Who Count in present American poetry there is not the slightest doubt." Some of her best writing is shown in the following poems:

VILLAGE MYSTERY

The woman in the pointed hood
And cloak blue-gray like a pigeon's wing,
Whose orchard climbs to the balsam-wood,
Has done a cruel thing.

To her back door-step came a ghost,
A girl who had been ten years dead,
She stood by the granite hitching-post
And begged for a piece of bread.

Now why should I, who walk alone,
Who am ironical and proud,
Turn, when a woman casts a stone
At a beggar in a shroud?

I saw the dead girl cringe and whine,
And cower in the weeping air —
But, oh, she was no kin of mine,
And so I did not care!

THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE.

Avoid the reeking herd,
Shun the polluted flock,
Live like that stoic bird,
The eagle of the rock.

The huddled warmth of crowds
Begets and fosters hate;
He keeps, above the clouds,
His cliff inviolate.

When flocks are folded warm,
And herds to shelter run,
He sails above the storm,
He stares into the sun.

If in the eagle's track
Your sinews cannot leap,
Avoid the lathered pack,
Turn from the steaming sheep.

If you would keep your soul
From spotted sight or sound,
Live like the velvet mole;
Go burrow underground.

And there hold intercourse
With roots of trees and stones,
With rivers at their source,
And disembodied bones.

Her volume contains no poem of more than two or three pages. She is a discreet artist with a gift for the right word. She uses the traditional forms but speaks through them with sharp and clear distinction.

There is something of Blake in her handling of themes, something of Emily Dickinson in her amused detachment, according to some of her critics.

WINIFRED WELLES

It was in 1921 that Mr. Huebsch, the New York publisher, declared he had found a lyric writer whose poetical gifts were decidedly worth while. So, he published "The Hesitant Heart" by Winifred Welles. In ranging the entire field of American lyric poets, there are few in my opinion, with the possible exception of that artist, Sara Teasdale, who excel the gifts of Miss Millay, Mrs. Wylie, Miss Welles or Miss Widdemer.

I like the quality that seems intensely personal and is withal universal and this is found to a marked degree in Miss Welles' writings. As one critic puts it, anything she has to tell might have happened a thousand years ago or yesterday. Who can read "*Indian Pipes*" and not feel this very fine art?

These are the flowers for a mad bride —
 At dusk, on the black earth, under black trees,
 She shall fill her torn, white hands with these.
 She shall be heard by all the countryside
 When she comes singing to the wood's edge.
 Whiter than dogwood shall flutter on the ledge
 The silver tatters of her bridal dress.
 Singing in a cracked voice a song of craziness,
 Down the vague meadow, where her floating veil,
 Rests on the mist, she shall wander, till her wail
 Dies along the river in the mown hay.

There they shall find her at break of day,
 With eyes like the first white frost, with the tips
 Of her tired fingers and the droop of her lips
 Blackened like the flowers she had stolen away,
 The flowers that were all one waxen white,
 Leaf, stem and cup, but could not last the night.

The Measure.

It will be noticed in reading the following poems by Miss Welles, that each is beautifully complete, possessing style, imagination and rhythm. Her technique is not unlike that of Miss Millay, although she is not so mature an artist.

THE HESITANT HEART

No, I shall never climb above the hill,
But, wistful, pause halfway and take my fill
Of wondering —
Behind me lies the valley, hot and still,
A roof-scarred thing.

If, like a lagging cloud with slow, white feet,
I should surmount the hill, would I then greet
The spray-wreathed sea?
And would the eager winds blow keen and sweet
Up, up to me?

Halfway, my craven heart shall ever bide,
Content in hoping that the other side
Shines on a silver shore,
Yet fearful lest the high hills only hide
More vale — and nothing more.

ONE VOICE

You were the princess of the fairy tale
Who spoke in emeralds instead of words,
Whose laughter left an exquisite, bright trail
Of sounds as winged and visible as birds.

I never knew until yours went from me,
That any voice could love my name so much,
That just to speak it made it seem to be
A fragrance and a color and a touch.

My days are gestures of bewilderment,
My nights are attitudes of listening,

For fear you may have whispered as you went,
And I shall lose the starlike echoing.

"I was born in Norwich Town, Conn.," says Miss Welles. "My life has been lived almost entirely in that old town, but it has been so extremely quiet and my education so commonplace that neither contains anything, I am sure, which would interest anyone.

"What I have learned of poetry has come very simply from love of the New England countryside, and from browsing, in a blundering and undirected manner, among books good and bad. My personal experience has not lacked the usual drama of human beings — grief, hope, love, loneliness — but they have not passed with any particular picturesqueness.

"I wonder if these very dry facts will be of any help to you at all. I appreciate your wanting them so much, that I feel ungratefully unresponsive in not being able to recount continental tours or war decorations! "

Miss Welles was married to Harold H. Shearer of New York in September, 1921.

CHAPTER XXIII

H. D., LOLA RIDGE, SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA, MAXWELL
BODENHEIM, ALFRED KREYMBORG, ARTHUR FICKE,
ORRICK JOHNS, HERBERT S. GORMAN,
MERCEDES DE ACOSTA

H. D.

(Hilda Doolittle)

"If beauty could be done to death they would have killed her long ago, when first she appeared among the Imagists," declared May Sinclair in a remarkable critique on the poems of H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) in *The Dial*.

Hilda Doolittle was born on September 10, 1886, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and when still a child, her father became Director of the Flower Observatory and moved to a suburb of Philadelphia. Hilda attended a private school in West Philadelphia; entered Bryn Mawr College in 1904; went abroad, for what was intended to be a short stay, in 1911. After visiting Italy and France, she went to London, joining Ezra Pound and aided in his organization of the Imagists.

Her work (signed H. D.) appeared in magazines and its remarkable quality gained almost immediate recognition.

She married one of the talented English members of the Imagist group, Richard Aldington, in 1913, and remained in London.

In 1920 she returned to America, stopping on the Pacific coast, returning, the next year, to England.

H. D. is the most significant of Imagist poets. She has kept the faith and is said to be, in fact, the only true Imagist.

Her poems retain the exquisite grace of the Greek models.

At first, they seem cold. But hers is a talent where a paucity of words results in intensity and glowing energy.

Her efforts with contemporary subjects are not so successful. She is superb in her pagan world.

"Hymen," by H. D. (published by Henry Holt in 1921), is a distinctive example of a poet's work that is unique among modern poets. H. D. always had hardness and simplicity of line and believing herself to be Greek in essence, she turns to ancient Greece for her subjects.

Miss Sinclair, to revert to her appreciation of H. D., says: "In H. D.'s work there is a rich sensuousness which has nothing florid about it or cloying, that has even a certain lucid, clean, austerity. Everywhere she cuts clean, she finishes. No loose ends, no blurred edges. There is, perhaps, no contemporary poet who has a finer sense of outline, none who can so constrain rich sensuousness to supersensuous form.

"She has been reproached for her obscurity. She is certainly not afraid of the dark when darkness serves her purpose, where it is the essence of her subject or her mood. We must distinguish here between obscurity of thought and obscurity of feeling. Whereas unclarified thought means shallow thinking, emotion at a certain depth *is* obscure. It is only in her maturer work, if anywhere, that we find this quality. Her earlier poems have all the finite Greek perfection. Nothing can be added to or taken away from them.

"Sea-Garden, the six Choruses, a score of scattered things, and Hymen, about seventy-six poems in all (in nine years) — and the remarkable thing is that any six, selected almost at random, would be enough to establish H. D.'s reputation! The significant thing is that with each year she has achieved a wider range, a greater depth and intensity of vision. Whether she is judged by that quality or by her technical perfection, or by the sheer beauty of her form, there can be no doubt that her place in literature is secure. No doubt that matters.

"Only a slight effort of attention is needed to get at the magic and the significance of such poems as I have quoted.

“ The creator of strange new beauty has a right to demand so much from anybody who undertakes to pronounce judgment. Is it too much to ask? I don't imagine, for example, that my own flair for strange new beauty is special and extraordinary, a thing that could not be cultivated by any lover of old familiar beauty who honestly desires to cultivate it. For beauty is ageless, eternal and one, recognizable under all differences of form. Therefore it is inconceivable that any devout lover of it should miss the divine quality of H. D.'s poetry. There is certainly nothing in contemporary literature that surpasses these later poems, at first sight so splendidly dim, at last so radiant, so crystalline. An austere ecstasy is in them. They have the quick beat of birds' wings, the rise and fall of big waves, the slow, magical movement of figures in some festival of Demeter or Dionysus, carrying the *sacra*.” Stanzas like these called ‘*Not Honey*’ show H. D.'s qualities at their best:

Not honey,
not the plunder of the bee
from meadow or sand-flower
or mountain bush;
from winter-flower or shoot
both of the later heat
not honey, not the sweet
stain on the lips and teeth:
not honey, not the deep
plunge of soft belly
and the clinging of the gold-edged
pollen-dusted feet.

Not so —
though rapture blind my eyes,
and hunger scisp
dark and inert my mouth,
not honey, not the south,
not the tall stalk
of red twin-lilies,
nor light branch of fruit tree
caught in flexible light branch.

Not honey, not the south;
ah flower of purple iris
flower of white
or of the iris, withering the grass —
for flock of the sun's fire,
gathers such heat and power,
that shadow-print is light,
cast through the petals
of the yellow iris flower.

Not iris — old desire — old passion —
old forgetfulness — old pain —
not this, nor any flower,
but if you turn again,
seek strength of arm and throat,
touch as the god;
neglect the lyre-note;
knowing that you shall feel,
about the frame.
no trembling of the string
but heat, more passionate
of bone and the white shell
and fiery tempered steel.

LOLA RIDGE

Lola Ridge was born in Dublin, Ireland. She left there in infancy and her childhood was spent in Sydney, Australia. In 1907, she came to the United States and supported herself for three years by writing fiction for magazines. She stopped this work only, as she says, "because I found I would have to do so if I wished to survive as an artist."

Miss Ridge then earned her living in various ways — as advertisement writer, artist's model, factory-worker, etc.

In 1918, *The New Republic* published her long poem "*The Ghetto*."

"*The Ghetto and Other Poems*" (1918) contains several powerful poems of which the title-poem is the best. It is a poem of the city, frank expression of unhidden realities not

unlike Mercedes De Acosta's "Streets and Shadows" in places.

"Sun-Up" (1920) shows more restraint but again it is the work of a fine realist. While Miss Ridge is at her best in her longer poems such as "*The Alley*" from "Sun-Up" or in the fine descriptive poems that make up "The Ghetto" something of her talent may be judged from the following poem that she calls "*Nocturne*":

Indigo bulb of darkness
Punctured by needle lights
Through a fissure of brick canyon
 shutting out stars,
And a sliver of moon
Spigoting two high windows
 over the West river. . . .

Boy, I met to-night,
Your eyes are two red-glowing arcs
 shifting with my vision. . . .
They reflect as in a fading proof
The deadened eyes of a woman,
And your shed virginity,
Light as the withered pod of a sweet pea,
Moist and fragrant
Blows against my soul.
What are you to me, boy,
That I, who have passed so many lights,
Should carry your eyes
Like swinging lanterns?

Miss Ridge is now the American editor of *Broom*, the new inter-nation magazine of the arts published abroad.

SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

Dear Mr. Cook:

Just now I have spent a frenzied hour with your fascinating book of modern American poets; fascinating at least to me who have learned to look for great things from some of our younger men in the field of verse, and eagerly to

scan the magazines for fresh evidence of a poetic renaissance in this new world of arduous young souls.

But I write to plead for one whom you have neglected or with whose work you are, perhaps, unfamiliar; Salomón de la Selva, a very young Nicaraguan, but American to the very core in the wide sense of the word; surely as American as Service, McCrea or Middleton. Perhaps the too recent publication of his "Tropical Town and Other Poems" (John Lane, 1918) precluded the possibility of your taking the measure of this fiery little genius in time for a notice in your book. "Tropical Town" had been published in full in *Harpers*, quoted there from *Contemporary Poetry* by Howells who gave it high praise. *Century* and the *Forum* had printed others. What a shame you had not seen them! Who but a rare genius could have given voice to this lyric ecstatic outpouring of the soul:

God, my God,
Your world is much too beautiful! I feel
My senses melt and reel;
And my heart aches as if a sudden steel
Had pierced me through and through
I cannot bear
This too vigorous sweetness in your air;
The sunlight smites me heavy blow on blow,
My soul is black and blue
And blind and dizzy. God, my mortal eyes
Cannot resist the onslaught of your skies!
I am no wind, I cannot rise and go
Tearing in madness to the woods and sea;
I am no tree;
I cannot push the earth and lift and grow;
I am no rock,
To stand unmovable against this shock.
Behold me now, a too desirous thing
Passionate lover of your ardent Spring,
Held in her arms too fast, too fiercely pressed
Against her thundering breast
That leaps and crushes me!

— From "Drill."

And there are others, "*Ode to the Woolworth Building*" and "*The Fall From Faerieland*" that sing just as impassioned and spontaneous a song of joy or sorrow.

It is not alone my own personal friendship for him that makes me write to you; but also a strong desire to see this young singer take the place in the world of poetry that he deserves today.

I might also note that ten of the "Eleven Poems of Rubin Davis," the translations of which you assign to Thomas Walsh, were done into English by de la Selva who is today doing as great a service for the literary entente between the United States and Latin America as any man living.

Yours very truly,

(signed) Harold L. van Doren.

It was this letter that first drew my attention to Mr. de la Selva's poems, two of which I quote together with the following sketch of this South American's life.

JOY

Joy and I together
On a soft warm bed
Dreamed of pleasant weather
Lying head to head.

Joy and I together
Kissed till dawn was red:
—"Now be still, my darling,
I am tired," Joy said.

When I woke, a shutter
Made a creaking noise;
I saw a candle splutter;
Heard a leaden voice. . . .

Noon it was of daytime,
 All the world was gold.
 —“Now be still, my darling,
 Honey must be sold;

“Though the bees are hungry,
 Honey must be sold!”
 Noon it was of daytime
 And an old bell tolled.

—For *Don Martín Luis Guzmán*.

TROPICAL CHILDHOOD

Toys I had, soldiers of lead and a sword of tin
 And kites and tops; but I broke the silly sword
 And melt the soldiers, and fast as a top may spin
 And high as a kite may fly, I sent a word
 Whirling and soaring: asking. I was so thin
 And restless; scarcely spoke and hardly heard
 What people gossiped, too busy with the din
 Of that one answer that daily was deferred.

And so I grew, and one day saw the tears
 That made my mother's cheek salty to kiss,
 And looked behind me at the vanishing years,
 And looked before me at the approaching tide,
 And knew myself a turmoil of mysteries
 And life a whirlwind rushing at my side.

Salomón de la Selva is in his twenty-fourth year, and was born in León, Nicaragua, Central America. He comes from a family distinguished in politics and literature. His ancestry counts Indian chiefs and Spanish conquistadores, and one of his grandmothers was an Englishwoman of noble blood. The young poet has studied in his native land, in Europe and in the United States. In this country he has lectured on modern poetry at Columbia University and taught Romance Languages

at Williams College. He is a corresponding member of the Hispanic Society of America and also belongs to a number of other literary associations and academies here and in Spanish-speaking countries. His native language is Spanish and, a frequent contributor to Spanish as well as to American magazines, he is regarded as the foremost poet of his generation in Latin-America. In 1910, on the death of his father, the Nicaraguan Congress decreed to adopt him as the ward of the nation. Since then he has been more and more looked upon by his people as their special singer.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Maxwell Bodenheim was born at Natchez, Mississippi, May 26, 1892, and his education, with the exception of grammar school training, was acquired in the U. S. Army, in which Bodenheim served three years, beginning in 1910. He then studied law and art respectively in Chicago, but became interested in the new poetry and then turned to literature. He wrote for five years without having a single poem accepted but in 1918 his first volume was published "Minna and Myself" (1918). Here is shown a poet's response to words—words, in his hands seem to do the unexpected. Sometimes they become terribly mixed with meaning quite lost, but always Bodenheim is an agile-handed colourist.

"In Advice" (1920) came Bodenheim's second volume. There is hardly a line that is not a mass of festoons and ornaments. Entire poems seem lost in lavish adornment.

Mr. Bodenheim's "Introducing Irony" was published by Boni & Liveright in 1922. This book is written in his accustomed manner—barbed with brilliant shafts of polished style and technique.

"*The Scrub Woman*" is in his characteristic vein:

When you grunt and touch your hair
I perceive your exhaustion
Reaching for a bit of pity
And carefully rearranging it.

Lift up your pails and go home;
Take the false tenderness of rest;
Drop your clothes disordered, on the floor.
Vindictive simplicity.

ALFRED KREYMBORG

Alfred Kreymborg, "insurgents' younger poet," was born in New York City, December 10, 1883. His education was uncertain and at ten, he was an expert chess player, devoting practically all his time to this game. He became in turn a bookkeeper, taught chess and played exhibition games. At thirty, he turned to the theatre and in 1914 organized that group of radical poets which called itself "Others." He edited the three anthologies of their work published in 1916, 1917 and 1919. Meanwhile, he had been working on a technique that was another attempt to rid poetry of its non-essentials.

"Mushrooms" (1916) was his first collection along these lines—here Kreymborg sought to eliminate his lines until they became veritable skeletons.

"Plays for Poem-Mimes" (1918), in which the principles of modern art are applied to poetry and acting, as well as the more developed "Plays for Merry Andrews" (1920), were also published by him and a definite, significant volume of poetry "Blood of Things," (1920) is, in spite of many peculiarities, the work not only of a pioneer but a thoughtful writer.

The following poem "*Her Eyes*" is in Mr. Kreymborg's best vein:

Her eyes hold black whips —
 dart of a whip
 lashing, nay flicking,
 nay, merely caressing
 the hide of a heart —
and a broncho tears through canyons —
 walls reverberating,
 sluggish streams
 shaken to rapids and torrents,
 storm destroying
 silence and solitude!
Her eyes throw black lariats —
 one for his head,
 one for his heels —
and the beast lies vanquished —
 walls still,
 streams still —
 except for a tarn,
 or is it a pool,
 or is it a whirlpool
 twitching with memory?

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Arthur Davison Ficke was born at Davenport, Iowa, November 10, 1883. He received his A.B. at Harvard (1904), studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1908. In 1919, after two years' service in France, he gave up his law practice and devoted himself to literature exclusively. He is the author of ten volumes of verse, among which are "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" (1914), "The Man on the Hilltop" (1915) and "An April Elegy" (1917).

An expert collector and student of Japanese prints, Mr. Ficke has also written two books on this subject.

Writing under the pseudonym "Anne Knish," he was one of the co-authors (with Witter Bynner) of *Spectra* (1916) which, caricaturing some of the new forms of poetry, was taken seriously by a number of the critics and proved a successful hoax.

Following is an example of one of Mr. Ficke's more recent poems, published in 1922 —:

DOCTOR OF BUTTERFLIES

His white beard tossing in the wind of speed
 Made by his passage, down the dusty road
 He disappeared, giving no slightest heed
 To us, his nephews, who so bravely strode
 After him. In his gentle giant hand
 He brandished as he went a little net . . .
 Dear titan uncle from an alien land,
 I see you always thus: I see you yet
 With laughing, bearded mouth and serious eyes
 Pursuing the mirages of your dream —
 Most learned Doctor of the Butterflies —
 Most childlike follower of the wings that gleam!
 Now you are dead. Surely above your tomb
 Some butterfly hovers against the gloom.

— *The Literary Review (The New York Evening Post)*.

ORRICK JOHNS

Orrick Johns was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1887. He practiced as an advertising copy writer, his creative work being kept as an avocation.

"Asphalt and Other Poems" was published in 1917, "Black Branches" came in 1920.

In "Rhymes of the Countryside" published in *Vanity Fair* (1922) some of Mr. Johns' best work is shown.

WILD PLUM

They are unholy who are born
 To love wild plum at night,
 Who once have passed it on a road
 Glimmering and white.

It is as though the darkness had
Speech of silver words,
Or as though a cloud of stars
Perched like ghostly birds.

They are unpitied from their birth
And homeless in men's sight,
Who love, better than the earth,
Wild plum at night.

THE LOOM-GIRL

Far among the fields—
White with carrot-bloom,
She walked by my side
Dreaming of her loom,

Her loom that ever called her,
Ruthlessly, and she
Was dumb in the starlight
And dumb by the sea.

Far among the sand-dunes,
Green with waving grass,
She walked by my side
A dream-lost lass.

But deaf amid the stir
And the dust of the loom,
She thinks of the sands,
And the wild carrot-bloom.

HERBERT S. GORMAN

Herbert S. Gorman was born at Springfield, Massachusetts, January 1, 1893. After attending Technical High School he entered the newspaper world and became assistant literary

and dramatic editor of the *Springfield Union*, reporter on the *New York Sun* and reviewer for the *New York Post*, *The Freeman* and other journals.

His first book, "The Fool of Love" (1920) shows culture, talent and scholarly perception. His book of poems "The Barcarole of James Smith," was published by the Putnams in the Autumn of 1922.

"Besides my book of verse," says Mr. Gorman, "I expect to have completed a novel in 1922 and am gathering material for a book about my good friend, Edwin Arlington Robinson."

Mr. Gorman is married to Jean Wright Gorman, also a writer.

THE BARCAROLE OF JAMES SMITH

With willing arms I row and row
So dear a freight that I must know
The moment is the point of time
When James Smith changes, grows sublime,
And hurries to the flaming tryst
Of Love, that ancient alchemist,
And grows into his thoughts and comes
To half awaked millenniums.

I could imagine madrigals
With curiously dying falls
To creep into your little ears
And lift you with me through the years.
But you would barely understand
Why you were lifted, long for land,
And tell me to row back again
From heaven to the Vast Inane.

Meanwhile I sit and row the boat
And catch your laughter, watch your throat
And mouth sway perilously near
And burn away the atmosphere.
The sunset shakes me almost free
From river, boat and lunacy.
You say it's rather like a fish

Of crimson on a golden dish?
It may be so. It may be I
Have other thoughts that signify
A closer meaning for us two. . . .
But I must row and what's to do?
If you could see yourself and be
The rower, look through eyes of me
Not knowing what was hid inside
Your little head — but that's denied.

You'll be the freight until the end:
I'll be the rower — and the friend.
And you will never know the thought
That makes you curiously wrought
In other substance than you are:
And I will steer by some vague star
That is not even lit for you,
And I daresay the star will do.

If I were not James Smith but one
Not haunted by the desert sun
Of too excessive visioning
Perhaps you'd be a different thing
And quite unusual, but that
At most is but conjectured at. . .
So willingly I row and row
And let you wonder while I know.

It is from this poem that Mr. Gorman's book takes its title.
The following beautiful lines are reprinted from *The Boston Evening Transcript*:

LONELY TWILIGHT

You are very still when twilight spreads her wing
Over earth, where Time is always withering.
You are very silent; stillness seems the best
When the rich day crumbles in the burnt-out west.
Underneath your eyelids, far and far away,

Shadows pass and beckon in their mournful play;
Worlds go down in ashes; moons of pallor glow
Till they drift like petals, till they fall like snow.
Hushed and brooding, even I would hardly dare
Break upon the stillness closing round you there.
Twilight comes between us, sorrows, darkened skies,
In the vague remonstrance of your lonely eyes.

MERCEDES DE ACOSTA

Following the first publication of "Our Poets of Today," I received many letters and manuscripts from minor American poets living in all parts our country. I had written that we were witnessing a renaissance of American poetic expression. If it were true, they said, I, as a sort of hybrid author-publisher, should help their work to a larger fame. The truth is, that all of us have something of the minor poet in us and too few become more.

It was with much of this feeling that I approached "Moods" by Miss De Acosta. But here I found something quite different from the often imitated colouring of Miss Amy Lowell's genius or the lyric beauty of Sara Teasdale. It seemed to me the written expression, without regard to precedent, of things down deep—thoughts that come to all of us in frank introspection—a combination of poetry and prose that was genuine and hence worth while. Miss De Acosta is of Spanish descent. She is the wife of Abram Poole, the artist, and a sister-in-law of the novelist, Ernest Poole.

"Archways of Life," published in 1921, was the second book of poems by the author of "Moods." In "Streets and Shadows," (1922) one finds more mature expression in poems that radiate the bitter-sweet of life, but that give full value to those things that inspire the human frailties. She has already accomplished much and promises a significant literary career as playwright and novelist but perhaps chiefly as the new poet of the city—New York.

The following poems are selected from her several books:

LUMBERMEN

I watch the lumbermen
Winding up the mountain
Between the autumn branches.
I see
Leaves gold, red, flame and green,
With flashes of faded blue between
Of their overalls.
Straining and pulling,
Horses brown and soiled white
Stagger up the mountain-side
Before them,
Dragging huge and heavy timber.
Down in the valley
I can hear the echo
Of the men's muffled curses,
And the quick snap
Of long thin whips.

LITANY OF HANDS

Hands — millions of hands
Drawn across the brow of Life,
Brushing away the sweat of Life,
Or drooping listlessly by the side of Life.

Hands of dreamers — passive — white,
Hands of scientists — knotted — steady,
Hands of surgeons — strong — sure,
Of poets — sensitive — frail,
Hands of suicides — nervous — faltering,
Of laborers — muscular — unfaltering,
Proclaiming sometimes a lost child of genius.
Hands of thieves — avaricious — sneaky;
Hands that destroy flowers — cage wild things.
Hands of children
Groping — reaching into the future.

OUR POETS OF TODAY

Hands of old people — quiet — tired out,
Weary of touching life
Of upholding tumbling castles and dreams.
Hands of traitors — extended — deceiving,
Fingering everything with treachery and lies.
Then magnetic hands — hands of healers,
Of people who understand;
Hands of compassion, of forgiveness,
Hands that carry the burdens of the world
Like the hands of Christ!

CHURCH

INSIDE

All kneeling
From the same cup drinking wine —
Blood of Christ.

OUTSIDE

Spitting — chewing gum — cursing —
The same lips that tasted wine —
Blood of Christ.

“FOR RENT”

There is something terrible
about houses marked “For Rent”
and poor devils sleeping in the streets,
and wanting homes.

I have never slept in the streets
or in the parks,
but if I do
I hope I shall never see
empty houses marked “For Rent,”
because it might make me bitter,
and hateful to my fellow creatures

REST

You standing against the doorway —
The boyishness of your slender figure
Framed in the arch —
Making a semi-halo around your head —
Dragging out the shadows —
Like the wings of fairy butterflies
Across your face.

Then we two
Entering into the house —
The glowing firelight
Leaping up to greet us —
The intimacy of familiar things
Crowding about us —
Making our voices low —
While lodging a tenderness in your eyes
Creating another warmth within the room.

Then we turning low the lamps —
Creeping to bed —
You coming to my room — saying
“How wide do you want the window?”
Then bending low — kissing me —
Turning at the door —
Eyes brilliant with vision —
And with your strong brown hand
Blowing me a kiss to sleep.
Then I sinking back
Knowing I shall taste a rest
Unutterably sweet!

CHAPTER XXIV

BROOKES MORE, STEWART MITCHELL, ROBERT HAVEN
SCHAUFFLER, WM. ELLERY LEONARD

BROOKES MORE

THE poetry of Brookes More follows traditional and accepted forms both in subject and in style. Mr. More has made two good contributions to our poetry renaissance in "The Beggar's Vision" and "The Lover's Rosary" (The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston).

In an introduction to "The Beggar's Vision," Mr. Braithwaite gives an adequate analysis of Mr. More's work from which the following quotations are taken: "The poet has idealized the religious mood, rather perhaps, idealized religion as the deepest human need, and made it manifest through the various conceptions of it among mankind. Now to do this in poetry that makes no compromise with pulpit morals, with nothing that diminishes the sense of the proper balance between the imagination and its substance, between the vision and its symbol, is to achieve a kind of poetic originality that is distinctive. These poems of Mr. More's have this distinction.

"From what I think contains the central idea of these poems, and fine, it seems, for the complete blending of substance and expression, though there are in some of the others passages of a higher quality of verbal imagery and subtler music—from "*Sinners All*"—I quote the last two stanzas, the first of which closes with the speech of *Timour Lenk*:

The Brahmin priesthood cursed my life and death;
The Roman Pontiff banned me to unrest; —
Yet here I've wandered as the winter's breath,
So sadder than the saints whom they have blest.

So the bad ghost of Timour Lenk proclaimed
The weak futility of church and saint;
And as he finished many more exclaimed
Strong approbation in weird accents faint."

Mr. More has spent much time and effort in a very fine translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." The first book of this great work has been published — the second and third will be 1923 publications.

The "Brookes More Prize" of \$200 for the best poem published in *Contemporary Verse* during 1920 was awarded to Sara Teasdale. The judges were Robert Frost, Professor John L. Lowes of Harvard and Professor Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley. The winning group (five poems) appeared in the September number of the magazine under the title *The Dark Cup*, and they are included in Miss Teasdale's "Flame and Shadow." The first of the poems in the prize-winning group follows:

MAY

A delicate fabric of bird song
Floats in the air,
The smell of wet wild earth
Is everywhere.

Red small leaves of the maple
Are clenched like a hand,
Like girls at their first communion
The pear trees stand.

*Oh, I must pass nothing by
Without loving it much,
The rain drop try with my lips,
The grass with my touch;*

For how can I be sure
I shall see again
The world on the first of May
Shining after the rain?

STEWART MITCHELL

The poetry of Stewart Mitchell is distinctly classic in style and feeling. One is impressed at the very fine degree to which these qualities are demonstrated. He is a poet who creates images of beauty, cultured and refined. Oftentimes his is the touch of the cynic but Mr. Mitchell is ever mindful of beautiful words and well-balanced description.

Mr. Mitchell's qualities are best embodied, I believe, in the following selections taken from his first book, published by Duffield and Co. under the title of "Poems."

Stewart Mitchell was born on the 25th of November, in 1892, at Cincinnati, Ohio; he attended public and preparatory schools in that city from 1899 until 1911. He holds A.B. and A.M. degrees from Harvard College, 1915 and 1916.

He taught English at Wisconsin University, 1916-1917; served in the Artillery, Battery E, 136 F. A. of the Ohio National Guard from September, 1917, to April, 1919; in France, July, 1918, to March, 1919. Mr. Mitchell was managing editor of *The Dial*, November, 1919, to October, 1920. There is much beauty in these poems by Mr. Mitchell:

A GREEK

Cunningly chiseled
Into the intricate beauty of exquisite thought;
Skin polished smooth as if to tempt the touch,
Sinews suspended —
Caught in the careless grace of the pride of a god;
Lithe neck and sentient lips, and close-cropped curls.

Huge, smoky windows,
Shafts of hesitant sunlight,
Cautious footsteps.

Blank marble eyes
Wide with wonder,
Seeing these sons of God

CARNIVAL

So much for our romance; where were an end,
Of sorrow for those banished sons of earth?
Tears wait on laughter with a sullen mirth,
As all things beautiful on dust attend.
Sunlight and shadow touch their hearts to blend,
Into such doubtful dusk that any dearth
Of darkness dooms the truant from his birth
To penance against which no hopes defend.

Sooner or later; wherefore with calm eyes,
And patient hands, and smiling lips they wait,
Who do not count themselves in glory wise,
Nor serve their tribulation with their hate;
The very stars take counsel in the skies,
To learn their orbits from the lips of fate.

SEASIDE

You will not let me even touch your hair —
Not so much please your jester and your fool,
Now that your scorn no longer is the school
Of uncomplaining prudence and despair?
Yours is the chastity of autumn air
Blown like the liquid sunlight, clear and cool,
Steady as calm eyes resolute to rule
With the brave deeds that other men shall dare.
The waters tremble where the grey wind sets
His blue lips to the body of the sea,

Cloud over as your face, now it forgets
Some vague pledge common between such as we—
Startled to hear my tedious regrets
That you it was who were the death of me.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Although Robert Haven Schauffler was born in Austria (at Brunn on April 8, 1879) his parents were Americans in residence there at the time and in 1881 returned to this country. Mr. Schauffler was educated at Northwestern University, Princeton and the University of Berlin. He studied music and since the completion of his college courses has been actively engaged in the authorship of many books, in lecturing and in music.

During the World War, Mr. Schauffler served with honour as first lieutenant of infantry and was severely wounded before Montfaucon, September 26, 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He was discharged from the army in 1919 and has returned from a long residence in France and England whose leading writers he has come to know well.

Mr. Schauffler's poems have a wide range in form and subject. In "The White Comrade" one finds his poetic expression in the short lyric, the ode, the rural ballad and sonnet. "Magic Flame and Other Poems" written in England in 1922, marks a distinct advance over his previous work. Books published by Mr. Schauffler include "Fiddler's Luck" and "The Musical Amateur," of particular appeal to music lovers; "Scum of the Earth," poems; "The Joyful Heart," "Romantic America," and the editorship of The American Holiday Series brought out by Moffat Yard and Company in which are given prose and verse for celebrating appropriately the holidays of Arbor Day, Christmas, Easter, Flag Day, Independence Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Memorial Day, Mothers' Day, Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday.

Some excellent and more mature examples of Mr. Schauffler's poetry follow:

And then, as we

Watched our life

And felt his grasp **THREE WORDS**

Faintly we see

Vibrating do **ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER**

Reverberating seven days could be seven years!

Our savage

Into a glory, what bright agony

And on brought to me

The power, breathless week of hopes and fears! —

And on this frantic night

The mighty worm, now god, await my torment and delight.

And life

As through the relief of long-pent tears

Awakeness appears.

His touch your finger tips

Grasps them with trembling lips.

From I brush your cheek,

in Lorry to speak, —

fail;

use, to tell that tale

words avail.

had not known seven days could be seven years!

About your supple body my arms wind;

My fingers find

Your breast,

And sink to troubled rest.

My tongue

Worships your bare

Sweet shoulders, your unruly hair,

And reels divinely stung

By passion's drouth

And maddened by love's opiate, among

The poppies of your mouth.

Now suddenly,

As you lean trembling close to me,

Seeming to my unsubtle wit

Passion's true archetype and counterfeit, —

You utter three low words.

With three low words,

Quiet as slumbering birds,

Soft as a far heard vesper bell,

You toll my rapture's knell;

With three scarce whispered words,

Still as the earthward fall of giant bombs

That turn great cities into tombs,

You send my heaven crashing down to hell.

And, as I clasp you still, my joy and woe,

And crystal-gaze the future in your eyes,

There I behold pale, uncouth forms arise

With bar and rack and flame, our lives to sever.

* * * * *

That was an hour ago. . . .

I had not known an hour could be forever!

MAGIC FLAME

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

A candle suddenly pierced the night

Where our young curlyhead lay sleeping.

He woke, half dazzled by the light;

Then we saw creeping

Into the mystery of those sleep-dimmed eyes

The dawn of deep surprise,

As he beheld the draught-blown flicker leaping.

He crowed and clapped his hands in ecstasy

And held them forth to capture

And to caress that thing of rapture.

Thereat, in the exuberance of his pleasure,

Swaying he rose and trod a rude, instinctive measure.

So, on the earthen floor

Of his primeval dwelling,

Might dance a stone-age man in Labrador.

And then, as we
Watched our light-drunken boy
And felt his gaiety upwelling,
Faintly we seemed to hear
Vibrating down the ages, wild and clear,
Reverberations of the primal joy
Our savage fathers knew when first
Into a bleak and groping world there came,
And on their bodies beat,
The power and glory of Promethean heat,
And on their spirits burst
The magic flower of flame;
And life surged half a heaven higher
As man began his awed, ecstatic dance
Around that new-born radiance,
His first home fire.

From Selected Poems of Robert Haven Schauffler published
in London by William Heinemann, November, 1922.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

William Ellery Leonard was born at Plainfield, New Jersey, January 25, 1876. He received his A.M. at Harvard in 1899, continued his studies at the Universities of Göttingen and Bonn, and received his Ph.D., at Columbia University in 1904. He travelled several years in Europe, became a teacher and has been professor of English at the University of Wisconsin since 1906.

"The Vaunt of Man" (1912) was Mr. Leonard's first volume of verse, traditional in form and at the same time anything but conservative in thought. "The Lynching Bee" (1920) is his finest work, the title-poem being an indictment against one of our gravest sins.

Mr. Leonard has also published several volumes of translations from the Greek and Latin as well as a series of paraphrases of the fables of Æsop.

THE OLD AGITATOR

So they could do it after all! . . .
 They locked him up . . . the good old man . . .
 Behind the grated window and the wall . . .
 Stole in upon his sick-bed . . . whisked him off
 Before the rumor and the wrath began . . .
 Without one woodland flower of early spring
 Pressed to his big palm by some workman's child.

And said the honest warden, welcoming:
 "You're rather rangy, Mr. Debs, and tall" . . .
 Embarrassed by a momentary cough . . .
 "But we will fit you out as best we can" . . .
 And the great Proletarian
 He straightened up and smiled.

Ten years . . . so let it be . . . he was not wise . . .
 Well shut he would not . . . could not . . . keep
 Those lips, close-shorn and thin,
 Below those keen, unflinching eyes,
 And just above the unbearded fighting chin . . .
 Those lips with furrows either side, so deep
 From mirth and sorrow and unresting sleep . . .
 And so they deemed it fit
 He learn (like Jeremiah) silence in a pit.

So let it be . . . a state must have firm laws
 And watchful citizens that balk
 Against a wagging tongue . . .
 And one grown gray and gaunt with too much talk,
 Who has long since forgotten when to pause,
 Or how to please,
 May trip at last — even in democracies . . .
 And, chiefly, if he tamper with the young,
 And worship not the old divinities . . .
 And when the charge is read him, clause by clause,
 And he replies with scanty penitence,

He'll find (as found that worthy man
At whose incessant lips once Athens took offense)
The gentry of his latter audience
Most ominously niggard of applause . . .
And though even then he talk . . . as talk he can . . .
He lights (like Socrates) on no defense —
Except reiteration of his cause.

So be it . . . his was fair trial and due appeal
Under those just, majestic guarantees
That give the Stars and Stripes their destinies
Over a free (but ordered) commonweal!
The incorruptible and austere court
Of old men to this old man made report:
They made report, this row of staunch patricians,
Until the bald lone tall man of the plebs;
They bore no grudge, they took no gold,
They may have loved him — for they too were old;
But, seated in their ancient nine positions,
They sealed the prison sunset-years for Debs —
As vindicators of those stern traditions
That tore from black Dred Scott his freeman's shirt,
And locked free child in factory dark and dirt.

So let it be . . . there's nothing for surprise . . .
The thing's so old . . . so wearisomely grim . . .
Nothing for grief . . . except the shame . . .
Grieve for the nation, not for him . . .
For he has but begun his enterprise,
And in this silence finds the lips of flame.

— *From The Lynching Bee and Other Poems.*

Published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Mr. Leonard also published translations from the Greek and Latin (including a blank verse version of "Lucretius" now in Everyman's Library), as well as a series etc.

CHAPTER XXV

JOHN V. A. WEAVER, DON MARQUIS, DAVID SENTNER, KEITH PRESTON, JOHN PEALE BISHOP, T. S. ELIOT, JOHN FARRAR

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

IN looking over the output of American poetry each year one finds many surprises by way of new names and new mediums of expression. After-the-war novelists and poets, that is the new ones, seemed to flaunt youth in the faces of the conservatives. Some of them are facile, some promise much talent. None, however, seems to me more brilliant than John V. A. Weaver.

This young man began writing in Chicago. He sets down in the following letter his autobiography:

"Here is a brief sketch of what might be called my background for writing:

"At Hamilton College, where I had my tertiary education, I wrote much adolescent verse, always serious in intent, and a number of so-called essays. I edited the Hamilton Literary Magazine, senior year, and filled it not only with poems, but with editorials, dialogues, horrible little short stories, essays and what, indeed, not? I think there were three or four other contributors, but following the custom of "Lits," the pages were made up principally of pieces signed by my various pseudonyms.

"Going back, I was born, 1893, in Charlotte, N. C., but some protecting providence removed me from that typical part of the 'Sahara of the Bozarts,' and at the age of one I went to Chicago. My 'formative years,' as the phrase goes, — i.e., ten to sixteen, were spent in Winnetka, a suburb

which was then a very real small town, instead of the brummagem Tuxedo it is today. There I played every known sort of athletic game, fought with other boys, and lived the unsophisticated, rough-and-tumble life possible in those days before fourteen-year-old parlor-snakes were the vogue.

At college I avoided as carefully as possible studying the regular curriculum, managed to squeeze through without disaster, while spending much time on reading an incredible amount and variety of literature in French and German, as well as in English. Incidentally, I won the Charlemagne Tower Prize in French for translation of late Latin and Old French chansons into English.

"In 1914-15 I took Prof. Baker's course in play-writing at Harvard. All I can remember getting from that course was an intimate contact with Eugene O'Neill, who sat next me in class.

"I went back to Chicago, and occupied the proud position of office-boy in an advertising agency for three months. I quit because they wouldn't raise my salary to six dollars a week. Then I worked for a year as a general all-round dog in a sugar-brokerage. And while eight dollars a week was as far as I got, I received invaluable experience in the great warehouses, along the docks, and on the team-tracks of Chicago. There I encountered and conceived a great affection for the hard-boiled egg, or homo boobo. Teamsters, clerks, freight-hands and stevedores were my intimates.

"Finally I went to *The Chicago Daily News*, and sold classified advertising for six months to irate land ladies and real-estate men. A (for me) lucky chance put me at writing publicity copy, and I became Publicity Manager.

"The war intervened. And, offering my services on May 10, 1917, I was let out of the Officers' Training Camp for being physically in a bad condition. I joined the Ordnance, and managed to ascend from private to second Looie in the course of the unpleasantness. Many the curse I exhaled at the life of an enlisted man, but I do not know any experience so

valuable as that I encountered, sleeping, eating and working alongside plumbers, gas-fitters, welders, teamsters, and chauffeurs. The roughnecks took me among 'em, removed the veneer acquired by many years of tea-dances and playing about in what Chicago calls society, and gave me a real idea of life as the millions live it. To those two years I owe whatever is authentic in characterization, insight into human nature, and dialect in what I have written.

"The war over, I went back to publicity-writing, on *The Chi Daily News*, contributed incessantly to The Book Page, and danced, played, and otherwise carried out the parlor-snake existence I was accustomed to.

"In the summer of 1920 I suddenly got sick of the whole business, broke away from Chicago, and came to New York as secretary to Dr. Guthrie, Rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. Three months was enough of that. I fear I am not conventionally religious. I free-lanced in advertising, writing stories, and articles. 'In American' came out. I took over the job of Literary Editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

"There will be another book of poems in the American lingo called 'Finders in the Dark,' after a poem of Carl Sandburg's; it will appear in the winter of 1922. 'Margey Wins the Game,' published in April of 1922, is a novelette satirizing Chicago's social life.

"I wrote 'In American' as the result of a long controversy with Mencken over the possibility of a serious literature in our dialect, and because I had long experimented in such work in a haphazard way. I am gradually going over to English."

John Weaver's little book, his first book of poems, by the way, called "In American" (Knopf), has found a large public. He writes of common people and things in a way that smells of city pavements and up-turned sod. He knows the shop-girl and her beau, he knows something about souls too. I don't know whether he wrote "*Elegie Americane*" during the war or after but it is one of the few war poems that people

can read today and still feel a tugging at their heart cords.
Along with this poem (found in the appendix of this book)
“*Ghost*” should be read:

I’m comin’ back and haunt you, don’t you fret!
What if I get as far as Hell away?
They’s things of me that just can’t help but stay —
Whether I want, or not, you can’t forget.

Just when you think you got me wiped out clear,
Some bird that’s singin’ — moonlight on a hill —
Some lovely thing — ’ll hurt like it would kill,
And you’ll hear somethin’ whisperin’, “He’s here!”

And when somebody holds you closte, like this,
And you start in to feel your pulses race,
The face that’s pressin’ yours ’ll be my face —
My lips ’ll be the ones your lips ’ll kiss . . .

Don’t cry . . . which do you think it’ll hurt most? —
Oh, God . . . you think I want to be a ghost? . . .

His “*Never Pick Wild Flowers*” has charm and beauty:

“Never pick wild flowers!” —
That’s what she would say —
“Leave ’em free in the fields
Where they can play!

“Play, and be beautiful
Under the big sky;
If you try to take ’em home
Wild flowers die.”

Then she shook her little head,
And I went crazy
Wantin’ her, standin’ there
Like a brown-eyed daisy.

"Such talk!" I thinks, then,

"All a sweet lie.

Other people picks 'em,

Why shouldn't I?"

If I only listened!

What have I done!

"Never pick a wild love"—

Where's my flowers gone?

In "*Moonlight*," I think Mr. Weaver has written one of his best poems:

Say—listen—

If you could only take a bath in moonlight!

Hey! Can't you just see yourself

Take a runnin' dive

Inta a pool o' growin' blue,

Feel it glidin' over you

All aroun' and inta you.

Grab a star—huh?—

Use it for soap;

Beat it up to bubbles

And white sparklin' foam—

Roll and swash—

Gee!

I just like to bet

You could wash you soul clean

In moonlight!

DON MARQUIS

Donald Robert Perry Marquis was born at Walnut, Bureau County, Illinois, July 29, 1878. Since his boyhood he has been actively connected with various newspapers, and is known to thousands as Don Marquis, the name under which he has

always written. He is admired by a large New York following as conductor of a famous daily column in the *New York Tribune*. Here from time to time, he has paraded poetry — the creation of his own mind and that of many others who in his column found their first public. He has been doing some fine work for many years.

Mr. Thomas L. Masson in "Our Humorists of Today," a volume in "*The American Writers Series*," deals adequately with Mr. Marquis as a humorist. Under this heading would come a portion of his 1922 volume "Poems and Portraits," and "Sonnets To A Red Haired Lady and Famous Love Affairs." But in "Dreams and Dust" (recently taken over from Harper & Brothers by Doubleday, Page & Co.) Mr. Marquis first made his bow as an American poet of honest gifts.

As Richard LeGallienne, writing in *The New York Times* book review, puts it — "Don Marquis is a great comfort . . . he has been the man who has laughed lest he should weep, the clown of the seven times broken heart . . . I know no poems so genuinely, so thrillingly haunted as these poems of Don Marquis, with, so to speak, cosmic as well as personal hauntings." It is the "poems" part of the "Poems and Portraits" to which Mr. LeGallienne lastly refers.

The following lines show Don Marquis' sensitive perception to beauty; here is poetry of quality from a rare poet:

PREMONITIONS

II

The Messenger

The hesitant feet of the rain
Falter along the street,
Falter and pause among the roofs and
chimneys. . . .
The feet of the rain are fulfilled with a kind
of irregular music,
They advance, they retreat. . . .

They are the feet of a Messenger who never
gains courage to make his Message
clear. . . .

He has paused on my roof a hundred times,
this Messenger;

He draws near to my skylight on the out-
side, and I draw near to it within,
And it has seemed, a hundred times,
That I was about to envisage him,
That he was about to speak to me,
That out of the hurrying Chaos of life this
Messenger was at last to speak to me
one clear and poignant and compelling
word;

But when I open the skylight he is
gone;

There is a sob of wet wind among the
chimneys,

There is a whirl and a swirl along the nigh
roofs,

And he is gone . . .

I know why he sobs, but does not speak,
I know why he retreats when I advance to
question him,

I know why he dare not face me with the
thing that he was sent to tell. . . .

I have always known! I have always
known!

And when the catastrophe which is at the
core of my being emerges into the
realm of deeds, when it becomes my
act, apparent to all men,

When I have completed myself and gone
into nothingness with one gesture,

I will go with the loud word ringing in my
ears that this Messenger has tried to
say a hundred times

But faltered over, sobbing.

— *From Poems and Portraits.*

Published by Doubleday Page & Co.

INHIBITION

I live a hidden life unguessed,
A life of quaint, fantastic schemes;
I dwell with flushed, romantic dreams
And freakish humours unconfessed,

Though I can show the world a mien
As cold as any judge's mask . . .
(The judge, too, lives beyond his task
And traffics with a realm unseen.) . . .

Behind the placid front of use
The baffled whims move to and fro;
We fear to let these genii go,
Their wings grotesque we dare not loose.

But sober-faced in church or mart,
In office, street, or drawing-room,
We carry caged to the tomb,
The golden nonsense of the heart.

— *From Poems and Portraits.*

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In Don Marquis' lighter vein he offers:

THE TOM CAT

At midnight in the alley
A Tom-cat comes to wail,
And he chants the hate of a million years
As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,
Tiger and devil and bard,
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell
And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers
And bares his curved sharp claws,
And he sings to the stars of the jungle nights
Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval,
He and his leaping clan,
When the blotched red moon leers over the roofs
Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug to-morrow
And lick his silky fur,
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes
And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley
He will crouch again and wail,
And beat the time for his demon's song
With the swing of his demon's tail.

—*From Poems and Portraits.*

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Don Marquis is a versatile writer, as the following list of his books and plays reveal:

"Hermione" (1916); "Prefaces" (1919); "Dreams and Dust," "Poems and Portraits," "The Old Soak and Hail and Farewell," "Sonnets to a Red Haired Lady and Famous Love Affairs." All of his books are now published by Doubleday, Page and Company at Garden City, N. Y.

DAVID P. SENTNER

David P. Sentner, author of "Cobblestones," was born August 10, 1895, in New York City. He was educated in the public schools and left high school to become a reporter on a metropolitan daily. He studied law, and returned to newspaper reporting and publicity writing, served two years

in the 27th Division, A.E.F., and was severely wounded in action. He was sent to Columbia College under the U. S. Veterans' Bureau to develop his ability as a writer.

At Columbia he contributed to the University magazines. "Cobblestones" is Mr. Sentner's first published book of verse and is the first to receive the award of the Alfred A. Knopf poetry prize. It is done in the free verse manner, the form crude and careless. But his poems have the stamp of truth on them — for example:

A LILT

"I grasped the greasy subway strap
And read the lurid advertisements,
I chewed my gum voraciously,
Inhaled strange fumes pugnaciously,
I heard the grating of the wheels
And felt that the chords
Of my city soul
Were in perfect tune."

Here is what the poet says of

PHILOSOPHY

"I sat a siege
With a group of philosophers,
And at the finish
Realized
How practical a person
A savage is."

KEITH PRESTON

For several years the poems of Keith Preston have appeared in various publications — particularly newspapers. They have attracted much attention by reason of their humorous quality

and "needle tipped satire." There are those who have compared him to Eugene Field and certainly there are subtle humors in his writing that might well remind one of Field's ability.

Mr. Preston's books (he has published two, through the house of George H. Doran and Company) are "Pipes of Pan" and "Splinters." An example of his work is shown in the following poems taken from the last-named volume:

ON MEETING A PUBLISHER

He picked me out from two or three
And chummed around a bit with me;
Yet something shy in words and looks
Showed I was scarce in his good books.

If I have judged the man aright
I was not in his good books quite,
And yet — he is a publisher —
So who knows what his good books were?

It would have been an indiscretion
To advertise his first impression;
He liked me — but he's waiting for
A couple of impressions more.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

John Peale Bishop was graduated from Princeton in 1917. "Green Fruit," a thin volume of verse, was his first published book and in 1922 he collaborated with Edmund Wilson, Jr., on "The Undertaker's Garland" (Knopf) from which that brilliant example of his talent, "*The Death of a Dandy*" is taken. This poem appears in the appendix of "Our Poets of Today" and as an expression of picturesque writing bordering on the decadent-romantic has seldom, if ever, been duplicated by an American writer.

"*The Death of God*," also from the Bishop-Wilson book, is Mr. Bishop again exhibiting his talents at their best:

God in his old age remembers the accomplishments of his youth.

I made all forms of greenery
Under the air and beneath the sea:
The tree that like a fountain soars,
The tree that like a cloud downpours
In a rustling rain of silver leaves;
The tree whose petals are gold at noon
And moonlight colored in the moon;
And every sort of tree that weaves
A net of leaves from limb to limb.
I made green beetles smouldering dim
And pheasants fanned to a golden glare
In the white furnace of the air;
And the many strange sea-breathing things
Which sprawl in jellies or coil in rings
Dripping slow slime from viscous eyes
Amid the deep sea's forestries.
I made the spider obese and hairy
And taught him to spin and tread an airy
Web of colorless polygons;
And shook against the twisted skein
Cool bubbles of translucent dew
Violet-gold, and irised rain
The first windy light comes through
When hills are lowered before the dawn.
And still I might feel my breath indrawn
Could I but see that murderous seine
Dredging fat flies from the streams of air
And ugliness dragging up unaware
The careless iridescent dawn.

Again Mr. Bishop shows his versatile ability in—

HE PONDERES ON IMPOSSIBLE BEAUTY

Always since my first boyhood
I have known how, lying awake in a fragrant
Nakedness — curtains of rain drawn at the window —
To summon from dimness beautiful bodies,
While over my iron pallet the painful
Windiness of lilacs spread an
Impalpable coverlet.

Bodies of young men, centaured on horses;
Pliant and tawny as leopards, they ride
Over the ground made spongy by April and rains —
Against the drawn lines of a forest
Misty as rain, clouded with torn green;
Their thighs are pressed like bronze to the gleaming
White flanks of the horses; stirrupless, their feet
Toe in abandon; for their eyes are upraised
Where, blue and afar, the juttied mountains
Renew their ancient march in the sunrise.

Scarcely has the brittle bickering of twigs
Subsided from their hoofbeats, when I have, with words,
Disenchanted from the gray web of the wood's edge
The tenuous, rose-frosted beauty of women.
Their mouths are claret-wet from some mystery,
Virginal, awful, performed in the forest;
Or else they have seen, by the yellow flame of crocuses,
The flushed and long sought touching of lovers;
For now with burnt savage hair outshaken,
Tremulous, exulted, they front the east wind,
Complaining toward the curveting fading horsemen.

Always it is the same: the fixed, blue-radiant
Mountains; the horsemen on their horses, the young man
Staring afar off; and the women crying, crying —
The retreating lure and the sinuous beautiful bodies.

So, beginning at midnight, I am as one
Steeped in intolerable wine, and lie
Throbbing; exhausted only when the arid dawn
Cracks its light on the fissile planes of the mirror.

Mr. Bishop was born in West Virginia and has been associated with *Vanity Fair* as managing editor and contributor. He is at present living abroad selecting material for this publication with which he is still associated. He was married to Margaret Hutchins of New York in the Spring of 1922.

JOHN FARRAR

John Farrar, editor of *The Bookman*, accomplished an agreeable little volume when he wrote "Songs for Parents." He says that most of these were written when he was tutoring the youthful mind some years ago.

In writing on Mr. Farrar's book Miss Lowell in *The Literary Review* (*New York Evening Post*) says:

"The principal thing one always looks for in a collection of child verses is the trace of Stevenson. I have hunted this little orange book through and Stevenson is absent. That alone is something to have done. But Mr. Farrar's book is not to be criticized with negatives. . . . It is full to the brim of two strangely assorted and charmingly mated virtues: delicacy and zest."

The following poems are from "Songs for Parents" (Yale University Press):

A COMPARISON

Apple blossoms look like snow,
They're different, though.
Snow falls softly, but it brings
Noisy things:
Sleighs and bells, forts and fights,
Cosy nights.

But apple blossoms when they go,
White and slow,
Quiet all the orchard space,
Till the place
Hushed with falling sweetness seems
Filled with dreams.

BUNDLES

A bundle is a funny thing,
It always sets me wondering;
For whether it is thin or wide
You never know just what's inside.

Especially on Christmas week,
Temptation is so great to peek!
Now wouldn't it be much more fun
If shoppers carried things undone?

AMBITION

If I were a rocket
Shot high across the night,
I'd rather burst in silver stars
Than green or purple light;

For then, perhaps, I'd fool the moon,
Although she's very wise,
And thinking me a baby star
She'd keep me in the skies.

T. S. ELIOT

T. S. Eliot, while an American by birth has been for some years a resident of London. He is better known in the English and French worlds of letters than in his own country. A thinker of keen perceptions and deep understanding, his poems are conspicuous for their subtlety of humor and rhythm and the freshness of the author's vision.

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born at St. Louis, Mo., in 1888. He received his A.B. at Harvard in 1909 and his A.M. in 1910. He studied subsequently at the Sorbonne, at the Harvard Graduate School, and at Merton College, Oxford. He has

contributed to several English papers, among them, the "*Athenæum*." From 1917 to 1919 he was assistant editor of the "*Egoist*." He published "Prufrock" in 1917 and "Poems" in 1919 — this volume assembles the contents of the two, together with a number of other poems, and is the first volume to be published in America, where heretofore it has been exceedingly difficult to obtain his poems.

SWEENEY ERECT

And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!

Paint me a cavernous waste shore
Cast in the unstilled Cyclades,
Paint me the bold anfractuous rocks
Faced by the snarled and yelping seas.

Display me Aeolus above
Reviewing the insurgent gales
Which tangle Ariadne's hair
And swell with haste the perjured sails.

Morning stirs the feet and hands
(Nausicaa and Polypheme),
Gesture of orang-outang
Rises from the sheets in steam.

This withered root of knots of hair
Slitted below and gashed with eyes,
This oval O cropped out with teeth:
The sickle motion from the thighs

Jackknives upward at the knees
Then straightens out from heel to hip

Pushing the framework of the bed
And clawing at the pillow slip.

Sweeney addressed full length to shave
Broadbottomed, pink from nape to base,
Knows the female temperament
And wipes the suds around his face.

(The lengthened shadow of a man
In history, said Emerson
Who had not seen the silhouette
Of Sweeney straddled in the sun)

Tests the razor on his leg
Waiting until the shriek subsides.
The epileptic on the bed
Curves backward, clutching at her sides.

The ladies of the corridor
Find themselves involved, disgraced,
Call witness to their principles
And deprecate the lack of taste

Observing that hysteria
Might easily be misunderstood;
Mrs. Turner intimates
It does the house no sort of good.

But Doris, towelled from the bath,
Enters padding on broad feet,
Bringing sal volatile
And a glass of brandy neat.

AUNT HELEN

Miss Helen Slingsby was my maiden aunt,
And lived in a small house near a fashionable square
Cared for by servants to the number of four.
Now when she died there was silence in heaven
And silence at her end of the street.
The shutters were drawn and the undertaker wiped his feet —
He was aware that this sort of thing had occurred before.
The dogs were handsomely provided for,
But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.
The Dresden clock continued ticking on the mantelpiece,
And the footman sat upon the dining-table
Holding the second housemaid on his knees —
Who had always been so careful while her mistress lived.

MORNING AT THE WINDOW

They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Aprouting despondently at area gates.

The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the street,
And tear from a passer-by with muddy skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the roofs.

The preceding are from Mr. Eliot's "Poems" published by
Alfred A. Knopf.

CHAPTER XXVI

ALINE KILMER, JEAN STARR UNTERMAYER, AMORY HARE
LAURA BENÉT

ALINE KILMER

ALINE KILMER's "Candles That Burn" are simple lyrics, clear and serene, "the lovely illumination of tapers in a twilight room." The widow of Joyce Kilmer shows herself a poet too, and although she sings out of sorrow, hers are songs of hope and hopeful beauty.

Mrs. Kilmer followed her first book, published in 1919, with "Vigils," in 1921 (George H. Doran and Co.)

In this second book is fresh evidence of her gift of lyric simplicity. Here one finds a satisfactory growth and a fresh demonstration of ability to handle both meter and words.

The following poems are reprinted, as the best examples of her talent, from "Vigils."

THE HARP

I have a harp of many strings
But two are enough for me:
One is for love and one for death;
And what would the third one be?

Before I learn another note
I may forget and go,
So while my hand is light and sure
I play on the strings I know.

THINGS

Sometimes when I am at tea with you
I catch my breath
At a thought that is old as the world is old
And more bitter than death.

It is that the spoon that you just laid down
And the cup that you hold
May be here shining and insolent
When you are still and cold.

Your careless note that I laid away
May leap to my eyes like flame
When the world has almost forgotten your voice
Or the sound of your name.

The golden Virgin da Vinci drew
May smile on over my head,
And daffodils nod in the silver vase
When you are dead.

So let moth and dust corrupt and thieves
Break through and I shall be glad,
Because of the hatred I bear to things
Instead of the love I had.

For life seems only a shuddering breath,
A smothered, desperate cry,
And things have a terrible permanence
When people die.

ATONEMENT

When a storm comes up at night and the wind is crying,
When the trees are moaning like masts on laboring ships,
I wake in fear and put out my hand to find you
With your name on my lips.

No pain that the heart can hold is like to this one —
To call, forgetting, into aching space,
To reach out confident hands and find beside you
Only an empty place.

This should atone for the hours when I forget you.
Take then my offering, clean and sharp and sweet,
An agony brighter than years of dull remembrance.
I lay it at your feet.

JEAN STARR UNTERMAYER

Jean Starr Untermeyer's first book of poems, "Growing Pains," written entirely in cadenced verse, was an unaffected, strong, finished piece of writing somewhat out of the ordinary as first books of poems go. Its successor, "Dreams Out of Darkness," published by Mr. Huebsch in 1921, shows Mrs. Untermeyer in a variety of new moods, many forms and various manners.

The poems below are taken from "Dreams Out of Darkness":

APRIL CONCEIT

Can this be Spring that floats such shadowy veils,
And what procession does she head?
And are the showery whitened apple-trees
The bouquets of a bride, about to be wed?

And are those dark hills standing in a row
The black-frosted ushers in her train?
And can it be the bride is sad this year
And hangs back weeping? What else, then, is the rain?

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY THROAT, BEAUTY!

Take your hand off my throat, Beauty;
Loose your clutch!
Unchain these prisoner-tears;
Let my crowded heart be dispossessed of its burden.
Why do you waylay me at such unsuspected corners?
Why blind and choke me
And lay your lash over my shoulders?
Release me and tell me calmly your bidding.
Let me go whole and unhampered
To carry out your commands.

Beauty,
Take your hand off my throat!

FROM THE ROAD IN NOVEMBER

Is death like this:

The slow and quiet chill
That creeps up from the ground
And wraps the listless hands,
That numbs the closed lips and the drooping eyes
That open to gaze wishless
On shallow banks of snow?

To hear without thrill or sadness
The sounds of twilight,
The soft snap of breaking twigs,
The distant baying of a dog,
Winds urging on uncovered leaves,
And a little stream
That tattles incongruously of summer . . .

To realize the slant of shadowy hills,
To look again at the lighted house
Shutting in one's beloved . . .
And then to turn to the dark fields,
To go willingly into the deep sepulchre of night.

The following biographical sketch and criticism of Mrs. Untermeyer's work is taken from her husband's book, "Modern American Poetry," written by Mr. Untermeyer himself:

"Jean Starr was born at Zanesville, Ohio, May 13, 1886, and educated at the Putnam Seminary in the city of her birth. At sixteen she came to New York City, pursuing special studies at Columbia. In 1907 she married Louis Untermeyer and, although she had written some prose previous to the poetic renaissance, her first volume was published more than ten years later.

"'Growing Pains' (1918) is a thin book of thirty-four poems, the result of eight years' slow and self-critical creation. This careful and highly selective process does much to bring the volume up to an unusually high level; a severity of taste and standards maintain the poet on the same austere plane. Perfection is almost a passion with her; the first poem in the book declares:

I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the years of my life;
And make one strong thing
And set it in a high, clean place,
To recall the granite strength of my desire.

"Acutely self-analytical, there is a stern, uncompromising relentlessness toward her introspections that keeps them from being wistful or pathetic. These poems are, as she explains in her title-poem —

No songs for an idle lute,
No pretty tunes of coddled ills,
But the bare chart of my growing pains.

"Intellect is always in the ascendancy, even in the most ecstatic verse. In an almost religious poem, 'A Man' (dedicated to her father), she pictures herself as a child,

and expresses the whole psychology of our juvenile love of poor literature in the lines like:

A book held gaping on my knees,
Watering a sterile romance with my thoughts.

But it is not only her keen search for truth and an equally keen eye for the exact word that make these poems distinctive. A sharp color sense, a surprising whimsicality, a translation of the ordinary in terms of the beautiful, illumine such poems as 'Sinfonia Domestica,' 'Clothes,' 'Autumn.' In the last named, with its brilliant combination of painting and housewifery, Mrs. Untermeyer has reproduced her early environment with a bright pungency; 'Verhaeren's Flemish genre pictures are no better,' writes Amy Lowell. Several of her purely pictorial poems establish a swift kinship between the most romantic and most prosaic objects. The tiny 'Moonrise,' is an example; so is 'High Tide,' that, in one extended metaphor turns the mere fact of a physical law into a most arresting and noble fancy.

"'Dreams Out of Darkness' (1921) is a ripening of this author's powers with a richer musical undercurrent. This increase of melody is manifest on every page, possibly most striking in *Lake Song*, which, beneath its symbolism, is one of the most liquid unrhymed lyrics of the period."

AMORY HARE

Amory Hare shows genuine promise in "Tossed Coins" and "The Swept Hearth" (Dodd, Mead and Company). She began to write as a pastime, with no thought of publication, but meeting John Masefield on the occasion of his first tour in America, he saw some of her poems and was so delighted that he pressed for immediate publication in book form.

Her talent has been recognized first in America by Charles

Wharton Stork, editor of *Contemporary Verse*, who devoted a whole number of his magazine to her poems, many of which have been reprinted in "Tossed Coins." She is the youngest contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

As for her occupations apart from writing, Miss Hare is a great horse-woman — fond of foxhunting — and a lover of the out-of-doors, — *vide* "To a Brown Horse," "Walking at Night," etc.

Miss Hare has also practical talents — she makes her own clothes — is an excellent cook on the trail — and when necessary in the kitchen — and she and her children, a girl of twelve and a boy of ten, have a kennel of prize winning terriers which they handle quite by themselves.

"Amory Hare's poems have a fine lilt, and are impregnated with that wanderflure that is so invigorating in good poetry," writes Herbert S. Gorman in *The New York Times*. "In her swinging rhythms are to be found a deep regard and colorful expression of the varying moods of nature and a defiance of the maliciousness of fate that is admirable."

Life is from Miss Hare's first published book:

Life is a shepherd lad who strides and sings
Leading his flock, his brow bared to the sun,
Who knows the good grass and the hidden springs
From whence streams of eternal beauty run.

Life is a cowherd, old, with bleeding lips,
Driving fear-maddened cattle down a hill,
With matted hides worn raw at knees and hips,
Knowing no sleep, nor leisure to be still.

For one the dew, the hare-bell and the song;
For one the mire, the hurry and the thong.

Two fine examples of her more recent work follow:

QUIETUDE

What does it matter that the time must come
 When all my petals shall be blown away,
 Leaving a brittle stalk where wild bees hum
 And woo the living flowers all the day?
 I, too, have trembled to the kiss they brought,
 Was wooed and knew the sunlight and the dew;
 I, too, have quivered to the living thought,
 Have bent and swayed the teeming summer through;
 These have been mine unto the uttermost,
 And peradventure shall be mine again
 When some new shell becomes my spirit's host;
 Life, beautiful as this, shall fill me then,
 And strange new thoughts may grace another Spring,
 Making existence seem a deeper thing.

* * * * *

To one I love

I have been all things beautiful.
 I am the stars, the light, the breath,
 The music of the world set forth for him;
 And I am witchery, and even woe,
 Woe of a quality akin to joy!
 The thought of me is subtly intertwined
 With twilight and the wheeling swallows' cry,
 With doorways dimly lit; and darkening fields;
 The long road's ending, and the lantern's gleam;
 With huddled roofs adream beneath the moon.
 For I am that by which he is reborn.
 The dearthness of the hearth by candle-light;
 The mystery wherein two spirits blend;
 I have the strange remoteness of the heavens
 And yet the patient nearness of the grass.

— *From "Tossed Coins."*

Burton Rascoe writing in *The New York Tribune* says of "Tossed Coins" — "It is an intensely personal expression of lyrical emotions, an autobiography almost of progressive hap-

pininess, joy, grief and sorrow, and yet so simple, delicate and lovely is the utterance that it has a universality that most intensely personal poems do not have."

LAURA BENÉT

"I always think of Laura Benét as a Lady Bountiful, for I first knew her in a settlement house," writes Mary Carolyn Davies in the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*. "Here," continues Miss Davies, "again she gives out bread gravely to those who need it—fairy bread this time. We should all stand in the bread line." With "Fairy Bread" (Thomas Seltzer) Miss Benét made her smiling bow in 1922 as prime fairy verse maker among American poets.

"She is in the main a grave, not a gay, poet; not reckless, least of all prodigal, of her personality," says Miss Davies. "She does not display her emotions either for sale or for inspection. They are not in the shop, her book, at all, but in her home. She tells no casual reader where she lives. She does not live in her book; the fairies live there; which is simply to say she is not a subjective but an objective writer. And yet not wholly objective.

"But it seems to me that Laura Benét and Arthur Rackham both sneaked along the same path, wriggled under the same gate, and came back to tell us the same things, one in pictures and one in poems. Miss Benét steps casually out of this age, and somehow the reader finds her fairyland quite natural.

"Her work has a flavor all its own, and will continue to have it, one fancies. Another poet will scarcely catch her style, her long-ago quaintness, her unfeminine humor. This last is an unusual thing to find in a young woman's first book of verse."

(See appendix for poem from "Fairy Bread.")

CHAPTER XXVII

JEANNETTE MARKS, ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, LEONORA SPEYER,
ANGELA MORGAN

JEANNETTE MARKS

JEANNETTE MARKS established her name in American literature by her work in fiction and the drama. While she has long done commendable work in verse, it is in "Willow Pollen" that she offers a collection of very fine poems that have appeared in magazines during a number of years.

As professor of English literature at Mount Holyoke College, Miss Marks has stimulated an interest in poetry through a series of Poetry Shop Talks begun by her in 1916. These talks bring together the leading poets and critics of the country in South Hadley, and it is therefore with a special interest that one considers Miss Marks herself in the rôle of poet.

Miss Marks is a poet of vision. She writes in a definite, clear style and possesses high ability as a descriptive poet. Take this paragraph that describes the coming of autumn for example —

But now he's quiet.
Some waste of gold in autumn leaves and fields,
And gold upon the lake — pale leaf of drifting waters
Cut by the wild duck's close, sharp flight — frets him.
For he must store in steep sky granaries much bannered gold
With which to hang a hundred winter dawns and dusks.
Still, he spares a little for my garden's need.
Spreading it in marigolds and frost, —
It is September — October, too.

And again in this stanza from "Wild Grape Vine"—

And the wild bee shall love me,
And the wild bee shall follow me
With song!
And I shall be mad fragrance at dusk
And sweet odor at dawn.
And then! — And then
Among all beloved trees which can resist me!
They will yield themselves to me
And I shall swing over the whole world, —
Every forest of earth,
Every dim place, withdrawn, silent,
Every wilderness, —
Spanning the sky with a vast arch of rose.
Beating upon the stars with my gold,
Kissing the dawn with my silver,
Resting in my brown upon earth,
My roots in her, my fruit her being!

No more powerful play and story of the supernatural has appeared in recent American literature than Miss Marks' "The Sun Chaser." This is a play in four acts in which is recounted another search for happiness. The theme centers around *Ambrose Clark*. Few characters in any American play by poets, or professional playwrights have been more beautifully done, than this characterization of one who drunkenly, lamely chases the sun. There are brilliant flashes of dialogue; a powerful theme! The poet has been inspired. The result of this inspiration is satisfying and important. She has also written a volume of one act plays, "Three Welsh Plays," two of which were awarded first prize by the Welsh National Theatre some years ago.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

Adelaide Crapsey died at Saranac Lake, New York, on October 8, 1914, leaving her work unfinished. But there remains behind a small volume, "Verse" (published in 1915),

and a section of her incomplete "Study in English Metrics." By these works one may judge the fine talents of a poet who died too soon.

Miss Crapsey was born September 9, 1878, at Rochester, New York, where she lived during her childhood days. She was graduated from Vassar College in 1901 and two years after her graduation became a teacher of history and literature in Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin. She went abroad to study archeology in 1905 and on her return became instructor in Poetics at Smith College. Ill health compelled her to discontinue this work.

Before leaving Smith College, however, Adelaide Crapsey had written but a small amount of poetry. She had been engaged in an investigation in verse structure seeking to complete an analysis of English metrics. It was this research work that remained incomplete at the poet's death.

The poetry of Adelaide Crapsey has been compared to that of Emily Dickinson's delicate and lovely writings. She was at her best in "Cinquains," a form originated by her of five line stanzas, the lines having respectively two, four, six, eight and two syllables.

Following are quoted, *Three Cinquains*.

NOVEMBER NIGHT

Listen . . .

With faint dry sound,

Like steps of passing ghosts,

The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees

And fall.

TRIAD

These be

Three silent things:

The falling snow . . . the hour

Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one

Just dead.

THE WARNING

Just now,
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .
A white moth flew. Why am I grown
So cold?

LEONORA SPEYER

Leonora Speyer began writing verse about six years ago and in her first book, "The Canopic Jar," sings in many moods and various meters.

From this book (published by E. P. Dutton and Company) the following poems are taken:

LOVER OF CHILDREN

When my little girl plays Beethoven Sonatas,
The big, black Steinway flashes all its teeth at her
In a broad, good-natured grin:
And suddenly
I hear a deep, rumbling, beautiful roar of laughter.

A GIFT

I woke: —
Night, lingering, poured upon the world
Of drowsy hill and wood and lake
Her moon-song,
And the breeze accompanied with hushed fingers
On the birches.
Gently the dawn held out to me
A golden handful of bird's-notes.

SONG

If I could sing the song of the dawn,
The caroling word of leaf and bird

And the sun-waked fern uncurling there,
I would go lonely and would not care.

If I could sing the song of the dusk,
The stars and moon of glistening June
Lit at the foot and head of me,
The Spinner might break the thread of me.

If I could sing but the song of love,
Fill my throat with each sounding note,
Others might kiss and clasp and cling,
Mine be the lips that would sing, would sing!

It will be noticed from these poems that Mrs. Speyer is an able writer appreciative of word values and understanding beauty.

She was born in England and before her marriage to Sir Edgar Speyer about fifteen years ago, was a professional violinist. During the war the Speyers took up their residence in this country at which time they abandoned their English titles.

"The rapid progress of Leonora Speyer," writes Mr. Braithwaite in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "to an advanced position in American poetry has been one of the bright events in the history of the last five years. She came suddenly to the gift of poetry from a long devotion to music, in which the violin was made the interpreter of moods and visions that have now won a more durable and vivid expression in the subtle and rhythmic language of verse. Mrs. Speyer thus came to poetry with an equipment that most poets lack; that is, a very keen and vibrant sense of rhythmic values. She brought over, too, a personal quality that is even more important, that is, a sensitive reaction to the overtones of existence.

"The title of Mrs. Speyer's book, 'A Canopic Jar,' is an ancient Egyptian vessel in which was placed the heart of the departed to be watched over by the guardian gods. In

the world of human consciousness, dreams may be said to hold the same relationship to the spirit that the heart does to the body. These interpretive verses the poet has placed before her jar of dreams:

“ Over the gods that guard the funeral-jars,
Those mighty sons of Herus.
Hapi, Amset, Duamutef, Benehsenuf,
Are greater gods,
Nephthys, Isis, Neith and Seket,
Guardian-gods!

Over them all,
And over all the dead,
The dead that live, the dead that never lived,
Over the great and greater,
Over the very small —
Even this little jar of song,
Dead dreams that will not die —
One God! ”

ANGELA MORGAN

Angela Morgan has been said to combine in one personality the qualities of poet, prophet, mystic and reformer. It is in the latter rôle that she seems to thrive most. Her books of poetry bear such titles as “Hail, Man!”, “Forward March!”, “The Hour Has Struck” and “Utterance.” She dedicates her books to “The Millions Who Have Offered Up Their Lives For Freedom” and to “Reality” and so on.

Miss Morgan has a sweeping gesture in her work vibrant with democratic flavor that has made her poetry particularly popular with large numbers of magazine readers.

The quality of Miss Morgan's writing is shown in “I Will Rise” taken from her book “Forward March!” (Dodd, Mead and Company). It is in this vein that she seems happiest.

I will rise when the workers rise,
I will see with the workers' eyes.
Why should I softly turn in bed
If they rise up when the sun is red?
Stern are the roads their feet must go
Through parching heat or stinging snow;
They sweep the whole world fair for me —
And as they see, I, too, must see;
And as they know, I, too, must know —
I will rise when the workers rise!

I will rise to-day at the hour the workers keep —
I will whip my soul from sleep.
How may I know their cause is right
If I sleep on till the sun is white?
Their woe I, too, must understand
Whose toil hath made my fairyland.
My back shall bend beneath their strain,
Mine their courage and mine their pain,
Mine their patience and mine their skill,
Mine the push of their splendid will.

I will rise to-day as the vigorous workers rise,
I shall see with the workers' eyes. . .
Flint-cold pavements and icy streets,
Stones that clatter with hard hoof beats,
Clanging cars and hurrying throngs,
Ways of danger where death belongs: —
The forge, the loom, the sweatshop grim —
All these, all these to share with him
Who weaves my magic world for me;
And as he sees, I, too, shall see.

I will rise to-day as the militant workers must,
For I know their cause is just.
I who suffer and I who bleed,
My tongue shall plead as theirs shall plead.

Mine their courage and mine their good,
Mine their union in brotherhood.
Oh ye who sleep in your soft white bed,
Rise up, rise up when the sun is red.
Go bravely forth as the workers go,
For knowledge cometh only so!

CHAPTER XXVIII

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, HORTENSE FLEXNER, ZONA
GALE, MURIEL STRODE, EUNICE TIETJENS

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING was born in 1878 in New York City. She was graduated from Smith College in 1899, and was a student of music both at the University of Heidelberg and in Paris. She has been a member of the English department of Smith College since 1914 and there she has done much to stimulate an interest in poetry.

In 1915, Mrs. Conkling published her "Afternoons of April," poems that seem to have come direct from the soil, as graceful and beautiful as the fine veins in new leaves. Critics found in this book the expression of a wistful writer.

In 1920 came "Wilderness Songs." Here one found that the poet possessed a firmer hand upon her talents. The fragility of her earlier poems had taken on the maturity of such lines as these in "*After Sunset*":

I have an understanding of the hills . . .
.

They lend me hoarded memory and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,
And why a dream of forests must endure
Though every tree be slain; and how the pure
Invisible beauty has a word so brief,
A flower can say it or a shaken leaf,
But few may ever snare it in a song,
Though for the quest a life is not too long.

Where the blue hills grow tender, when they pull
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
And shadows are their garments, and the air
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,
Their arms are strong around me: and I know
That somehow I shall follow when you go
To the still land beyond the evening star,
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
And silence may not hurt us any more,
And terror shall be past, and grief and war.

From "Wilderness Songs" are also quoted these poems:

THE STAR

Dusk made a thrust at my heart
With a star like a sword.
I had forgotten the war
Though the guns roared
And shells droned on and on
In a sullen chord.
It was not the noise and the reek
But a star in the sky
Made the black trench reel again.
Starlight, and I
Saw beauty vanished away
And love gone by.

APOLOGY

There is an air of Bach that means
A late New England Spring to me:
Soundless collisions among clouds,
White apple-honey for the bee,
The cricket limbering his trill,
The grass wherefrom he likes to sing,
The rainbow leaning to the lawn,
The spider's wheel, the redstart's wing.

Here in a trench of Flanders mud
It is the only thing I know
That means a catbird whistling down
A lane I followed long ago.
Again I find the open door
Beyond the twisted lilac-tree,
And through that latticed German tune
You look at me.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

The poems of Hortense Flexner show a diversity of ideas on life. She has a keen imagination and in her first book, "Clouds and Cobblestones," offers a collection of verse that is conspicuous for its vivid ideas, freshness of expression and knowledge of poetical values. Like Mrs. Conkling, Miss Flexner also is adept in her use of fragile, sweet-smelling things symbolic of her thoughts and emotions.

The following poem is a recent example of Miss Flexner's poetry, reprinted from *The Double Dealer*:

REFLECTED

The moon's a corpse,
Frozen and still
She drifts in silvery ashes
Through the night.
And yet this earth,
Still fretted with the scarlet pulsing thing
Called life,
Draws from the moon's pale glamor and decay,
Her eerie trick of loveliness
What welter of hot passion and new blood!

ZONA GALE

Admirers of Miss Gale's verse have found in it a Keats-like quality — "something of the same feeling which he always inspires of being in a twilight valley buried deep in foliage while innumerable harmonious little threads of water drip down from the rocks."

Miss Gale's first book of poems "The Secret Way" was published in 1921 and while it is a book that doubtless represents poems written during a period of years, it is her ability as a novelist that seems to me most important. The creator of "Miss Lulu Bett" is satisfying as a poet, perhaps, but splendid in her powers of novelist.

There is mysticism and strength in the title poem of "The Secret Way":

Then softly she: I may not tell
What other eyes behold in mine,
But I have melted night and day
In some wild wine!

I may not read the graven cup,
Exhaustless as a brimming well,
Distilling silver, but I drank
And all is well.

MURIEL STRODE

Few poets are as prolific in sheer beauty as Muriel Strode. Her work is marked with richness, the forms she chooses for expression are diverse and through all her work there is the rumbling of the seeker after truth. Miss Strode's poems are a revelation in inspiration. There seems no end to her philosophic thoughts.

There is a virility of beauty in this poet's work that has caused critics to liken her style and subject matter to that of

Walt Whitman. Others have found in her writing the work of one who has made careful and effective study of the Psalms.

"A Soul's Faring" was published by Miss Strode in 1921. Here is imagery as tumultuous as the waters of a great falls. She writes of love and life and death in a rapid breathless fashion to which cling thoughts, not soon to be forgotten by her readers.

If ever a poet had philosophy it is Miss Strode. She believes in life and that man should live as the following selections so ably demonstrate. Her 1922 poems are published under the title of "At the Roots of Grasses" (Moffat, Yard and Company, New York).

Miss Strode was born in the Spoon River country of Edgar Lee Masters — Fulton County, Ill. Her grandparents were pioneers and on the farm where they originally settled, she spent her girlhood, receiving her schooling in turn from father and mother who were "little red school-house" teachers. Her father abandoned his teaching to study medicine, and later practiced in the county where he had been born.

At the age of 15, Miss Strode left home and entered a business school in Denver. In three months she had a position as stenographer and from that time on until her marriage, she fought out her economic problems alone. In the midst of her business career, she began to write poetry.

Miss Strode was married to Samuel Lieberman, an iron and steel merchant, in Denver in 1908. At the time her husband was ill from tuberculosis and she devoted the next few years to nursing him back to health. But there has been no period in her life when Miss Strode has not been a lover of poetry. She has written some few lines practically every day and now atop New York buses, in busy department stores or in the quiet of the night, she takes her pencil to jot down the thoughts that rush upon her and become poems of thoughtfulness and beauty.

SONGS OF THE STRONG

Out of the red pain of life, I come singing the
white joy of being.

I come becarolled out of the crushings.
I find the triumph over moaning wheels.

Out of myself! Out of myself! — worlds, eons
and acts;

Realities, consummations;
Amplitudes and abundance.

Again and again we cry "I can bear no more!" —
that is the human of us. And again and again we
bear more, — that is the god of us.

I try to grasp the infinite, when I have never
grasped the hour.

I want heaven, and I have never laid hold of the
earth.

I try to reach God, when I have never reached man.
Today goes unperformed, yet I demand an infinity
of years.

I will not ask of the resurrection after death. I
am concerned with the resurrection in life. I
who am buried in the tomb of today want the
assurance of the ascension tomorrow. I do
not ask if I shall live then — I am not sure
that I live now.

I do not want a beautiful theory that will make
my going sweet. I want a beautiful fact that
will sweeten my stay.

— *From A Soul's Faring.*

Published by Boni and Liveright, New York.

CHAPTER XXIX

DAVID MORTON, ROBERT HILLYER, KENDALL BANNING

DAVID MORTON

Among the more successful writers of sonnets, the name of David Morton is well to the foreground. About four or five years ago the writings of this poet first began to attract the attention of poetry lovers. At that time Mr. Morton was a teacher in a boys' school in Louisville, Ky. The name of this poet-teacher soon became familiar, and three years ago he came north to teach in Morristown, New Jersey.

Since his residence in the east, Mr. Morton has greatly increased his output. He has won a number of prizes from the Poetry Society, the Lyric Society prize and others.

"Ships In Harbor," Mr. Morton's first book, was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Following are some of Mr. Morton's more recent poems—exquisite in construction and of the best he has done.

ONE DAY IN SUMMER

This singing Summertime has never done
With afternoons all gold and dust and fire,
And windy trees blown silver in the sun,
The lights of earth, her musics and desire;—
But day by day, and hour by lighted hour,
Something beyond the summer earth and sky,
Burns through this passion of a world in flower,—
Some ghostly sense of lovers thronging by.

And I have thought, upon this windy hill,
Where bends and sways the long, dream-troubled
grass,

That I may know the heart-beats, tender still,
 Of gone, forgotten lovers where they pass, —
 Their love, too long for one brief life to hold,
 Beating and burning through this dust and gold.

THE SCHOOL BOY READS HIS ILIAD

The sounding battles leave him nodding still:
 The din of javelins at the distant wall
 Is far too faint to wake that weary will
 That all but sleeps for cities where they fall.
 He cares not if this Helen's face were fair,
 Nor if the thousand ship shall go or stay;
 In vain the rumbling chariots throng the air
 With sounds the centuries shall not hush away.

Beyond the window where the Spring is new,
 Are marbles in a square, and tops again,
 And floating voices tell him what they do,
 Luring his thoughts from these long-warring men, —
 And though the camp be visited with gods,
 He dreams of marbles and of tops, and nods.

INVIOULATE

I would be dumb before the evening star,
 And no light word should stir upon my lips
 For autumn dusks where dying embers are,
 For evening seas and slow, returning ships.
 I would be hushed before the face I love,
 Rising in star-like quiet close to mine,
 Lest all the beauty thought is dreaming of
 Be rudely shaken and be spilled like wine.

For present loveliness there is no speech,
 A word may wrong a flower or a face,
 And stars that swim beyond our stuttering reach
 Are safer in some golden, silent place. . . .
 Only when these are broken, or pass by,
 Wonder and worship speak . . . or sing . . . or cry.

ROBERT HILLYER

In "Alchemy," a symphonic poem, Robert Hillyer achieves real heights of imagination and the result is an interesting study in idealism, musical prophetic visions that deal with the essences of love and beauty.

"Alchemy" consists of a prelude with four short cantos and a coda. It is in the prelude that Mr. Hillyer addresses himself "to the poet of a thousand years hence to be his witness of the vision that he helps to keep burning on the high altar of human aspirations with the lighting of this candle of dreams."

From the passages as quoted, one may gauge Mr. Hillyer's success in this achievement:

Cup-bearing spring is gone, but her wine remains
Spilled on the crimson plains.
And the hills reeling with color beneath the sun,
Overflowing the walls of tombs and the dun
Disaster of forest rent by the woodman's axe;
The buffeting wind curtails her brusque attacks,
And the woodland sleeps, storm-surfeited: —
You will have other woods when mine are dead.

.

From the stars I saw the world
Like a blowing ember swirled
Through the aisles and vaults of space,
One of countless motes of dust
Fanned by every changing gust
Floating in a soundless place;
Out of that one grain shall be
Dedicate to deity;
From that grain the deathless Tree
And the lark of dawn that sings
Wisdom, Life, Divinity,
Singing now, as she began,
The beauty of incarnate man,

Love of flesh, of sky, of sea,
 Love of life in mortal things,
 Love.

The flame of being rings infinity,
 Flawless, without beginning, without end;
 Out of the centre of all worlds that be
 Dart the fine rays of beauty, till they meet
 The ring of life. And they shall meet;
 Pass on, O dancing feet,
 Pass on, Immortal Girl, Immortal Boy,
 Pass on, dear stricken faces of the brave
 Who bade love rise from the belovèd's grave.
 Pass on, white feet of joy,
 Pass on, O voice of mirth,
 And all you fair and happy of the earth,
 Pass on abundantly;
 You that have sought the hidden gold.
 You whose beauty shall unfold
 Upon the Tree.

KENDALL BANNING

Richard LeGallienne, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, says of Mr. Banning's poems contained in "The Phantom Caravan" — "this book has, in my opinion, most of that intangible quality which makes for poetry — which differentiates it from verse rich in every other quality but rhythmic magic. His verse sings and haunts us with its beauty. He is, par excellence, the lyric poet, and I know of no other poet in America at the present moment who has such a gift of pure melody."

The "Phantom Caravan" was brought out by the Book-fellows of Chicago from which is quoted:

REQUIEM

When I am dead, pray me no prayers;
 Intone no mummer's rhyme,

Nor let the surpliced gentry ply
Their priestly pantomime.
Return, O God, my errant flesh
Back to my mother earth,
Wherein my dust may serve again,
God will, at Spring's rebirth.
Send back my dreams unto the hills
Whence, on the winds, they came;
Let strong, my passions, seek their own —
Flame back to quivering flame!
Into Thy hands return that love
Men call the soul of me —
And give my spirit back to the indomitable sea.

EUNICE TIETJENS

Eunice Tietjens was born in Chicago in 1884, and after having studied in Paris, Dresden and Geneva, returned to the city of her birth, where she makes her home. She has written but one volume of verse, "Profiles from China," an admirable piece of writing, which was published in 1917.

From "*The Most Sacred Mountain*," published in *Poetry; A Magazine of Verse*, the following is quoted:

Here, when Confucius came, a half a thousand years before the
Nazarene, he stepped, with me, thus into timelessness.

The stone beside us waxes old, the carven stone that says:
"On this spot once Confucius stood and felt the smallness
of the world below."

The stone grows old:
Eternity is not for stones.

But I shall go down from this airy space, this swift white peace,
this stinging exultation.

And time will close about me, and my soul stir to the rhythm
of the daily round.

Yet, having known, life will not press so close, and always I
shall feel time ravel thin about me;

For once I stood
In the white windy presence of eternity

CHAPTER XXX

HILDA CONKLING

HILDA CONKLING, the twelve-year-old daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, was nine years old when her "Poems By a Little Girl" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) was published. In it she has written a rare and beautiful book. If Hilda is not a genius she is at least walking in its shadows.

Both Miss Monroe and Miss Lowell were quick to recognize Hilda's talent which, by the way, was first printed in Miss Monroe's *Poetry; A Magazine of Verse*. Hilda is no Daisy Ashford or any sort of infant prodigy — she is just a natural poet to whom fate has given a congenial environment and a mother who was quick to recognize the quality of her daughter's gift.

In her preface to Hilda's poems Miss Lowell says, "I wish to state emphatically that it is poetry, the stuff and essence of poetry, that this book contains." The book contains one hundred and seven separate poems and that is counting as one all of the very short pieces written between the ages of five and six.

Hilda tells her poems to her mother. They come in the course of conversation, and Mrs Conkling is so often engaged in writing that there is nothing to be remarked if she scribbles absently while talking to the little girl. But this scribbling is really the complete draught of the poem. No line, no cadence is altered from Hilda's version; the titles alone have been added for convenience, but they are obvious handles derived from the text.

A selection from Hilda's first book reads:

FOR YOU, MOTHER

I have a dream for you, Mother,
 Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.
 I have a surprise for you, Mother,
 Shaped like a strange butterfly.
 I have found a way of thinking
 To make you happy;
 I have made a song and a poem
 All twisted into one.
 If I sing, you listen;
 If I think, you know.
 I have a secret from everybody in the world full of people
 But I cannot always remember how it goes;
 It is a song
 For you, Mother,
 With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue
 And a mist,
 Blowing along the sky.
 If I sing it some day, under my voice,
 Will it make you happy?

Hilda saw the blue wavy jacket around Johan Bojer's novel "The Great Hunger" and the following lines ensued:

POEM SKETCH IN THREE PARTS

(Made for the picture on the jacket of the Norwegian book,
The Great Hunger, by Johan Bojer.)

1

THE ROLLING IN OF THE WAVE

It was night when the sky was dark blue
 And the water came in with a wavy look
 Like a spider's web.
 The point of the slope came down to the water's edge;
 It was green with a fairy ring of forget-me-not and fern.
 The white foam licked the side of the slope
 As it came up and bent backward;
 It curled up like a beautiful cinder-tree
 Bending in the wind.

2

THE COMING OF THE GREAT BIRD

A boy was watching the water
As it came lapping the edge of fern.
Little ships passed him
As the moon came leaning across dark blue rays of light.
The spruce trees saw the white ships sailing away,
And the moon bending up the blue sky
Where stars were twinkling like fairy lamps;
The boy was looking toward foreign lands
As the ships passed,
Their white sails glittering in the moonlight.
He was thinking how he wished to see
Foreign lands, strange people,
When suddenly a bird came flying!
It swooped down upon the slope
And spoke to him:
"Do you want to go across the deep blue sea?
Get on my back; I will take you."
"Oh," cried the little boy, "who sent you?
Who knew my thoughts of foreign lands?"

3

THE ISLAND

They flew as the night-wind flowed, very softly,
They heard sweet singing that the water sang,
They came to a place where the sea was shallow
And saw treasure hidden there.
There was one poplar tree
On the lonely island,
Swaying for sadness.
The clouds went over their heads
Like a fleet of drifting ships.
And there they sank down out of the air
Into the dream.

Herbert S. Gorman, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, appraises "Poems by a Little Girl" as follows:

"To seriously consider the poetry of a child and estimate it by those same standards that we apply to the work of mature individuals appears rather uncalled for on a first consideration. But in the case of Hilda Conkling's efforts in free verse one is tempted to do so for several reasons. Among them may be cited the fact that her poetry is so individual and so authentic that the reader frequently forgets he is reading the natural outpourings of a child who is now but nine years old. Another reason is that the verse stands up so well under a rigorous judgment.

.

"Hilda's poetry is marked by its sincerity and naturalness. She writes about the things she sees and feels, of nature and mother-love and such kindred topics and attempts to go no further. Unlike Daisy Ashford she does not attempt to set down the half-digested impressions of the grown-up world about her. She is undoubtedly too young for this as yet; the imitative period has not arrived. She may escape the influence of other writers, being so strongly entrenched in the poetic inspiration that her mother sheds about her. If she follows the natural course of growth she will grow poorer as an individual poet as she gets older, only to grow better again when she has found herself. Let a few more simple images and a short poem complete the illustration of this delicious book. How are these for passages that any adult poet might be glad to have imagined?

The water came in with a wavy look
Like a spider's web.

You shine like a lily
But with a different whiteness.

"She is speaking of a snow-capped mountain here. And speaking to a humming-bird, she says:

Why do you stand on the air
And no sun shining?

"Here is a complete poem, quite lovely in its intimations and exquisitely rounded:

WATER

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers,
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water,
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

"It would be ridiculous to affirm that these poems of a nine-year-old child show promise. They are more than that. They show achievement; they reach the point of spontaneous self-expression; and even though it be in the self-expression of a child, we who are older — and yet not so old after all — may profit by them."

A second volume of lyrics under the title "Shoes of the Wind" (Frederick Stokes and Company) was published in 1922. Here Hilda's later verses retain the simplicity and unaffected quality that marked her first book. Most of these poems are in free verse, in a rhythm which comes easily. One or two are rhymed. The growth of Hilda Conkling, poet, is ably evidenced.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

CONTENTS

MISS AMY LOWELL'S BOOK SHELF OF MODERN POETS.....	339
SOME IMPORTANT POETRY AWARDS OF 1921 AND 1922.....	341

A COLLECTION OF NOTEWORTHY AND REPRESENTATIVE POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETS

SELECTED BY THE AUTHOR

ADAMS, CHARLES LEE	PAGE	CHALMERS, STEPHEN	
Friends.....	344	The Rock.....	360
AUSLANDER, JOSEPH		COOK, HOWARD WILLARD	
Dawn at the Rain's Edge.	344	The Shadow Line.....	361
BATES, KATHARINE LEE		The Convert.....	362
This Tattered Catechism.	345	DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN	
Love Planted a Rose.....	345	The Sleeping Beauty.....	363
When It Befortunes Us ..	346	DAVIS, JAMES MANFIELD	
BENÉT, LAURA		The Poetry of An Old	
The Witch's House.....	346	Room.....	365
BISHOP, JOHN PEALE		Spring In Alabama.....	365
Portrait for a Background		DEUTSCH, BABETTE	
of Flat Gold.....	347	Redemption.....	366
The Death of a Dandy... ..	348	DRISCOLL, LOUISE	
BODENHEIM, MAXWELL		First Green.....	366
Two Sonnets to My Wife.	354	EDGETT, EDWIN F.	
BYNNER, WITTER		Walt Whitman.....	368
Answering Vice-Prefect		FAUST, FREDERICK	
Chang.....	355	The Last Adventure.....	368
Through a Gateway in		FIELD, BEULAH	
Japan.....	356	Inspiration.....	369
My Retreat at Chung-		Dusk of Dawn.....	369
Nan.....	356	Carnival.....	370
To a Chinese Scholar....	356	FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD	
CABELL, JAMES BRANCH		Stairways.....	370
Garden-Song.....	357	The Old Plough Horse... ..	371
CARMAN, BLISS		I Think There Is No	
Summer Streams.....	358	End	371
CASE, WILLARD		FROST, ROBERT	
Star Prayer.....	358	Bond and Free.....	372
The Law.....	359	GALAHAD, JOSEPH ANDREW	
To an Unknown.....	359	A Mood.....	372

GARRISON, THEODOSIA		NEIHARDT, JOHN G.	
Moonlight.....	373	From <i>The Song of Hugh</i>	
The Father.....	374	<i>Glass</i>	390
As the Larks Rise.....	374	PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON	
GIBSON, LYDIA		The Golden Shoes.....	392
Hills.....	375	PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER	
GINSBERG, LOUIS		Overtones.....	392
Old Houses.....	375	Lullaby.....	392
HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN		POOLE, FANNY RUNNELLS	
A Dancer in the Shrine...	376	At Peace Beneath June	
HALL, HAZEL		Skies.....	393
Three Girls.....	377	Around Stratford-on-Avon	394
JANSON, ELLEN		RAYMUND, BERNARD	
Loneliness.....	378	John Keats.....	395
JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON		REED, JOHN	
Frustrate.....	378	Fog.....	395
KEELEY, DOROTHY		REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH	
On the Wing.....	379	Triumph.....	396
KENYON, THEDA		SAMPSON, HENRY AYLETT	
Sanctuary.....	379	What the Wind Sings....	397
The Vestment Maker....	380	Reunion.....	397
KREYMBORG, ALFRED		SANDBURG, CARL	
Bloom.....	380	Accomplished Facts.....	398
LARKIN, MARGARET		SCHNEIDER, ISADORE	
Good-by, —to my Mother	381	My Street.....	399
LEE, AGNES		SCOLLARD, CLINTON	
Old Lizette on Sleep....	382	If Only the Dreams Abide.	399
LEE, MUNA		SCOTT, EVELYN	
Souvenir.....	383	Rainy Twilight.....	400
LONG, HANIEL		SERHEL, ROGER L.	
Dead Men Tell No Tales.	383	The Gift of Death.....	400
The Moon Beloved.....	384	SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY	
The Clock.....	385	The Trees That Lean Over	
LOWTHER, DR. GRANVILLE		Water.....	401
My Destiny.....	385	STERLING, GEORGE	
McMEEKIN, ISABELLA Mc-		To Science.....	402
LENNAN		STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN	
Blue Loveliness.....	386	Poise.....	402
MARQUIS, DON		STORK, CHARLES WHARTON	
The Name.....	386	The Source of Beauty....	402
MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT		TEASDALE, SARA	
Song for <i>The Lamp and the</i>		Wisdom.....	403
<i>Bell</i>	387	TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE	
Autumn Chant.....	388	Moods of Women.....	403
MORTON, DAVID		WAGSTAFF, BLANCHE SHOE-	
November Dusk.....	388	MAKER	
NATHAN, ROBERT		Quiet Waters.....	404
He Writes His Epitaph...	389	Sleep.....	405
He Blames Himself.....	389	WEAVER, JOHN V. A.	
		Élégie Americaine.....	405

WELLES, WINIFRED		I Can Hear Your Thoughts	
Gesture.....	407	That Say.....	410
WELSH, ROBERT GILBERT		The Bird in the Bosom...	410
Molière's Housekeeper ...	407	WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS	
WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL		January.....	411
Earth.....	416	WILSON, CAROLYN CROSBY	
The Lion-House.....	416	The Patchwork Quilt....	411
WHITE, VIOLA C.		The Funeral.....	412
Advice.....	414	WOODBERRY, GEORGE ED-	
Dutch Slumber Song... ..	415	WARD	
WIDDEMER, MARGARET		The Mallows.....	413
Any Wife to Any Husband	408	WYLIE, ELINOR	
A Boy of the Ghetto.....	409	Parting Gift.....	414

A BOOK SHELF OF MODERN POETS

At the request of Doubleday, Page & Company, Miss Amy Lowell in 1919 compiled a list of modern verse which was published at that time under the title "A Book Shelf of Modern Poets." Miss Lowell's compilation aroused much interest and some controversy. In response to many requests it has seemed wise to reissue the book shelf with the revisions which Miss Lowell has just made that the list may be equally representative of the development of modern verse in the last three years. This is not, however, exclusively an American list.

Conrad Aiken—"The Charnel Rose," "The House of Dust," "Punch"; Richard Aldington—"Images—Old and New"; Hervey Allen—"The Bride of Huitzil"; William Rose Benét—"Merchants from Cathay," "Perpetual Light"; Maxwell Bodenheim—"Advice," "Introducing Irony"; Rupert Brooke—"Poems"; Witter Bynner—"Grenstone Poems," "The Canticle of Pan"; Seosman MacCathmhaoil (Joseph Campbell)—"The Mountainy Singer"; Grace Hazard Conkling—"Afternoons in April," "Wilderness Songs"; Hilda Conkling—"Poems By a Little Girl"; Adelaide

Crapsey — "Verse"; "H. D." — "Hymen"; Walter De La Mare — "The Listeners," "Peacock Pie"; John Drinkwater — "Poems 1908-1914," "Seeds of Time"; John Gould Fletcher — "Preludes and Symphonies," "The Tree of Life," "Breakers and Granite"; Robert Frost — "North of Boston," "Mountain Interval"; Robert Graves — "Country Sentiment," "The Pier Glass"; Alice Corbin Henderson — "Red Earth"; Ralph Hodgson — "Poems"; Alfred Kreymborg — "Blood o' Things"; D. H. Lawrence — "Amores," "New Poems"; Vachel Lindsay — "The Congo," "The Chinese Nightingale," "The Golden Whales of California"; Amy Lowell — "Men, Women and Ghosts," "Pictures of the Floating World," "Legends"; John Masefield — "Collected Poems"; Edgar Lee Masters — "Spoon River Anthology," "The Great Valley," "Domesday Book"; Edna St. Vincent Millay — "Renascence and Other Poems," "Second April"; Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson (Compilers) — "The New Poetry"; Grace Fallow Norton — "Little Grey Songs from St. Joseph's"; Edwin Arlington Robinson — "Collected Poems"; Carl Sandburg — "Chicago Poems," "Corn Huskers," "Smoke and Steel"; Siegfried Sassoon — "Counter-Attack"; James Stephens — "Reincarnations"; Sara Teasdale — "Love Songs," "Rivers to the Sea," "Flame and Shadow"; Eunice Tietjens — "Profiles from China"; Jean Starr Untermeyer — "Growing Pains," "Dreams Out of Darkness"; Louis Untermeyer — "Challenge," "These Times," "— And Other Poets"; Elinor Wylie — "Nets to Catch the Wind."

It is with just national pride that readers of this book may read the following complete poems by American contemporary poets whose work is so significant in a poetry movement, international in import. Some of the poets here represented have not been discussed in the book ("Our Poets of Today") properly, but these selections have been made solely for the beauty of the poems themselves and without thought of the poet's name or fame. Each speaks the heart of its creator in whatever verse form seems best to him.

Some of the sonnets are among the purest modern examples we have of this form of verse and for their reproduction here the author offers his thanks and appreciation to Mr. Mahlon Leonard Fisher, editor of *The Sonnet*.

"The sole aim of *The Sonnet* is to publish poetry so well thought of by its makers that they were willing to place it within strict confines. The brochure will have nothing to say in defense of its name. It will neither attack nor respond to attacks."

SOME IMPORTANT POETRY AWARDS OF 1921-1922

HONOURS TO E. A. ROBINSON

The Joseph Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 for the best volume of verse published during 1921 by an American author went to Edwin Arlington Robinson for his "Collected Poems," published by the Macmillan Company. The Authors Club announced at its thirty-ninth annual meeting that a large majority of its 260 members had voted that the book of the most enduring value to American literature published during 1921 was "The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson."

Yale University, in June of 1922, awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mr. Robinson. In receiving his degree, Mr. Robinson was presented with this tribute:

"In an age of self-advertising, where many prefer notoriety to obscurity and would rather draw attention by any means than remain unknown, Mr. Robinson has invariably permitted his poems to speak for themselves. He has won fame not by discords, but by singing in tune better than any one else. The result must be almost as gratifying to him as it is to all judicious lovers of literature. He is generally regarded today as America's foremost living poet."

Poetry's annual prizes for work published in that magazine were awarded as follows: The Helen Haire Levinson prize of \$200 for a poem or group of poems by a citizen of the United States, to Lew Sarett of Evanston, Ill., for his poem, "The Box of God"; the prize of \$100 offered by an anonymous guarantor for a poem or group, without distinction of nationality, to Ford Madox Heuffer of London, Eng., for his poem, "A House"; the prize of \$100 offered by Mrs. Edgar Speyer of New York for the work of a young poet, to Miss Hazel Hall of Portland, Ore., for her group of seven poems, "Repetitions." In addition to these awards there was a generous list of honorable mention:

"Boys and Girls," and "The Way Things Go," by Genevieve Taggard; "Down the Mississippi," by John Gould Fletcher; "A Hymn for the Lynchers," by Isidor Schneider; "Gallery of Paintings," by Marjorie Allen Seiffert; "Swift's Pastoral," by Padriac Colum; "Under the Tree," by Elizabeth Roberts; "The Heart Knoweth Its Own Bitterness," by Aline Kilmer; "Poems," by Yvor Winters; "A Song for Vanished Beauty," by Marya Zaturensky; "Sappho Answers Aristotle," by Maxwell Bodenheim; "Twenty-Four Hokku," or a modern theme, by Amy Lowell; "Tanka," by Jun Fujita; "In Maine," by Wallace Gould; "Advent, and the Cornfield," by Charles R. Murphy; "Still Colors," by Elinor Wylie; "Cape Helles," by Morris Gilber; "Without Sleep," and "The Poet at Nightfall," by Glenway Wescott.

BENÉT, TEASDALE AND SANDBURG

"Heavens and Earth," by Stephen Benét, was awarded the Poetry Society Prize for 1920 together with Carl Sandburg's "Smoke and Steel."

The "Brookes More Prize" of \$200 for the best poem published in *Contemporary Verse* during 1920 was awarded to Sara Teasdale. The winning group (five poems) appeared in the September number of the magazine under

the title "The Dark Cup." They are included in Miss Teasdale's latest volume, "Flame and Shadow" [Macmillan].

FOR SOLDIER POET

A partially blind war veteran is the first winner of the Knopf prize for the best book written by a Columbia undergraduate during the year. Announcement is made at Columbia of this award and the publication of "Cobblestones," by David Sentner.

A SUCCESSFUL LYRIST

The most successful lyricist of the past year has proved to be Amanda B. Hall, whose "Dancer in the Shrine" was awarded the first prize of the Poetry Society. (See appendix for this poem in full.)

A \$500 PRIZE AWARD

The Poetry Society of America's prize of \$500 offered in the William Lindsay contest for poetic drama was awarded to Harry Lee for his four-act play, "Il Poverello." One hundred and forty-five plays were submitted in the contest. The judges were George P. Baker, George Arliss, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Jane Dranfield and Stuart Walker. Mr. Lee is the author of "High Company," a book of soldier sketches in verse, published by Stokes in 1920.

MR. STORK'S PRIZES

Charles Wharton Stork, editor and publisher of *Contemporary Verse*, offers the following prizes for English poetry printed in that magazine during the current year (1922): First, the special Gene Stratton-Porter prize of \$50; secondly, five first prizes of \$40; thirdly, five second prizes of \$20 each.

He also offers the Galahad Sonnet prize of \$25 for the best Elizabethan sonnet of the year, *i.e.*, the best sonnet written in three quatrains and a couplet. The judges are the donor, Joseph Andrew Galahad, David Morton and John French Wilson. The prize will be of special interest, as most sonnet prizes are offered for the Petrarchan form, although all Keats' later sonnets and Masfield's sequence to beauty revive the freer English type.

A COLLECTION OF NOTEWORTHY AND REPRESENTATIVE
POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETS

FRIENDS

CHARLES LEE ADAMS

The road to understanding of friends, and love, is long —
It's blocked with nettle bushes, and boulders, sharp and strong.
But at the end is sweetness, and tho the way seems hard,
Larks fly over the nettles, that would your steps retard.

We'll tread the road together, the boulders overcome —
The goal is bright with golden light, caught in the evening sun.
The road to understanding of friends, and love, so long.
Is traveled, shackled, saddened. Can we end it with a song?

New York Sun

DAWN AT THE RAIN'S EDGE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The drowsy, friendly, comfortable creak
Of axles arguing and wet spokes gleaming,
When old empty tumbrels blunder dreaming, too sleepy to speak,
Blunder down the road in the rain dreaming.

And the house-lights rub at the shining dripping shadows
 Over the windows; through the drenched silver willows; everywhere:
 In the sulphurous fluctuant marsh this side the steaming meadows
 Where black weeds trouble the moon's drowned hair.

There is a sudden fuss of draggled feathers and the swing
 Of winds in a hissing burst of raindrops; then a cry
 Of colour at the hill's rim; a strange bright glimmering;
 And a lark talking madness in some corner of the sky.

The New Republic

THIS TATTERED CATECHISM

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

This tattered catechism weaves a spell,
 Invoking from the Long Ago a child
 Who deemed her fledgling soul so sin-defiled
 She practiced with a candle-flame at hell,
 Burning small fingers that would still rebel
 And flinch from fire. Forsooth not all beguiled
 By hymn and sermon, when her mother smiled
 That smile was fashioning an infidel.
 "If I'm in hell," the baby logic ran,
 "Mother will hear me cry and come for me.
 If God says no — I don't believe He can
 Say no to Mother." Then at that dear knee
 She knelt demure, a little Puritan
 Whose faith in love had wrecked theology.

The Sonnet

LOVE PLANTED A ROSE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Love planted a rose,
 And the world turned sweet.
 Where the wheat-field blows
 Love planted a rose.
 Up the mill-wheel's prose
 Ran a music-beat.
 Love planted a rose.
 And the world turned sweet.

WHEN IT BEFORTUNES US

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

When it befortunes us, who love so dearly,
To hurt each other, let us haste to wring
This joy from our remorseful passioning, —
The wound is witness that we love sincerely.
So slight a weapon, word or silence merely,
Would scarce effect surprisal of a sting,
Were't not thy word, my silence, for we cling
One soul together. Life allots austere
Unto the rose of love the thorny power
To tear the heart, but ah, love's anodyne!
The prick but proves the presence of the flower,
Our one white rose from gardens all divine.
Then, only then, could grief outlast her hour
Were I ungrieved by least rebuff of thine.

"Yellow Clover." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

BY LAURA BENÉT

Its wicked little windows leer
Beneath a moldy thatch,
And village children come and peer
Before they lift the latch.

A one-eyed crow hops to the door,
Fat spiders crowd the pane,
And dark herbs scattered on the floor
Waft fragrance down the lane.

It sits so low, the little hutch,
So secret, shy, and squat,
As if in its mysterious clutch
It nursed one knew not what,

That beggars passing by the ditch
Are haunted with desire
To force the door, and see the witch
Vanish in flames of fire.

"Fairy Bread." Published by Thomas Seltzer.

PORTRAIT FOR A BACKGROUND OF
FLAT GOLD

By JOHN PEALE BISHOP

It may well have been my thought was heady
Or that lone drinking had spoiled my blood,
But I saw a cloud-staring lady
Ride into the light which edged a wood.

By the slim pressure of white knees
She swayed the pride of a unicorn
To swerve between the sapling trees
And score the leaves with his silver horn.

Picked up by the wind, her hair was lost
In a flutter of light against the sun;
Riding, she caught in a scarf or tossed
Before her a smooth black-polished stone.

Suddenly she stopped and gazed
As if her eyelids twitched with soot;
Spurred with her heels; galloped and grazed
My trembling hand with her warm foot.

"Where has he gone" — she leaned her head —
"Who had so sweet a weight of limb,
Whose hair was red as the lion's is red?
It is long since I have dreamed of him.

"Already before I had upwound
The loosened ends of my girl's hair,
Or my girl's breasts had come to the round
He took me in his dismaying stare.

"Although I can no longer count
 What lips of lovers I have kissed,
 I ride for him still . . . mount and dismount . . .
 But make me a stirrup of your wrist —

"Tonight your shoulder shall be laid
 In a white longing against my own
 Till my disquiet be allayed;
 And you sleep . . . and I mount and ride on."

Vanity Fair.

THE DEATH OF A DANDY

The Somewhat Pathetic End of an Eighteenth Century Exquisite

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

The exquisite banality of rose and ivory:
 Shadows of ivory carved into panels, stained
 And decayed in the moulding; rose color looped,
 Casting a shadow of mauve; blown cherubs,
 Bulging in silver,
 Lift six tapers to the lighted mirror.

A dusk, deep as the under side of a rose,
 Is curtained under the old bed-dome.
 Contracting the coverlet, a shape lies,
 Which may or may not be a man.

What thoughts should an old man have
 In the London autumn,
 Between dusk and darkness?
 Behind the shrunken eyelids, what apparitions?
 What pebbles rattle in a dry stream?

A boy with a pale lovely dissolute face
 Sprawled on the green baize, among the cards,
 A Spanish pistol dropped from one hand. —

Seen from the glazed squares of the Club, a street
 Cobbled with faces, bundles of rags and lice,
 A yellow dwarf rising with protruding face. —

Gilded Indian gamecocks, clawing blood
Amid the clapping of pale hairless hands. —

Lady Barfinger, masked in satin, disclosing her gums,
Labored graces of a cracked coquette. —

A Jew that came on sliding haunches,
Crouched, and with distended palms
Whined for his pledges. Alvanley
Embroidered in silver foil, poised at the Court,
The ball a mirror of silvery Alvanleys.

Phantoms under a cloudy ceiling, uneasy images,
Sentences that never come to a period.
Thoughts of an old dandy, shrunk to a nightgown.

The chamfered fall of silken rose —
Muffling London and the autumn rain —
Lifts and recurves;
A beautiful young man,
Naked, but for a superb white tie wig,
Moves in with the slow pacings of a cardinal dreaming on
his cane.

The firelight blushes on the suave
Thighs of the young man, as he glides
From his calm, with an inessential gesture,
To brush his tie wig. Palm upon knuckles,
Fingers over the cane-head, he regards
Amusedly his own face in the crystal.
— “Without my powdered curled peruke,
I were but a man; so, I am a dandy.
For what was there to do, being no god
Burnished and strong, amorous of immortals,
But to escape this disappointing body —
Punily erect, patched with scant hair, rank in its smell
By hiding it in silk and civet — adding to silver hair,
Pomp of vermillion heels?

What else, indeed, unless to drown,
All naked, to drown all sense in wine?

"They thought my wit was all in waistcoats,
My epigrams pointed but with dainty tassels,
When every ribbon that my fingers tied
Protested with a fragile, indolent disdain
A world exquisitely old and dull and vain.
So I gave them my jest —
Walking stark naked to the gaming room
Where the preened dandies leaned across their cards,
Their pale long fingers spread among the cards.

They laughed; I did not laugh: so old
So pitiful, so brutal and so dark,
The buffoonery.
But the body's the jest of Another — I make my
 obeisance! "

Young Coatsworth has become
A naked glimmer on the lighted glass,
Fainter than the shimmer among rainy bees.

An old man lies propped on a bed.
Counting the candles of the empty glass —
An old man who has seen
His own youth walking in the room.

The window silk puffs with a winter gust,
And Coatsworth, *aetatis suae* XXV,
Flapped in gold braid, crinkled in air-blue,
With inscrutable precision
Bows to a lady,
Who repeats the scene with the graces of a marionette.
— "Madame," he says, addressing her panniers,
"Your bodice is miraculously a double moon-rise,
Your throat the traditional swan's white —
But fuller; your lips an exciting cochineal.
But, in truth, love is at best
A fashionable intrigue, an accompliced secret,
Unendurable without grated orris root.

Love remains to the proud mind
A ladder loosened from the brazen tower,
A furtive flight from the sentinelled domain
Where self is utterly contained in self.
Though you ordered the death of a thousand roses,
I've caught the breath of a garden, where
No man has ever been, and the ripe fruit
Drops through the tarnished air
Unheeded, and yew trees are made peacocks.
I thank you for your horrible favors.
Adieu — ”

The lady unravels to a ragged smoke;
Coatsworth darkens with blood like a satyr,
Blushes in a burnish on the mirror,
Burns, and is gone.

The dry skull stretches regretful claws,
And the points of the tapers twist and bend —
Sallow fingers of Jewish usurers.

A rapier flicks through the curtains,
Like a needle of sunlight splintered on the sea.
Coatsworth presses before him
Back to the fireplace — a panting stripling.
A jet of wet red spurts from his shirt front;
The youth sinks and dribbles in blood through the carpet.

“The end of such upstart heralds
As would bar my shield to the sinister.”
The reflected visage is rigid,
Puckered thinly with wrinkles.
“What if I got my fingers' trick —
Whether with rapiers or puffing neckcloths —
From a confectioner of Bath
Whose fastidious years were spent
Tracing on cakes, sweet labyrinths of ice
Squeezing pink fondant into petalled buds?
What that, overnight, through an open window,
He got me because a crooked pear tree
Climbed to the window ledge?

No man's to call me bastard.
And what's a murder more or less
Amid the inane fecundity of blood and sweat.
A barmaid and a groom repair the loss."

The dead youth has subsided in blood,
Leaving the floor unsoiled;
Coatsworth has leapt through the silvered glass,
Leaving its flames unspoiled.

His pallor stained by the rose dimmed dusk,
An old man lies on a curtained bed,
Whimpering like a beggar in a wet loft
When the wind's found the cracks and the straw is cold.

Coatsworth, now old, steps from the window folds
With a gesture consciously tragic;
Stands for a moment
Half Don Juan, half Childe Harold;
Then stalks, a magpie motley,
Black, buff and silver, up to the mirror.
He regards the vain, brave fall
Of the surtout, the triple-tied neckcloth,
The bronze hair brushed as in busts of Nero —
Then, with a posture almost Byronic,
Confides, in silence.

"Amid the bumpers, the scaffoldings, the ilex cones,
I have ever worn the scorn of death
With the careless grace of a boutonnière.
But let me be buried with a fiery choir,
A scarlet and lace processional of boys,
And priests too old to lift their stiffened folds,
Too wise to hold their clouded incense as a prayer.
Tie up my chin, lest I should smile.
And press into my hand my laurel cane
Where Daphne, with blown crinkled hair,
Feels the hard wood invade her silver thighs;
Leave me my snuff-box for its musty yawn
And for its intricate cool ivory
Showing an April faun at his desires;

"Probate my will, offer my house for rent.
I had thoughts to find a languor; to attain
A gallant erudition in the snuff-box and the cane;
To restore a tarnished splendor,
Ceremonious as stole,
Gorgeous like a vestment — yet urbane;
Between the opening and the closing of the doors,
To have stood between the sconces, ripe in silk,
Ancestral laces falling to a sword;
Reflected in the parquetry, to dream
Of Giorgone in a tricorn, and high wigs
Powdered with palest silver, piled like clouds;
Of odorous mummied rose, grown dusty with a queen,
Tender and slight and proud.

"But I have sat so long
Before so many mirrors, I'm afraid,
Afraid at last that I may be
A shadow of masks and rapiers between the girandoles,
A satin phantom, gone when the wax is down."

He becomes a toothless grimace
Between the moveless cherubs, silver blown.

Under the lusted bed-dome, in the curtained dusk,
A throat moans — the sudden and lonely
Cry of one long ridden by a nightmare.
Who wakes and finds it is no dream.

Old Coatsworth unravels from the bed-clothes —
As ghost unwinding its buried linen —
And stands, toes clutched and indrawn,
Ridiculously muffled in linen ruffles;
Totters slowly to the glass
To find therein, grinning wide with terror,
The toothless mist of the last apparition.
Shrieking, he plucks a candle from its socket
And drives the double flame into darkness.
Another, another, another,
Four tapers extinguish their windy stains
In a smear of wax on the mirror.

Another flame drops from a bony claw.
Like the drums of a defeat, a heart sounds.
And he peers at the dwindling face in the mirror —
The face of a dandy brought to a shroud.

Clutching the last tremulous candle
The old dandy sways;
Clings to the air,
And sinks in a slow movement of exhausted mirth.

The mirror is heavy with shadows
And a white candle spreads a film on the hearthstone.

Vanity Fair

TWO SONNETS TO MY WIFE

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I

Because her voice is Schönberg in a dream
In which his harshness plays with softer keys
This does not mean that it is void of ease
And cannot gather to a strolling gleam.
Her voice is full of manners, and they seem
To place a masquerade on thought and tease
Its strength until it finds that it has knees,
And whimsically leaves its heavy scheme.

Discords can be the search of harmony
For worlds that lie beyond the reach of poise
And must be captured with abandoned hands.
The music of my wife strives to be free,
And often takes a light unbalanced voice
While madly walking over thoughtful lands.

II

My wife relents to life and does not speak
 Each moment with a deft and rapid note.
 Sometimes a clumsy weirdness finds her throat
 And ushers in a music that is weak
 And bargains with the groping of her heart.
 But even then she plays with graver tones
 That do not sell themselves to laughs and moans,
 But seek the counsel of a deeper art.

She drapes her loud emotions in a shroud
 Of glistening thought that waves above their dance,
 And sometimes parts to show their startled eyes.
 The depths of mind within her have not bowed
 To seek emotion with its amorous glance.
 She slaps its face and laughs at its surprise!

The Measure

ANSWERING VICE-PREFECT CHANG

BY WANG WÊI

Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu

As the years go by, give me but peace,
 Freedom from ten thousand matters.
 I ask myself and always answer:
 Nothing is better than coming home.

A wind from the pine-trees blows my sash
 And my lute is bright with the mountain-moon.
 You ask me about good and evil?
 Hark! — on the lake there's a fisherman singing.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.

THROUGH A GATEWAY IN JAPAN

BY WITTER BYNNER

A torii stood, three miles above the bay,
 The gate of sacred ground,
 And when I wandered through a little way,
 I paused and found
 No temple-steps, no lanterns and no shrine,
 Only divinity —
 The solitary presence of a pine
 Facing the sea.

The Nation

MY RETREAT AT CHUNG-NAN

BY WANG WÊI

Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu

My heart in middle age found the Way,
 And I came to dwell at the foot of this mountain. . . .
 When the spirit moves, I wander alone,
 Only I in all this beauty.
 I will walk till the water checks my path,
 Then sit and watch the rising clouds,
 And some day meet an old woodcutter,
 And talk and laugh and never return.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.

TO A CHINESE SCHOLAR

(KIANG KANG-HU)

BY WITTER BYNNER

At last I have come to the Lake of which you told me,
 Where emperors chose to rest and carve their names,
 Scholars to meditate and dream of heaven
 Long centuries gone, and where the poets of T'ang,

Because their hearts were hurt with loveliness
In writing of it, wet their ink with tears.
I have come without you, wise and simple friend;
But I cannot see, of all the temple-gates
And climbing gardens and pagoda-hills,
One gate, one garden, one ascent or height,
And lose the grace of your companionship,
For on these bridges arching toward the past,
Your footsteps followed quiet to the hills. . . .
Then back you came, back to your neighbor's door,
With the characters of heaven in your hands.

The London Mercury.

GARDEN-SONG

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Farewell to Fields and Butterflies
And levities of Yester-year!
For we espy, and hold more dear,
The Wicket of our Destinies.

Whereby we enter, once for all,
A Garden which such Fruit doth yield
As, tasted once, no more Afield
We fare where Youth holds carnival.

Farewell, fair Fields, none found amiss
When laughter was a frequent noise
And golden-hearted girls and boys
Appraised the mouth they meant to kiss.

Farewell, farewell! but for a space
We, being young, Afield might stray,
That in our Garden nod and say,
Afield is no unpleasant place.

"The Hidden Way." Published by Robert M. McBride and Company.

SUMMER STREAMS

BY BLISS CARMAN

All day long beneath the sun
Shining through the fields they run,

Singing in a cadence known
To the seraphs round the throne.

And the traveller, drawing near
Through the meadows, halts to hear

Anthems of a natural joy
No disaster can destroy.

All night long from set of sun
Through the starry woods they run,

Singing through the purple dark
Songs to make a traveller hark.

All night long, when winds are low,
Underneath my window go

The immortal happy streams,
Making music through my dreams.

"The Later Poems of Bliss Carman." Published by Small, Maynard and Company.

STAR PRAYER

BY WILLARD CASE

When the stars hung low among my hills,
I looked into the infinite,
And prayed for love.

You came down the star-path from my hills,
Lips trembling with unfaithfulness.
Now, I pray for death.

The Bookman.

THE LAW

BY WILLARD CASE

There is a Law of Compensation,
Cold, demanding and as sure as death.
Today, I paid my tribute to this grim collector
Of tears and heart-ache.
Who waited for me
Even as my kisses stormed your lips.
For even then he knew —
Although you did avow your love —
That in your hidden scorn,
Too soon to show itself
He would find payment a thousand-fold
For the hardness of my heart
And my mockery at Love,
When I, too, was young.

Youth

TO AN UNKNOWN

BY WILLARD CASE

*Will Shakespeare and Walt Whitman too
Wrote many a line extolling you.*

Unknown:

The memory of your eyes has made my heart a house of hope.
Brown eyes, with glint of gold, that promised and refused me.
That mocked me with caressing mockery
That promised nothing — yet promised all things.
You are lost in a crowd of misty images
Whose bodies are as gray as their own gray souls.

Unknown:

I hoped today would bring you back again, the living symbol of
my dreams.

Dreams of a star-thick night and your bronzed head beside me.
I put out my hand to touch you and found only spring sunlight —
Uncertain, like your smile,
And the slowly, opening glory
Of the daffodil.

Unknown:

Surely the swaying, mumbling crowd will give you back again!
Restlessly, impatience at my heart, I seek you.
Now is the half-light at the close of day,
Twilight without magic.
Is my quest to be continuous until the Spring is dead in me,
Until for me there is no longer the Unknown, only Eternity?

Harper's Magazine.

THE ROCK

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

My head is white with the salt of your tears,
O sea of humanity!
Yet old am I as uncounted years
And the shapeless day.
As generations, wave on wave,
Snarl, or wail, or shriek, or rave,
Or brag, or prate.
Or hurl at my breast and, back-flung, die,
Limp and shattered, what care I?
Am I not Fate?

My face is wet with the spray of your tears,
O sea of humanity!
My shoulders worn with the weight of your fears
And your vanity!

Mercy or malice know I not,
 Pity or passion, sense or thought;
 Nor love nor hate.
 Yet do ye come with your upcurled lips,
 Flourishing crests and serried tips!
 Know ye not Fate?

Still do ye charge with a rally-cry,
 O sea of humanity!
 Puerile arms 'neath an empty sky,
 Challenging *me!*
 Ho! and I hurl ye, wave on wave,

Battered and bruised, to a fighter's grave;
 Yet, grain by grain,
 As the fine sand falls at the feet of me,
 Worn from my bulk by the ceaseless sea,
 All is not vain!

The New York Times

THE SHADOW LINE

An appreciation of Joseph Conrad's novel of that name.

BY HOWARD WILLARD COOK

The tang of the sea
 The souging of the wind
 Dead calm in a tropical ocean
 A fever stricken crew
 And a youth in his first command.
 Thus does the romancer of the sea
 Set the stage for this drama of a voyage —
 Voyage of one crew and one man
 Who crosses that shadowy line
 Between youth and its maturity.
 I have traveled this voyage and the stripling is dead within me.
 And as I have looked down upon my own broken and shattered
 responsibilities

Felt with this youth the failure of myself
To cope with the captain's duties set upon me.
But that indomitable spirit of youth
Savior of us all, when we are young, carries through the storm
Of torn, wracked life, a soul, and safe it comes
Into the harbor, at the close of day.
Strong is youth's fight
'Gainst superstition and maturer sage advice.
It goes its way
Sometimes thoughtless, careless of the wiser way,
Intolerant, believing in self, courageous,
And when that shadow line is passed
Looking upon men from eyes
Filled with the flame of responsibility,
Eager for the task,
Proven in the fire of life,
Found true
And blessed with continuity of hope.

The Boston Transcript.

THE CONVERT

BY HOWARD WILLARD COOK

How Man could hunt to kill
Was once to me a mystery.
But now I understand
The huntsman's lust.
Today you told me
That your tongue had lied —
That I must never know again,
Your love so freely given me.
*Today, I would string the strongest bow
With the swiftest arrow,
And send it deep
Into the centre of your gangrenous tongue.*

Scribner's Magazine.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

The princess sleeps
And her hair grows long.
And her birds sleep
Each with a song
Stuck in his throat;
And over her bower,
Hour after hour,
The buds sleep too.
The old cook sleeps.
And the quiet braids
Of the serving maids
Are gold in the sun.
And in the yard
The knights that guard
Sleep, every one;
And, near the throne
The captains tall
Are sleeping all
As though cut in stone;
Each cardinal
Sleeps; and the king
And the queen with a ring
Of pages round.

And the world spins round.
And the princess sleeps.

Thrust after thrust
A prince hews strong —
At the hedge, and his hair,
And his face are fair.
(He is not the man
Who will waken the princess,

His eyes will be gone
And his bones will lie
And catch the light
When the prince rides by
Whose kiss will stir
The world and her.
He is only one
Of the hundred men
Who will dream of the princess
Die, and then
Be a pathway white
For the last brave knight
To lead him straight
Where her lips await.)
And he sings,
As he feels the stings
Of the thorns,
And he cries,
To his page,
"Courage, lad!
Hew on and thrust,
If God is just
We shall wake her
And take her
Home to our kingdom.
You will be squire to her,
Walk at her bridle —
She will be smiling
And speaking out shyly
All that her heart holds,
And singing a little
For gladness of waking.
And I shall make Life
Bow on its knees to her;
I shall make Life
Bow on its knees to her; —
Hew on and thrust;
If God is just,
We shall find her
And wake her
And take her home."

In its iron hands
For the miles around
A silence keeps
The forest deeps.
And the world spins round.
— And the princess sleeps.

THE POETRY OF AN OLD ROOM

(To C. M. L)

BY JAMES MANSFIELD DAVIS

Midnight and the half hidden moon,
Sheds its light in silver tune
Through my window streaming
Upon a bowl of yellow and blue
That I have placed for love of you
Beneath a picture.

Painted flowers upon a painted glass,
Glist'ning prisms from stands of brass
On a table gleaming,
Sink deep into the ebony of night.
But stray moon-beams hold the light
There in cool embrace.

SPRING IN ALABAMA

BY JAMES MANSFIELD DAVIS

To be in Southern woods again
When sweet azaleas bloom
And velvet violets raise their heads
From out the forest womb —

The dogwood and the hawthorn bush,
A snow white canopy spread
To make a perfect altar
Where jasmine and peach blooms are wed.

REDEMPTION

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Like children wakeful in the night, alert
For some sad sound of the deserted street,
We too discard our toys, and stare, inert,
At walls of black estrangement and defeat.
We sicken with the sound and smell of war;
Among our best, devouring fingers thrust;
And life is hateful, bitter at the core.
The world goes out — a candle in a gust.
We are in the dark, and terrified or tired,
As those who move, with groping hands, to bed,
Rather than any joy we once desired
We crave the long blind void of being dead.
Yet in a curving limb, a choric cry,
Beauty throbs stronger than the will to die.

The Sonnet

FIRST GREEN

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

I've seen the first green,
Small, sharp spears,
(I know the place where
The first green appears!)
Curled like a baby's hand,
Young ferns grow,
Safe in a sheltered place
That I know.

I will take you there
If you'll follow.
We'll go down a hill
Into a hollow.

Past two willow trees,
Shining gold,
Under an apple tree
Wild and old.

One silver poplar tree,
Two birches white,
Then there's a forked path —
Turn to the right!
There'll be a low wall
Of gray stone
Where old bittersweet
And clematis have grown.

Once you have learned how
Green things grow —
Watched them coming out —
Then you know
The same joy that Adam
And Eve once had
When any blossom
Could make them glad.

There by the old wall,
On the south side,
The very first snowdrops
And mandrakes hide.
I go as early
As robins call
And find them coming out
There by the wall.

WALT WHITMAN

BY EDWIN F. EDGETT

One hundred years ago
This coming week
Was born Walt Whitman,
Most picturesque of poets.
He stands distinctive
And above them all,
Not as great perhaps
As the greatest,
But what is sometimes
Better than greatness,
Individual and unique.
He made his way
And now he stands
With none beside him,
Impressive and alone,
A giant.

"Slings and Arrows." Published by B. J. Brimmer Co.

THE LAST ADVENTURE

BY FREDERICK FAUST

He has stepped lightly on the long road out,
The gray road, old with dust,
The stern road, never-ending as our doubt,
For he was strong in trust.

That as it ran, whither he could not know,
It might dip now and then
Into great vales where speaking rivers go,
Unvexed by ships of men;

That it would lead him, neither slow nor fast
But at a proper pace,

Into the upland silences, at last,
Quiet before God's face.

"The Village Street and Other Poems." Published by G. P. Putnam's
Sons

INSPIRATION

BY BEULAH FIELD

I bridled my soul in its temple,
Waiting a while,
Till I knew the peace of a tempered touch,
And changeless smile.

Then I made my heart a silver pool
Of melody,
And stars came down from the sky at night,
And bathed in me.

DUSK OF DAWN

BY BEULAH FIELD

When Death shall overtake me on the road,
And, with a laugh, break down the flimsy barrier of my will,
If I lie, bound forever in my yesterdays,
Asleep and still,
And, in tideless seas of dark, my soul immerse —
Would such forgetfulness be sweet?
Or God's last mighty curse!

How do I know, to wake and find a path
That leads across unending bars of light,
And is not touched by silent dusk of dawn,
Nor purple night,
Where Sleep may never walk, and with her songs disperse
The crashing thunders of unceasing Time,
Would be the lesser curse!

CARNIVAL

I gave a rose to a dancing girl,
She did not know
It was tribute I paid to a joy,
Dead long ago.

I sang my song in the market-place,
They did not hear
I was challenging love with a laugh,
And grief and fear.

Life danced on my heart with careless feet,
And never knew
The beauty it gave in gift to me,
Was tied with rue.

I walked the ways of a heedless world,
And found it mad,
So, now I drift in the wake of dreams,
And I am glad.

"A Silver Pool." Published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

STAIRWAYS

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

Massive and grand are those old houses know,
Whose rails, too high for children's hands to reach,
Lend yet the ready help of friends to each
In age, to ease his hard ascent and slow.
Like brooks', their broad mahogany's soft flow;
Like that of rivers the proud sweep of them,
Holy because they knew the garments' hem
Of some we loved and lost in Long Ago. . . .
Ah, God! what is to soothe us — now our tears
Are softly fall'n and Laughter lets no more
Her silver lyric float from floor to floor —
Who climb these silent stairways with the years
For mute companions, and, when those have passed,
But stagger blindly down them at the last!

THE OLD PLOUGH-HORSE

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

Worn-out and useless, lone, he stands and dreams,
Day after day, the long sweet summer through:
The last turf-ridge upturned, what is to do
Save watch the crow-hordes, or a hawk that screams
High o'er his master's dooryard, till it seems
The world was made a place for dreaming in?
Around him, daisy-wheels ecstatic spin,
And cattle splash, knee-deep, through cooling streams;
But he, inert, thought-wrapt, oblivious, drifts,
Dream-drawn, a-drowse, towards other fields than these,
Where first he felt the Spring's quick kiss, and seas
Of green about him swam. . . . His bent head lifts . . .
Like some sweet message caught from far-off lands,
He hears his mother whinny, where he stands!

The Sonnet

I THINK THERE IS NO END

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

I think there is no end to anything
The touch of loveliness hath given soul:
That always, where doth impotently roll
Oblivion's ocean, does the dead bird sing,
And the mere beauty of his music bring —
Because it is unaltered evermore —
Remembered messengers to Memory's door;
And where wee fingers clung, wee fingers cling.
That high on some blest eminence endures
The daintily-made trail of a gone day —
Dew'd blooms betokening she passed that way,
And left to deathlessness her deathless lures;
That there, eternal, on eternal pines,
The broken gold of some dead sunset shines.

The Sonnet

BOND AND FREE

BY ROBERT FROST

Love has earth to which she clings
With hills and circling arms about —
Wall within wall to shut fear out.
But Thought has need of no such things,
For Thought has a pair of dauntless wings.

On snow and sand and turf, I see
Where Love has left a printed trace
With straining in the world's embrace.
And such is Love and glad to be.
But Thought has shaken his ankles free.

Thought cleaves the interstellar gloom
And sits in Sirius's disc all night,
Till day makes him retrace his flight,
With smell of burning on every plume,
Back past the sun to an earthly room.

His gains in heaven are what they are
Yet some say Love by being thrall
And simply staying possesses all
In several beauty that Thought fares far
To find fused in another star.

"A Mountain Interval." Published by Henry Holt and Company.

A MOOD

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

I am sad for the beauty that is dead.

For the sunset that I saw tonight
As I walked on a hill.
Where the rim of the sun was showing still.
For the tangle of clouds in the light.

For the breath of a lily slim and pale
That I brought from the forest yesterday.
For the song of a lark on an old fence-rail;
For a ground-wren's nest in the last year's hay.

For three slim dogwoods on the mountain-side,
Like ghost-trees whitely nodding at the grass;
For a field of buttercups upon a river-bank —
For a jaybird jeering shrilly as we pass.

For a wild-rose by an alder tree —
For a ginger-bloom more fragrant than the rose.
For a swallow sailing by with sapphire wings
Where a waterlily in the shallows grows.

For all the things that are passing and are fair;
For the shortness of the hour that gave them birth.
For the paucity of human hearts that care;
For all the things that are only of the earth.

I am sad for the beauty that is dead.

MOONLIGHT

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

When girls sell posies beside the curb
And the days grow long again,
The white moon spreads her silver net
Over the dreams of men.

And he is unsnared of souls alone
Who moves in a present bliss, —
Step by step with his own true love
With the touch of her hand on his.

But over the hearts of lonely men
The silver seine is thrown,
And across the tide of the empty nights
It draws them on to their own.

And some go back to the carnival
Where the fiddles play shrill and high,
And some are drawn to a love to be
And most to a love gone by.

Smart Set

THE FATHER

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

"We were such friends, such lovers, she and I —
No door closed ever between mind and mind —
And surely I shall love him by and by —
This tiniest rival of all humankind.

"Perhaps no man may ever understand
The woman's brooding o'er the child she bore;
Yet strange it is that such a little hand
Should close so great a door."

"As the Larks Rise." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AS THE LARKS RISE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

No gypsy born of the old, true blood
Dies between walls of stone or wood;
They are too courteous to Death
To bid him come for that last breath
Through a low door to a mean space
Unfitted to his rank and grace.

But when their hour is come to die
They room between the ground and sky;
On shore or meadow, hill or heath
They wait the gracious hand of Death;
From a free place to open skies
They rise with him as the larks rise.

God grant that in no narrow room
Death peers at me through curtained gloom;
But somewhere in the first, fresh dawn
Green be the hill I lie upon,
And let Death come to me as one
With the wind and the dew and the lifting sun.

"As the Larks Rise."

HILLS

BY LYDIA GIBSON

Quiet sunburnt hills, you lie like sleeping animals,
Tranquil, the folds of your limbs darkened with foliage:
And one I love and I have come to you
To nestle like your young in the curves of your flanks.
Out of the hardness of the city, away from its barren
scales,
Away from its coiled length and reptilian head
Lighted with golden eyes that repel and fascinate —
Into your fastnesses we have come.
You speak old words to us, O hills, you speak wisdom;
The heat of the earth, the sturdy fecundity
Of the eternal self-renewing earth.
Let us lie together in the grass, let us drink together
The wind of summer like wine poured out of the sky.
Let us climb hot as the earth, sweating and smelling of
the sun,
Until we come to the high ridge and the pinetrees;
And when night falls let us lie down to sleep in your
shadowy places.

The Liberator

OLD HOUSES

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

The gray old houses are hooded women, peering
From sloping, tousled bonnets of garrets hung awry;
The gray old houses dream that they are hearing
Voices of their children in the years gone by!

With dim glazed eyes of windows, they are staring,
 Thinking of a father when broken was his pride;
 And while they brood, they wonder where are faring
 The boys that kissed and the girls that cried. . . .

What old secrets here often pry and fumble?
 What old ghosts hurry to and fro? —
 Ghosts of Desires that poke about and mumble
 Of hot-headed Youth that fretted long ago.

What Tales and what Romances are dozing and are
 dreaming
 About the broken hearth, within the musty gloom?
 What stories of loving and quarreling and scheming
 Huddle with their memories to crowd each room?

So, hushed, they stand, like hooded women peering —
 These worn old houses that always dream and sigh;
 And like old mothers, they brood and stare at hearing
 Voices that vanished in the years gone by!

The New York Times

THE DANCER IN THE SHRINE

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

I am a dancer. When I pray
 I do not gather thoughts with clumsy thread
 Into poor phrases. Birds will have a way
 Of singing home the truth that they are birds,
 And so my loving litany is said
 Without the aid of words.
 I am a dancer. Under me
 The floor dreams lapis lazuli,
 With inlaid gems of every hue —
 Mother o' pearl I tread like dew,
 While at the window of her frame
 Our Lady, of the hallowed name,
 Leans on the sill. Gray saints glare down.
 Too long by godliness entranced,
 With piety of painted frown,

Who never danced —
But oh, Our Lady's quaint, arrested look
Remembers when she danced with bird and brook,
Of wind and flower and innocence a part,
Before the rose of Jesus kissed her heart
And men heaped heavy prayers upon her breast.
She watches me with gladness half confessed
Who dare to gesture homage with my feet.
Or twinkle lacey steps of joy
To entertain the Holy Boy;
Who, laughing, pirouette and pass,
Translated by the colored glass,
To meanings infinitely sweet.
And though it is not much, I know,
To fan the incense to and fro
With skirt as flighty as a wing,
It seems Our Lady understands
The method of my worshipping.
The hymns I'm lifting in my hands —

I am a dancer.

Contemporary Verse.

THREE GIRLS

BY HAZEL HALL

Three school-girls pass this way each day:
Two of them go in the fluttery way
Of girls, with all that girlhood buys;
But one goes with a dream in her eyes.

Two of them have the eyes of girls
Whose hair is learning scorn of curls,
But the eyes of one are like wide doors
Opening out on misted shores.

And they will go as they go today
On to the end of life's short way:
Two will have what living buys.
And one will have the dream in her eyes.

Two will die as many must,
 And fitly dust will welcome dust;
 But dust has nothing to do with one—
 She dies as soon as her dream is done.

The Century Magazine

LONELINESS

BY ELLEN JANSON

A fading moon is in the sky.
 The mist creeps inland from the sea.
 (Who keep their hearts, alone are free.)

Far foamward, with a thinning cry,
 A gull dips down along the west.
 (Who keep their hearts, are happiest.)

All things are lost on earth and sea.
 Soon will the moon, too, slip from sight.
 (Who keep their hearts, sleep well tonight.)

The North American Review

FRUSTRATE

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

How futile are these scales in which we weigh
 Pity and passion, and the spirit's need!
 Words—and the veins of desperate peoples bleed!
 Words—and a lark, and hedges white with May!
 O must this rapture and this grief remain
 Uncaptured in our silences? And must
 We stand like stones, less lyrical than dust
 That flowers beneath the benison of rain?
 And if I say, "I love you," can you know,
 Save by the urgent beating of my heart,
 The flame that tears my baffled lips apart?
 Poor symbols, cracked or broken long ago,
 What witness can you bear that we have tried
 To utter Beauty when our tongues were tied!

The Sonnet

ON THE WING

BY DOROTHY KEELEY

A wind that blows from the sea, and smells
Of spring and fall together,
Runs racing up the yellow fields
Into the autumn weather.

And I run, too, for I am young
And breathless with all living
The trees are shouting as we pass,
The asters singing in the grass.

In half an hundred years from now,
When all my songs are sung,
I'll not be old and crossly sage,
I'll love the bright hill of my age
Under its winter sun,
And wave the gayest hand I know
To everything that's young.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

SANCTUARY

BY THEDA KENYON

No . . . do not say farewell . . . but rather say
That in the mad, delirious joy of dawn,
And searing pain of noon, and lure of dusk,
And purple melancholy of the night,
You'll hold me still, close to you—so that all
The foolish glamour of the man-made world,
The harsh, soul-withering cry of man-made strife,
Will fade into the mist of tears that dims
The consciousness of sorrow. Hold me so,
My very dear, for there alone is peace
And quiet, and understanding, and soul rest—
Within the sanctuary of your arms!

Contemporary Verse

THE VESTMENT MAKER

BY THEDA KENYON

Into the sanctuary, Work of my hands,
Go, and be worthy!
There, in the very Presence of God,
Before the Most Holy,
Gleam fairer, thou, than the lights,
On the pale altar.

Under the sun and the stars and the rain,
Grew, for thy weaving,
Flax glowing slender and tall, in the morn and the eve,
Proudly upraising
Lightly-poised heads, ready crowned for the glory
 approaching, . . .
But . . . I, who have made thee,
These hands that have shaped thee, and fashioned the Cross
 of Redemption
On thy fair linen,
Red must they be in God's sight . . . yet . . . go, thou,
 and be worthy!

Up to the very altar, work of my heart,
Go; be thy message
Mute on the ears of man, heard of God:
Plead there for forgiveness. . . .
Gleam purer, thou, than the flowers,
Strewn on the altar!

Scribner's Magazine.

BLOOM

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

When flowers thrust their heads above the ground
In showers pale as raindrops, and as round,
Who would suspect that such, before they're gone,
Could hold the sun?

So fine a pressure from above can bring
So frail a thing to push its way aloft?
Through clay, a woman might consider cloth
For constant stitching?

Right straight down and right straight up again,
Through holes so close, no manly eye can see
To bloom come out of needles — or can she
Be using rain?

And now that she still labors in the gloom,
Her room just lighted by the sun turned moon —
Need any man be told what flowers are,
That hold a star?

The Dial

GOOD-BY — TO MY MOTHER

BY MARGARET LARKIN

Let not your heart be altogether lonely
Now that the last, reluctant words are said,
I take away my face and voice, but leave you
My heart, instead.

Our separate lives will only make love dearer,
And beautiful as distant mountains are,
When all the little hills erase each other,
And leave no scar.

For every westward-blowing wind is my wind,
Dawning I send you, when my sun is high,
And all God's lovely stars are ours together.
Good-by! Good-by!

The above lyric, from the Kansas City Star, was awarded the Kansas Authors' Club prize of \$100 for the year 1921.

OLD LIZETTE ON SLEEP

BY AGNES LEE

Bed is the boon for me!
It's well to bake and sweep,
But hear the word of old Lizette:
It's better than all to sleep.

Summer and flowers are gay,
And morning light and dew;
But aged eyelids love the dark
Where never a light seeps through.

What! — open-eyed, my dears,
Thinking your hearts will break?
There's nothing, nothing, nothing, I say,
That's worth the lying awake!

I learned it in my youth —
Love I was dreaming of!
I learned it from the needle-work
That took the place of love.

I learned it from the years
And what they brought about;
From song, and from the hills of joy
Where sorrow sought me out.

It's good to dream and turn,
And turn and dream, or fall
To comfort with my pack of bones,
And know of nothing at all!

Yes, never know at all
If prowlers mew or bark,
Nor wonder if it's three o'clock
Or four o'clock in the dark.

When the longer shades have fallen
And the last weariness
Has brought the sweetest gift of life,
The last forgetfulness.

If a sound as of old leaves
Stir the last bed I keep,
Then say, my dears, "It's old Lizette —
She's turning in her sleep."

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

SOUVENIR

BY MUNA LEE

I remember you because of a little hill
Where the violets grew thicker than the grass,
And through my memory flames and whistles still
A flock of red-winged blackbirds we saw pass.

Because of a rain-filled night I remember you
And a tree we came on suddenly in the fall
And a vague horizon that broke and foamed in blue
— But I do not remember any words of yours at all.

Smart Set

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

BY HANIEL LONG

They say that dead men tell no tales!

Except of barges with red sails
And sailors mad for nightingales;

Except of jongleurs stretched at ease
Beside old highways through the trees;

Except of dying moons that break
The hearts of lads who lie awake;

Except of fortresses in shade,
And heroes crumbled and betrayed.

But dead men tell no tales, they say!

Except old tales that burn away
The stifling tapestries of day:

Old tales of life, of love and hate,
Of time and space, and will, and fate.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

THE MOON-BELOVED

BY HANIEL LONG

The poet lies by his silver sea
And loved of many moons is he.

The years go by, and Time assures
Continuance of his quaint amours;

For worlds may break and new ones be
As the poet lies by his ancient sea,

And many a star fall out of the sky
And many a wise man learn to die.

Whilst he, the moon's bright golden boy
Rests well contented with moon-joy.

Loved of the moon and in her thrall,
The boy has naught, and so has all.

THE CLOCK

BY HANIEL LONG

The Clock is in a garden wide,
And there it keeps the hours,
And even finds a way to hide
Its face among the flowers.

The clock is in a hive of bees,
The clock is in a fountain—
It's here, it's there, it's in the trees
Yonder up a mountain.

At times it's all that I can hear—
No surer clock could be—
For it is always somewhere near,
And strikes eternity.

“Poems.” Published by Moffat, Yard and Company.

MY DESTINY

BY DR. GRANVILLE LOWTHER

Whatever, whoever I am,
Wherever my pathway may be
Howe'er my existence began,
I am shaping my own destiny.

I think and my thought is a cause;
I will and new powers generate;
In thinking and willing, I am
Creator and cause of my fate.

I pulsate with limitless life,
Vibrate with its rhythmical plan,
Then follow my longings and wait
The process of making a man.

“Poems.” Published by Moffat, Yard and Company.

BLUE LOVELINESS

BY ISABELLA McLENNAN McMEEKIN

Blue flowers and bluer skies,
Blue days that pass
To where Night, sleeping, lies
Blue shadowed on the grass.

Blue space above the stars,
A sapphire arching makes
For Dawn behind whose bars
Blue morning once more breaks.

“Melodies and Mountaineers.”

THE NAME

BY DON MARQUIS

It shifts from form to form,
It drifts and darkles, gleams and glows;
It is the passion of the storm,
The poignance of the rose;
Through changing shapes, through devious ways,
By noon or night, through cloud or flame,
My heart has followed all my days
Something I cannot name.

In sunlight on some woman's hair,
Or starlight in some woman's eyes,
Or in low laughter, smothered where
Her red lips wedded mine,
My heart hath known and thrilled to know,
This unnamed presence that it sought;
And when my heart hath found it so,
“Love is the name,” I thought.

Sometimes when sudden afterglows
In futile glory storm the skies,
Within their transient gold and rose
The secret stirs and dies;
Or when the trampling morn walks o'er
The troubled seas, with feet of flame,
My awed heart whispers, "Ask no more,
For beauty is the name!"

Or dreaming in old chapels where
The dim aisles pulse with murmurings
That part are music, part are prayer —
(Or rush of hidden wings)
Sometimes I lift a startled head
To some saint's carved countenance,
Half fancying that the lips have said,
"All names mean God, perchance!"

"Dreams and Dust." Published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

SONG FOR "THE LAMP AND THE BELL"

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Beat me a crown of bluer metal,
Fret it with stones of a foreign style;
The heart grows weary after a little
Of what it loved for a little while.

Weave me a robe of richer fibre,
Pattern its web with a rare device;
Give away to the child of a neighbor
This gold gown I was glad in twice.

But buy me a singer to sing one song —
Song about nothing — song about sheep —
Over and over, all day long;
Patch me again my thread-bare sleep.

AUTUMN CHANT

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Now the autumn shudders
In the rose's root.
Far and wide the ladders
Lean among the fruit.

Now the autumn clambers
Up the trellised frame,
And the rose remembers
The dust from whence it came.

Brighter than the blossom
On the rose's bough
Sits the wizened orange,
Bitter berry now;

Beauty never slumbers;
All is in her name.
But the rose remembers
The dust from whence it came.

Yale Review

NOVEMBER DUSK

BY DAVID MORTON

When to your heart go home my long desires,
Home to your eyes at last my tireless gaze, —
Such time as lamps are lit and early fires,
To keep us from the chill autumnal grays, —
The world without appears a vasty space
Where thin and whispering winds cry overmuch:
But here is nearness, and your quiet face,
And usual words to say, and hands to touch.

A lean, black branch keeps tugging at the pane,
And past our door the harried hosts blow by:
The day goes out in gloom; a droning rain
Sets in upon the roof. . . . And you and I
By our own hearth—for all the great world grieves—
Can smile to hear the forest drooping leaves.

The Sonnet

HE WRITES HIS EPITAPH

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Say he was lost, for there was none to find him
And sing his song.
Now he is still, and the brown thrush above him
Sings all day long.

Say he was lost, for there was none to find him
And hold him tight.
Now the brown hands of mother earth will mind him
All through the night.

HE BLAMES HIMSELF

BY ROBERT NATHAN

When I was a young man,
I said, bright and bold,
I would be a great one
When I was old.

When I was a young man,
But that was long ago.
I sang the merry old songs
All men know.

When I was a young man,
When I was young and smart,
I think I broke a mirror,
Or a girl's heart.

"Youth Grows Old." Published by Robert M. McBride and
Company.

*A Description of the Coming of Spring from "The Song of
Hugh Glass"*

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

.
Here at length was born
Upon the southern slopes the baby Spring,
A timid, fretful, ill-begotten thing,
A-suckle at the Winter's withered paps:
Not such as when announced by thunder-claps
And ringed with swords of lightning, she would ride,
The haughty victrix and the mystic bride,
Clad splendidly as never Sheba's Queen,
Before her marching multitudes of green
In many-bannered triumph! Grudging, slow,
Amid the fraying fringes of the snow
The bunch-grass sprouted; and the air was chill.
Along the northern slopes 'twas winter still,
And no root dreamed what Triumph-over-Death
Was nurtured now in some bleak Nazareth
Beyond the crest to sunward.

On they spurred
Through vacancies that waited for the bird,
And everywhere the Odic Presence dwelt.
The Southwest blew, the snow began to melt;
And when they reached the valley of the Snake,
The Niobrara's ice began to break,
And all night long and all day long it made
A sound as of a random cannonade
With rifles snarling down a skirmish line.

The geese went over. Every tree and vine
Was dotted thick with leaf-buds when they saw
The little river of Keyapaha
Grown mighty for the moment. Then they came,
One evening when all thickets were aflame

With pale green witch-fires and the windflowers blew,
To where the headlong Niobrara threw
His speed against the swoln Missouri's flank
And hurled him roaring to the further bank —
A giant staggered by a pigmy's sling.
Thence, plunging ever deeper into Spring,
Across the greening prairie east by south
They rode, and, just above the Platte's wide mouth,
Came, weary with the trail, to Atkinson.

There all the vernal wonder-work was done:
No care-free heart might find aught lacking **there**.
The dove's call wandered in the drowsy air;
A love-dream brooded in the lucent haze.
Priapic revellers, the shrieking jays
Held mystic worship in the secret shade.
Woodpeckers briskly plied their noisy trade
Along the tree-boles, and their scarlet hoods
Flashed flame-like in the smoky cottonwoods.
What lacked? Not sweetness in the sun-lulled breeze;
The plum bloom murmurous with bumblebees
Was drifted deep in every draw and slough.
Not color; witcheries of gold and blue
The dandelion and the violet
Wove in the green. Might not the sad forget,
The happy here have nothing more to seek?
Lo, yonder by that pleasant little creek,
How one might loll upon the grass and fish
And build the temple of one's wildest wish
'Twixt nibbles! Surely there was quite enough
Of wizard-timber and of wonder-stuff
To rear it nobly to the blue-domed roof!

Published by The Macmillan Company.

THE GOLDEN SHOES

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

The winds are lashing on the sea;
 The roads are blind with storm.
 And it's far and far away with me;
 So bide you here, stay warm.
 It's forth I must, and forth today;
 And I have no path to choose.
 The highway hill, it is my way still;
 Give me my golden shoes.
 God gave them me, on that first day
 I knew that I was young.
 And I looked far forth, from west to north;
 And I heard the songs unsung.

"The Singing Man."

OVERTONES

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

I heard a bird at break of day
 Sing from the autumn trees
 A song so mystical and calm,
 So full of certainties,
 No man, I think, could listen long
 Except upon his knees.
 Yet this was but a simple bird
 Alone, among dead trees.

LULLABY

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Sleep, brown-eyed, sleep,
 'Tis but the winds that weep,
 Telling from tree to tree
 Their ancient misery.
 'Tis but the winds that weep.
 Sleep. . . . Sleep.

'Tis but the touch of dreams
Upon your mouth that seems
Like groping kisses . . . Sleep!
'Tis but the dreams . . .
And, oh, 'tis but the dew
So bitter tastes to you,
Falling the long night thru,
Falling on lips untrue —
The dew, only the dew.

“In April Once.”

AT PEACE BENEATH JUNE SKIES

(June 1921 — Three Years After)

BY FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

Three weeks of God's own country air!
Such is the prospect of my bliss,
A sapphire way, heaven-washed each day —
Our faery lake is this!

And here the deep sonorous pines,
Hoarding dim legends of long years,
Bring to the breeze songs of heart-ease
To loose unguarded tears.

I'd give the Junes of my full life,
If *one* from those fled ranks of yore,
One careless, glad and valiant lad
Could roam these hills once more.

My bugler, you could whistle then,
And fish like music, so they say,
For you they'd bite and leap to light. . . .
France guard you, leagues away!

Not miles of poppies bleeding forth
Could show the blood youth shed for me!
But Junes must rise, with pleading skies,
Pure from that Agony.

Away, vain grief! God can restore
 That countless-hearted sacrifice,
 Give each to roam, a soul at home,
 The blood-bathed Earth replies.

Camp Oahe, Granite Lake, N. H.
The Granite Monthly

AROUND STRATFORD-ON-AVON

BY FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

Oh, fair the lanes of Shottery,
 Where thronging visions pass,
 Where oft the happy shepherd goes
 A-strolling with his lass!
 It is the early twilight hour;
 The years seem but a span
 Since gentle Shakespeare took the path
 Across the fields to Anne.

The blackcap pours a roundelay,
 Delicious, wild and clear,
 Prelusive to the nightingale,
 So constant and so dear.
 And they have pledged their tender vows
 In cups of cowslip wine —
 Will, with his boyish poesy;
 Sweet Anne, with eyes a-shine.

My lords and thoughtful gentlemen,
 Here kindly treads old Time.
 Small wonder Master Will returns,
 In all his glorious prime.
 Vanished the fret of envious tongues.
 The youth within the man
 Hath left the city's fevered strife
 For Stratford — and Sweet Anne!

JOHN KEATS

BY BERNARD RAYMUND

Dear boy, I should have liked to be your friend,
To be your friend and count me one of those
Gay comrades of your undisheartened days;
To go with you some indolent April's close
To tramp the wide heath over, windy ways
Alive with larks and linnets; with you stand
On a little hill, the west a kindled rose,
And watch our afternoon come to an end.
You would need to urge me much, I fear,
To share your candle-light, your grateful blaze
And hear you read with tranquil voice and clear
From some old book outspread upon your knee
Immortal words that you had long found dear,
And yearned, beloved friend, to leave with me.

The Freeman

FOG

BY JOHN REED

Death comes like this, I know —
Snow-soft and gently cold;
Impalpable battalions of thin mist,
Light-quenching and sound-smothering and slow.

Slack as a wind-spilled sail
The spent world flaps in space —
Day's but a grayer night, and the old sun
Up the blind sky goes heavily and pale.

Out of all circumstance
I drift or seem to drift
In a vague vapor-world that clings and veils
Great trees arow like kneeling elephants.

How vast your voice is grown
 That was so silver-soft;
 Dim dies the candle-glory of your face—
 Though we go hand in hand, I am alone.

Now Love and all the warm
 Pageant of livingness
 Trouble my quiet like forgotten dreams
 Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.

How loud, how terribly
 Aflame are light and sounds!
 And yet beyond the fog I know there are
 But lonely bells across gray wastes of sea.

*This poem is copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons and reprinted
 with their permission and that of Mrs. John Reed.*

TRIUMPH

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Heart's measure gave I. Is it all forgot?
 Winds cannot blow or beat it into dust,
 Or water cover it, or moth and rust
 Corrupt it into aught that it was not.
 For what is more remembered than the spring?
 The scarlet tulips running through the grass
 By a wet wall, and gone with but Alas?
 (I know not how I know this old, old thing).
 How now, poor one, that loved me for a space?
 Mine is the triumph of the tulip flower;
 My ruined April will not let you by;
 To east my laughter, and to west my face.
 Housed with you ever, down some poignant hour
 There drifts the scrap of music that was I.

The Sonnet

WHAT THE WIND SINGS

BY HENRY AYLETT SAMPSON

When I was a child I loved to lie upon a green hill-side,
and watch the clouds drifting:
Wondered whence they came and whither bound?
The music of the wind in the somber pines thrilled me.
Often I felt at the threshold of divining the meaning of
the wordless cadences.
And I went out into the world and strove as best I could.
Now, I am old and gray and I should love to lie upon a
green hill-side and watch the clouds drifting, incurious
about their harbor.
I know now what the wind sings to the pines, and I am
very weary.

REUNION

BY HENRY AYLETT SAMPSON

When my time comes to die may I be lying in some
low-ceiled room, dimmed by advancing shadows.
By my head, an open window where light draperies float
and cling, in gentle airs that greet the rising moon . . .

A moon half-veiled in drifting clouds and seen through
budding boughs of gnarled old apple trees.

So, let me dream, until my homeless soul shall merge,
unnoticed, with the brooding night.

"Sonnets and Other Poems." Published by George H. Doran &
Company.

ACCOMPLISHED FACTS

BY CARL SANDBURG

Every year Emily Dickinson sent one friend the first arbutus bud in her garden.

In a last will and testament Andrew Jackson remembered a friend with the gift of George Washington's pocket spy-glass.

Napoleon, too, in a last testament, mentioned a silver watch taken from the bedroom of Frederick the Great, and passed along this trophy to a particular friend.

O. Henry took a blood carnation from his coat lapel and handed it to a country girl starting work in a bean bazaar, and scribbled: "Peach blossoms may or may not stay pink in city dust."

So it goes. Some things we buy, some not.
Tom Jefferson was proud of his radishes, and Abe Lincoln blacked his own boots, and Bismarck called Berlin a wilderness of brick and newspapers.

So it goes. There are accomplished facts.
Ride, ride, ride on in the great new blimps —
Cross unheard-of oceans, circle the planet.
When you come back we may sit by five hollyhocks.
We might listen to boys fighting for marbles.
The grasshopper will look good to us.
So it goes . . .

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

MY STREET

(First number of a sonnet sequence of New York's East Side.)

BY ISADORE SCHNEIDER

The twenty houses on my street look down
Upon its life with insufficient eyes;
Like aged dogs they watch with meek surprise,
Or, like old women drawing up a gown,
They shrink up narrowly upon brick walls;
Their yellow coping tears like eaten lace,
Their roofs are bowed like heads renouncing place,
Like a dejected arm each column falls.

The twenty houses on my street are old;
They warm their humbled bodies in the sun.
Sometimes their weary windows lean and scold
The intruding life that interrupts their peace.
With patient eyes they seek oblivion,
Folding their doorways in content release.

The Measure

IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

If things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay, I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn!
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft, —
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Or the moon that the midnight fills!

OUR POETS OF TODAY

Still would I know the grace
 Upon love's uplifted face,
 And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there
 Under the dusk of her hair.
 I pray thee, spare me, Fate,
 The woeful, wearying weight
 Of a heart that feels no pain
 At the sob of the autumn rain,
 And takes no breath of glee
 From the organ-surge of the sea,—
 Of a mind where memory broods
 Over songless solitudes!
 I shall be satisfied
 If only the dreams abide.

RAINY TWILIGHT

BY EVELYN SCOTT

Dim gold faces float in the windows,
 Dim gold faces and gilded arms. . . .
 They are clinging along the silver ladders of rain,
 They are clinging with ivory lamps held high;
 Starry lamps,
 Over which the silver ladders
 Thicken into nets of twilight.

"Precipitations." Published by Nicholas Brown.

THE GIFT OF DEATH

BY ROGER L. SERGEL

I cannot lose you, dear, let come what may,
 For you are with me as a melody
 And have been through the ages. I can see
 No time in all times that within me stay

When you were not the worth of every day.
The names I called you by have passed from me,
The forms I loved you in perhaps will be
Again sweet woman forms of loveliest clay.
And then, perhaps, you may be as a breath
Of rosy flame along the narrowing west;
For even now in all that I love best
Your name starts as a music — and the hue
Of beauty trembles through me. Dear, in death
I'll find, not immortality, but you.

THE TREES THAT LEAN OVER WATER

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

The trees that lean over water,
Living enchanted days,
I have known them on quiet farmlands,
I have seen them on golden bays;
Dreaming in calm, cold twilights,
Musing in noonday suns —
There are trees that lean over water
Wherever the water runs.

There is nothing in days or seasons
These rapt trees ever know;
The only world for their dwelling
Is the crystal world below.
They are deaf to the wind's alluring,
They are dumb thru its stormy song;
They answer only the water
That whispers and glides along.

The trees that lean over water,
They miss the untroubled sky;
They lose its fathomless splendor
As the starry march goes by;
In their own boughs entangled
They view the eternal suns.

— There are trees that lean over water
Wherever the water runs.

TO SCIENCE

BY GEORGE STERLING

And if thou slay Him, shall the ghost not rise?
 Yea! if thou conquer Him thine enemy,
 His specter from the dark shall visit thee —
 Invincible, necessitous and wise.
 The tyrant and mirage of human eyes,
 Exhaled upon the spirit's darkened sea.
 Shares He thy moment of eternity,
 Thy truth confronted ever with His lies.

Thy banners gleam a little, and are furled;
 Against thy turrets surge His phantom tow'rs;
 Drugged with His opiates the nations nod,
 Refusing still the beauty of thine hours;
 And fragile is thy tenure of this world
 Still haunted by the monstrous ghost of God.

The Sonnet

POISE

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

You will end life just as you close a favorite book,
 Turn off the shaded light and slowly climb the stairs.
 With you there'll be no startled cry, no wondering look
 When you behold the Room you've entered unawares.

New York Times

THE SOURCE OF BEAUTY

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Far down through hidden fissures of the earth
 Strike the thin-fibred roots, for from the cold
 And age-fed richness of the nether mould
 They draw the strength whereby the buds have birth.
 We only see the blossoming tide of mirth
 Up-foaming to the sunlight's wand of gold;
 Yet April's valor thrives on deeds of old,
 And faded years give brightest flowers their worth.

And so with Beauty. Does the Midas wand
 Of genius waken into golden bloom
 A casual impulse of unfostered bowers?
 No, not one laughing petal may expand
 Unless from ancient forces nursed in gloom.
 We see no roots; we only see the flowers.

The Sonnet

WISDOM

BY SARA TEASDALE

It was a night of early spring;
 The winter-sleep was scarcely broken;
 Around us shadows and the wind
 Listened for what was never spoken.

Though half a score of years are gone,
 Spring comes as sharply now as then;
 But if we had it all to do,
 It would be done the same again.

It was a spring that never came,
 But we have lived enough to know
 That what we never have, remains;
 It is the things we have that go.

Century Magazine

MOODS OF WOMEN

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Going home, six o'clock; summer evening

Men go to women, mutely, for their peace,
 And they who lack it most create it when
 They make, because they must, loving their men
 A solace for sad-bosom-bended heads. There
 Is all the meagre peace men get — no otherwhere,

No mountain space, no tree with placid leaves,
 Or heavy gloom beneath a young girl's hair;
 No sound of valley bell on autumn air,
 Or room made home with doves along the eaves
 Ever holds peace like this, poured by poor women
 Out of their hearts' poverty, for worn men.

The Lyric West

QUIET WATERS

BY BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

Our lives float on quiet waters. . . .
 Down softly flowing streams,
 Where silvery willows
 Shadow calm waves.
 Gentle bird-songs
 And murmuring freshets
 Leap from the woodland
 In snowy circlets.
 Green embowers us,
 And fragrant mosses,
 Spicy odors
 That drift in the languid
 Swaying breezes. . . .

Our lives float on quiet waters. . . .
 And my Love and I
 Wonder at twilight,
 When flaming banners
 Spread in the heavens,
 How long this Beauty —
 This stately silence . . .
 E'er once again we shall drift
 On the turbulent, open sea . . .

SLEEP

BY BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

Sleep!

Orchards of amethyst and perfumed boughs,
Elysium of myrtle and jasmine,
Willows that sing at the borders of shining lakes
Alabaster with lilies.
Skies of opal,
And floating on the air
Voices of many nightingales.

Divine Sleep!

Perfect beatitude,
Ravishing philtre,
What beautiful visions dwell in your midst,
Friend! Lover! Comforter!
You alone are faithful.

"Quiet Waters." Published by Moffat, Yard & Company.

ELÉGIE AMERICAINE

BY JOHN V. A. WEAVER

I wished I'd took the ring, not the Victrola.
You get so tired of records, hearin' an' hearin' 'em,
And when a person don't have much to spend
They feel they shouldn't ought to be so wasteful.
And then these warm nights makes it slow inside,
And sittin's lovely down there by the lake
Where him and me would always use ta go.

He thought the Vic'd make it easier
Without him; and it did at first. I'd play
Some jazz-band music and I'd almost feel
His arms around me, dancin'; after that
I'd turn out all the lights, and set there quiet
Whiles Alma Gluck was singin', "Home, Sweet Home,"
And almost know his hand was strokin' my hand.

"If I was you, I'd take the Vic," he says.
 "It's somethin' you can use; you can't a ring.
 Wisht I had ways ta make a record for you,
 So's I could be right with you, even though
 Uncle Sam had me" . . . Now I'm glad he didn't;
 It would be lots too much like seein' ghosts
 Now that I'm sure he never won't come back. . . .

Oh, God! I don't see how I ever stand it!
 He was so big and strong! He was a darb!
 The swellest dresser, with them nifty shirts
 That fold down, and them lovely nobby shoes,
 And always all his clothes would be one color,
 Like green socks with green ties, and a green hat,
 And everything. . . . We never had no words
 Or hardly none. . . .

And now to think that mouth
 I useta kiss is bitin' into dirt,
 And through them curls I useta smooth, a bullet
 Has went. . . .

I wish it would of killed me, too. . . .
 Oh, well . . . about the Vic. . . . I guess I'll sell it
 And get a small ring anyways. (I won't
 Get but a half as good a one as if
 He spent it all on that when he first ast me.)
 It don't seem right to play jazz tunes no more
 With him gone. And it ain't a likely chanst
 I'd find nobody ever else again
 Would suit me, or I'd suit. And so a little
 Quarter of a karat, maybe, but a real one
 That I could sparkle, sometimes, and remember
 The home I should of had. . . .

And still, you know,
 The Vic was his idea, and so. . . .

I wonder. . . .
 "In American." Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

GESTURE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

My arms were always quiet,
Close and never freed,
I was furled like a banner,
Enfolded like a seed.

I thought, when Love shall strike me,
Each arm will start and spring,
Unloosen like a petal
And open like a wing.

Oh Love — my arms are lifted,
But not to sway and toss,
They strain out wide and wounded
Like arms upon a cross.

The North American Review

MOLIÈRE'S HOUSEKEEPER

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

I wish that I had red-heeled shoon,
And silken stockings clocked with gold,
Red velvet breeches or maroon,
A cloak with broideries manifold.
A perfumed wig like Mascarille's
A hat with plumes that sweep the air;
This would I doff, and click my heels,
To you, the Servant of Molière.

To you, because your toil forgot,
You listened to Barbouille's woe,
And dust and duty heeding not,
Tartuffe you helped to overthrow.
At precieuse and damoiselle,
You clapped your comely hands in turn;
Your anger burned at Sganarelle,
The while you let your pâté burn

At creditors you stormed and swore,
 You smiled when La Fontaine came in;
 You begged from him a louis d'or,
 The while he stroked your dimpled chin.
 You cheered your master in the day
 Of empty purse and larder lean.
 No doubt he put you in a play;
 Come, tell me, are you not Dorine?

You frown, you blush, you pout, and so
 In full confession you appear;
 Hush! Do not let the critics know
 That I have come upon you here.
 Lest in their wisdom they declare,
 ('Tis merely fact they reason with),
 Like Cleopatra you're not fair,
 Like Pocahontas, you're a myth.

Dwell here, Dorine, and, late or soon,
 In merry fancy waxing bold,
 I'll wear the stockings and the shoon,
 The cloak with broideries manifold,
 The wig perfumed like Mascarille's,
 The hat with plumes that sweep the air;
 And this, I'll doff and click my heels
 To you, the Servant of Molière.

Century Magazine

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

O I was wayward, and I laughed —
 You followed — you were laughing too,
 And here's an end of all our craft
 And vows to do and not to do,
 And now I find, to my distress,
 That here's an end to waywardness!

I must be grave and grown and wise —
And I would please you, sir, who pleased
Before with inattentive eyes
And lips that mocked and words that teased. . . .
When you have shaped me to your will
I wonder if you'll like me still?

Cross-Currents." Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A BOY OF THE GHETTO

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

He goes out with his Dreams
Through the dingy city square,
Purple- and silver-winged
They go with him everywhere.

The quarreling hags at the windows
Have voices unkind, unsweet,
But his Dreams have silver voices
And starrily-slippered feet;

The workmen push on the pavement
And laugh and curse as they go,
But he is far with his Dreams
On a road they do not know;

He walks far off with the Dreams
That whisper and sing beside,
And his face is glad and still
And his eyes are burning-wide;

He goes out with his Dreams
Through a golden wonder-place
With the light of God in his eyes
And the peace of God in his face.

I CAN HEAR YOUR THOUGHTS THAT SAY

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I can hear your thoughts that say
"She's unwise and young and gay,
Let me hope and try and see
If her heart will break for me!"

It is strange you cannot know
That was said a year ago.

THE BIRD IN THE BOSOM

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

"I have kept the bird in my bosom . . ."

You have killed the bird, or let it die,
The strange bird that, struggling to the sun,
Never let your heart beat quietly,
Never let your seeking-time be done;

All your ways are sure and quiet now;
When we meet you talk of pleasant things,
But no hill can tempt you with its brow
And no dream can irk you with its wings;

There's no wonder, now, when you go by,
In your hair no wind of bright unrest . . .
You have killed the bird, or let it die,
That strange bird that beat within your breast.

"Cross-Currents."

JANUARY

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Again I reply to the triple winds
running chromatic fifths of derision
outside my window:

Play louder.

You will not succeed. I am
bound more to my sentences
the more you batter at me
to follow you.

And the wind,
as before, fingers perfectly
its derisive music.

"Sour Grapes." Published by The Four Seas Company.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

BY CAROLYN CROSBY WILSON

Her withered, fluttering hands are still.
Lean closer yet; there is no breath.
The waxy, yellowed brow grows chill,
And we stand futile before death.

Yet say no sermons over her,
Let never stitch on shroud be spent;
These patterned scraps that cover her
Are epitaph and monument.

How often I have seen her gaze,
Knowing how soon she was to go,
Over her chronicle of days
Spelled out in bits of calico.

This blue she knew her eyes would match
In this white muslin was a bride;
Under this sober chambray patch
Her heart broke when her first-born died.

Stretched quietly upon this bed,
How fitting she should sleep at last
From toe to chin serenely spread
With pleasant patterns of her past.

THE FUNERAL

BY CAROLYN CROSBY WILSON

When I am dead
Lay me not straitly in a lidded bed,
A dark cell, satin walled —
(Satin has always set my nerves on edge.)
Heap me not with the heavy-scented pledge
Of pallid lilies, freesias' waxy bloom —
Narcissus (Always in a room
Their breath has sickened me.)

Let not my friends be called
(And others who have never been my friends)
To crowd, uneasy, in a close, hushed gloom
Of shutters which outprison sun and breezes
While in the corner where he has been shoved,
Suave and black gloved
And glad,
The undertaker servilely attends,
And one I hardly knew
Pays tribute to the things I did not do,
Chants comfort with a solemn-voiced appeal,
For grief, he says, that no one ought to feel.

For restlessly, I'll tickle a child's nose until he
sneezes
And if the music's strain be slow and drear
I'll break the wailing voice of one who sings,
And snap maliciously the viol's strings.
Low in the ear
Of one who was most near

I'll whisper whimsies not to be withstood,
Till a shrill giggle, sending tension slack,
Pulls it so swiftly taut it waits to crack.
Those who have loved me not
I'll smile to hear,
In a dry agony,
Strangely embarrassed, praying for a tear;
But the red eyes of those whom I held dear
Shall shame themselves — and me.

Rattle me not, a grim procession's head,
On rough roads to the still, green covered plot
Where the dead
Lie and rot.
When I am dead
Give me the kind, swift flames to set me free,
And in the empty room I leave behind,
In the spilled sun set roses red,
And let a lazy wind
Drift the light curtains gladly
To and fro.

Though,
If I should be elected
To be dissected,
I should be interested and proud.
Oh! anything is better than monuments erected
To a shroud.

“Fir Trees and Fireflies.” Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MALLOWS

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

How delicate they stand above the box,
Against the fragile breath of summer seen,
Within the garden's walls of emerald green,
Dull, cloistral hedges, and tall hollyhocks
Starring the flowery distance! airy flocks
Of veined petals hover there, and lean,
Turned earthward, toward us, in the hush and sheen, —
Our mallows, once more in the well-loved walks!

Oh, blest succession of the lengthening years,
 That brings again our annual holiday,
 And beautifies this season of our tears
 With former sights, and the familiar ray
 Shining upon us from above the spheres,
 While flower and shrub keep the old heavenly way!

The Sonnet

PARTING GIFT

• BY ELINOR WYLIE

I cannot give you the Metropolitan Tower;
 I cannot give you heaven;
 Nor the nine Visigoth crowns in the Cluny Museum;
 Nor happiness, even.

But I can give you a very small purse
 Made out of field mouse skin,
 With a painted picture of the universe
 And seven blue tears therein.

I cannot give you the island of Capri;
 I cannot give you beauty;
 Nor bake you marvelous crusty cherry pies
 With love and duty.
 But I can give you a very little locket
 Made out of wildcat hide:
 Put it into your left-hand pocket
 And never look inside.

The Outlook

ADVICE

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

Hold thy life a wingèd seed
 Blowing o'er the good earth's mead.

Toss it an thou list, nor rue it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

Hold thy name a cockle boat
That the seaward rivers float.
Let the river waves leap through it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

Hold thy love but as a light
Flying through a windy night.
Let the sporting winds pursue it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

DUTCH SLUMBER SONG

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

The little fields are very green,
And kine the little fields do keep.
Through many channels laid between
Waters creep.

A stork goes stepping unto nest,
Goes stepping solemn like a king;
And red the west, and in the west
White gulls wing.

Boats are floating all the night
Down the level waters black,
Boats that left by candle-light
Have all come back.

They have cut the hay and bound it.
Poled along, the barge lags by.
Lazy duckweed winds around it
Lingeringly.

Fishers squatting in a row
Now have told their latest tale;
Now the flapping mills swing slow,
And words fail.

INDEX

- Aiken, Conrad, 88
 Adams, Charles Lee, 344
 Archer, William, 104, 106, 344
 Anderson, Sherwood, 191
 Auslander, Joseph, 344
 Ayscough, Florence, 16

 Banning, Kendall, 328
 Bates, Katharine Lee, 143, 275,
 345, 346
 Benét, Laura, 310, 346
 Benét, Stephen Vincent, 242, 342
 Benét, William Rose, 239
 Bishop, John Peale, 294, 347, 348,
 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354
 Bodenheim, Maxwell, 137, 263,
 342, 354, 355
 Braithwaite, William Stanley,
 34, 143, 181, 186, 196, 218,
 231, 238, 243, 274, 315
 Braley, Berton, 165
 Branch, Anna Hempstead, 154
 Brown, Alice, 152
 Burnet, Dana, 228
 Burr, Amelia Josephine, 195
 Bynner, Witter, 33, 41, 265, 355,
 356

 Cabell, James Branch, 207, 357
 Carlin, Francis, 181
 Carman, Bliss, 190, 358
 Case, Willard, 358, 359
 Chalmers, Stephen, 360
 Clapp, Frederick Mortimer, 136
 Clarke, Walter Irving, 100
 Cleghorn, Sarah, 149

 Coates, Florence Earl, 193
 Colum, Padriac, 9, 246, 247,
 342
 Cone, Helen Gray, 220
 Conkling, Grace Hazard, 319,
 330
 Conkling, Hilda, 330
 Cook, Harold, 203
 Cook, Howard Willard, 361, 362
 Crapsey, Adelaide, 312

 Daly, Thomas A., 166
 Dargan, Olive Tilford, 156
 Davies, Mary Carolyn, 217, 310,
 363, 364, 365
 Davis, James Mansfield, 365
 De Acosta, Mercedes, 259, 270
 De Casseres, Benjamin, 140
 De la Selva, Salomon, 259
 Deutsch, Babette, 221, 366
 Dickinson, Emily, 197
 Divine, Charles, 107
 Driscoll, Louise, 366, 367

 Edgett, Edwin F., 368
 Eliot, T. S., 298
 Euwer, Anthony, 169

 Faust, Frederick, 368
 Farrar, John, 297
 Ficke, Arthur, 265
 Field, Beulah, 369, 370
 Fisher, Mahlon Leonard, 221, 341,
 370, 371
 Fletcher, John Gould, 123, 342
 Flexner, Hortense, 321

- Frost, Robert V., 50, 151, 275,
372
- Galahad, Joseph Andrew, 372
- Gale, Zona, 322
- Garrison, Theodosia, 219, 373, 374
- Gibson, Lydia, 375
- Ginsberg, Louis, 375
- Gorman, Herbert S., 267, 308, 332
- Guest, Edgar, 161
- Guiterman, Arthur, 174
- Hagedorn, Hermann, 180
- H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), 255
- Hall, Amanda Benjamin, 343, 376
- Hall, Hazel, 196, 342, 377
- Hare, Amory, 307
- Helton, Roy, 141
- Henderson, Alice Corbin, 145
- Hillyer, Robert, 327
- Hsin-Hai, Chang, 17
- Janson, Ellen, 378
- Jennings, Leslie Nelson, 378
- Johns, Orrick, 266
- Johnson, Robert Underwood, 232
- Keeley, Dorothy, 379
- Kemp, Harry, 184, 189
- Kenyon, Theda, 379, 380
- Kilmer, Aline, 302, 342
- Kilmer, Joyce, 99
- Knish, Anne, 265
- Kreymborg, Alfred, 264, 380, 381
- Laney, Annie L., 1
- Larkin, Margaret, 381
- Ledoux, Louis V., 204
- Lee, Agnes, 215, 382
- Lee, Harry, 343
- Lee, Muna, 383
- LeGallienne, Richard, 289, 328
- Leonard, William Ellery, 281
- Lindsay, Vachel, 10, 50, 67, 150
- Long, Haniel, 230, 383, 384, 385
- Low, Benjamin R. C., 201
- Lowell, Amy, 1, 18, 25, 297, 330,
342
- Lowes, John Livingston, 10
- Lowther, Granville, 385
- McClure, John, 112
- McCrae, John, 94
- McMeekin, Isabella McLennan,
386
- Mackaye, Percy, 54
- Markham, Edwin, 78
- Marks, Jeannette, 311
- Marshall, R., 161
- Masters, Edgar Lee, 61, 129,
151
- Marquis, Don, 288, 386, 387
- Maynard, Theodore, 249
- Mencken, Henry L., 112
- Middleton, Jesse Edgar, 95
- Middleton, Scudder, 227
- Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 245,
387, 388
- Mitchell, Stewart, 276
- More, Brookes, 274
- Morgan, Angela, 316
- Monro, David, 215
- Monroe, Harriet, 69, 145, 330
- Morley, Christopher, 100, 158
- Morton, David, 325, 334, 388,
389
- Nathan, Robert, 389
- Neihardt, John G., 205, 390, 391
- Norris, Charles G., 239
- Oppenheim, James, 235
- Overton, Grant M., 108
- Peabody, Josephine Preston, 155,
392
- Percy, William Alexander, 231,
392, 393
- Phelps, William Lyon, 50, 52, 72

- Poole, Fanny Runnells, 393, 394
 Pound, Ezra, 137, 255
 Preston, Keith, 293
- Rascoe, Burton, 160, 309
 Raymund, Bernard, 395
 Reed, John, 395
 Reese, Lizette Woodworth, 200, 396
 Rice, Cale Young, 82
 Ridge, Lola, 258
 Riley, James Whitcomb, 195
 Rittenhouse, Jessies B., 61, 71, 146
 Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt, 213
 Robinson, Edwin Arlington, 18, 341
- Sampson, Henry Aylett, 397
 Sandburg, Carl, 10, 67, 129, 137, 244, 286, 342, 398
 Schauffler, Robert Haven, 278
 Schneider, Isadore, 399
 Schnittkind, Henry T., 1
 Scollard, Clinton, 224, 399
 Scott, Evelyn, 400
 Seegar, Alan, 103
 Sentner, David, 292, 343
 Sergel, Roger L., 400
 Service, Robert W., 90
 Sinclair, May, 255, 256
 Smith, Marion Couthouy, 401
 Speyer, Leonora, 314, 342
 Sterling, George, 120, 402
 Strode, Muriel, 322
 Storey, Violet Alleyn, 402
 Stork, Charles Wharton, 117, 308, 343, 402
- Taggart, Genevieve, 342, 403
 T'ai-po, Li, 17
 Teall, Edward N., 173
- Teasdale, Sara, 31, 196, 275, 342, 403
 Thomas, Edith M., 211
 Tietjens, Eunice, 329
 Torrence, Ridgely, 183
 Towne, Charles Hanson, 170, 214
- Underwood, John Curtis, 171
 Untermeyer, Jean Starr, 304
 Untermeyer, Louis, 121, 227, 306
- Van Doren, Harold L., 261
 Van Dyke, Henry, 75
- Wagstaff, Blanche Shoemaker, 404, 405
 Walsh, Thomas, 187, 261
 Wattles, Willard, 188
 Weaver, John V. A., 160, 250, 284, 405, 406
 Welles, Winifred, 252, 407
 Welsh, Robert Gilbert, 407
 Wheelock, John Hall, 126, 416, 417
 White, Viola C., 414, 415
 Widdemer, Margaret, 176, 408, 409, 410
 Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, 172
 Wilkinson, Marguerite, 1, 37, 125, 217
 Williams, William Carlos, 411
 Wilson, Carolyn Crosby, 411, 412
 Wood, Clement, 180
 Woodberry, George Edward, 205, 413
 Wright, Richardson, 102
 Wylie, Elinor, 249, 342, 414
- Yin, Kuan, 12
 Young, Gordon Ray, 242

39

179

298

326

120
116
117

